★ Nov. 4, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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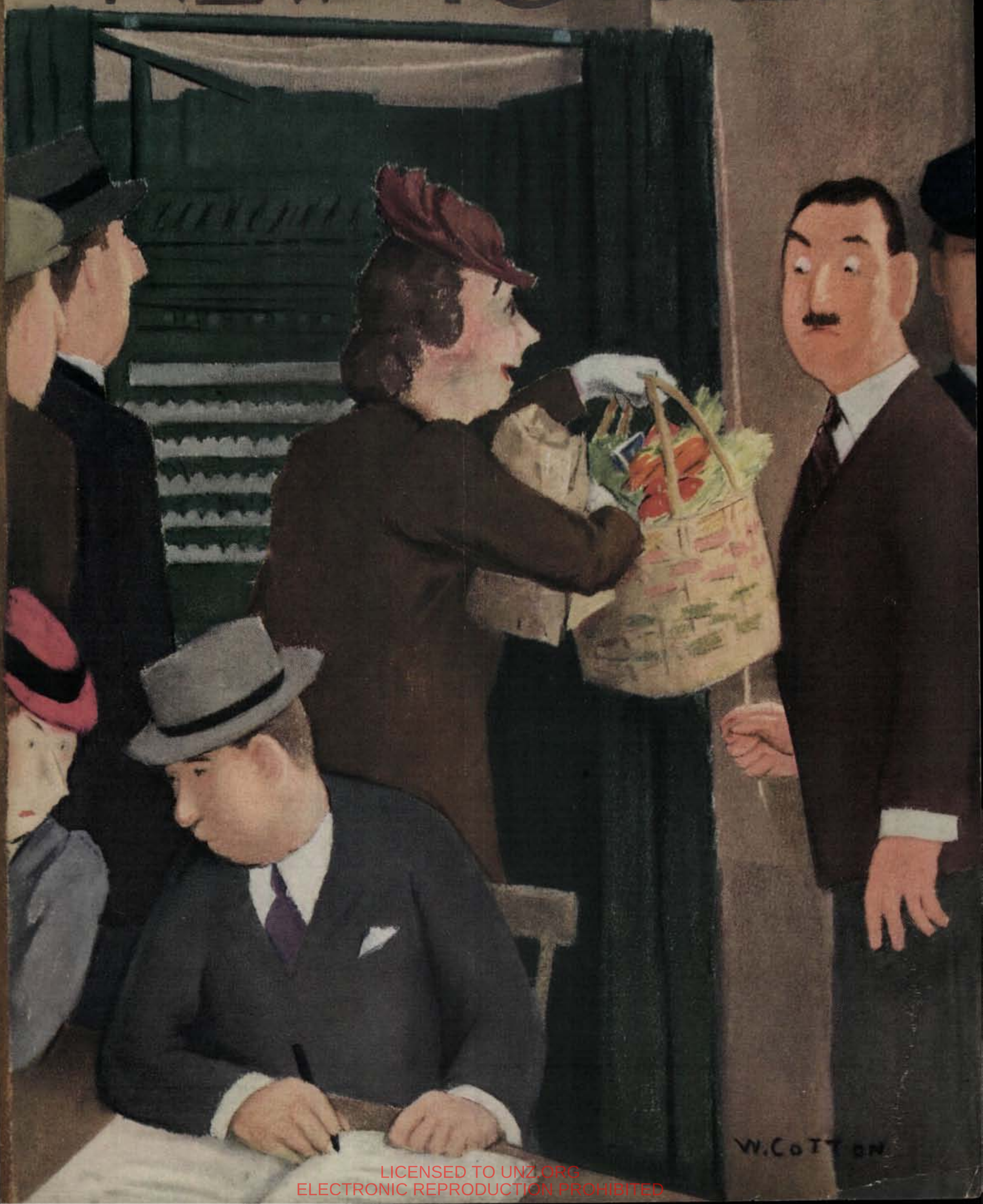

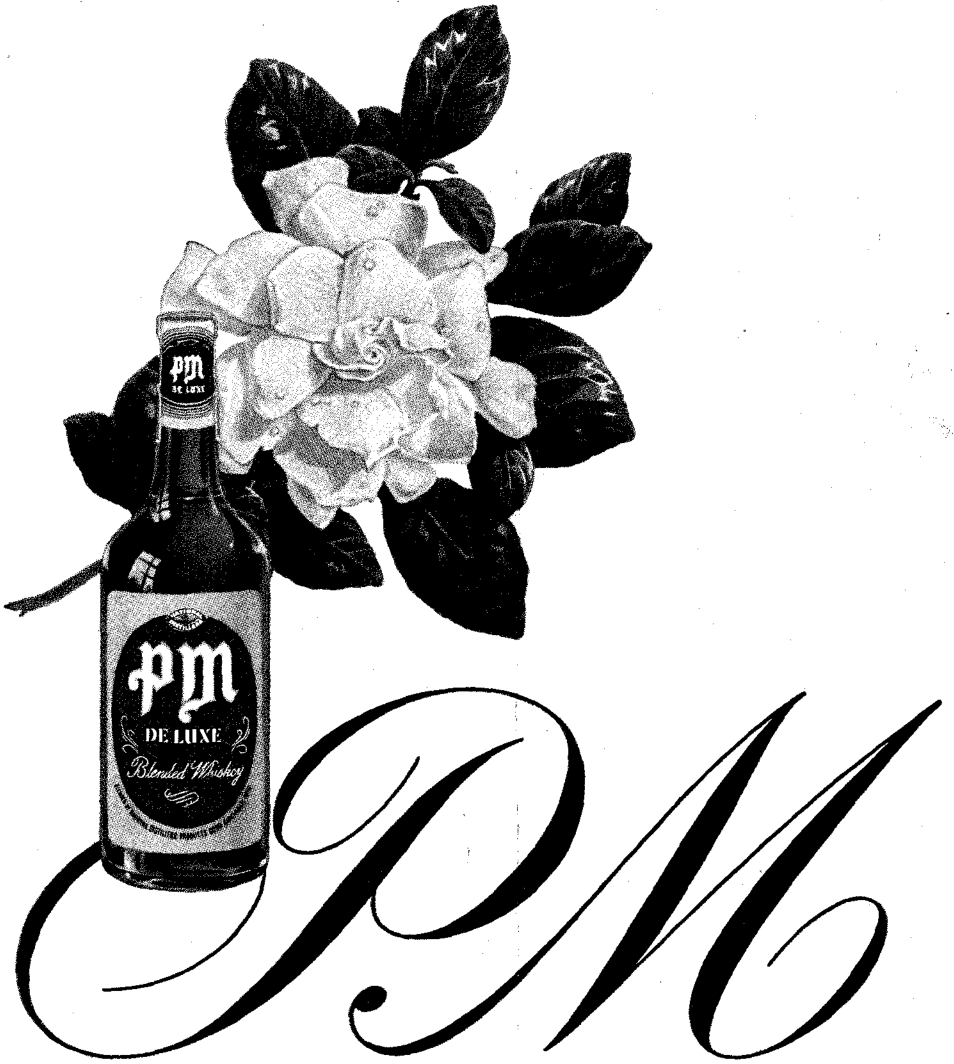

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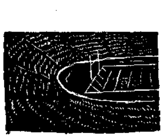
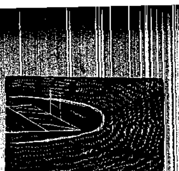


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some shifts in the midweek matinée schedule because of Election Day. There may be further, last-minute changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are those principally involved. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West as the author and star of a very strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West has abandoned Diamond Lil for what looks like a parody of Helen Hayes, and the whole performance is pretty unfortunate. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 8, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both magnificent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast including Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 8, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is rounding out its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Perfect Marriage—Samson Raphaelson's study of a couple who suddenly discover that ten years is a long time to be married. Chiefly a dialogue between Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory, and not a very interesting one at that. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 8, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A play about the return of an adolescent hero that might have been a good deal better if some of its broader comedy effects had been left out. A personal triumph for a young actor called Billy Redfield, who is chiefly assisted by Elspeth Eric, Russell Hardie, Bethel Leslie, and Enid Markey. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott and Myron McCormick. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in this version there are two survivors. Not quite as good as the original but still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 8, and Sat. at 2:40. Special performances Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:40, and, as a benefit for the Actors' Fund, Sun., Nov. 5, at 8:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Embezzled Heaven—Ethel Barrymore in a dramatization by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay of Franz Werfel's novel. Directed by B. Iden Payne and produced by the Theatre Guild. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Frank Fay and Josephine Hull in a play by Mary Coyle Chase. Produced by Brock Pemberton and directed by Antoinette Perry. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

No Way Out—A melodrama by Owen Davis, with Robert Keith, Irene Hervey, and Viola Roache. Directed by Mr. Davis and Mr. Keith and produced by Mr. Keith. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the eighteen-sixties. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but Agnes de Mille's ballets are superb and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 8, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in a short return engagement of the New Opera Company's production of this operetta. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Nov. 4.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a handsome musical in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 8, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Handsome and nice to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star Time—A vaudeville show with Lou Holtz, Benny Fields, the DeMarcos, and Connee Boswell. A few bright spots but on the whole pretty routine and dull. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

Sleep, My Pretty One—Pauline Lord and Harry Ellerbe in a play by Charlcie and Oliver H. P. Garrett. Staged by Roy Hargrave and produced by Richard W. Krakeur. Opens Thurs., Nov. 2. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Rhapsody—An operetta by Arnold Sundgard and Harry Wagstaff Gribble, based on Fritz Kreisler's music, with Annamarie Dickey, Rosemarie Brancato, and John Gurney. Directed by Mr. Gribble and produced by Blevins Davis and Lorraine Manville Dresselhuys. Opens Mon., Nov. 6. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Robin Hood—A revival of the operetta by Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, with Barbara Scully, Robert Field, and Zamah Cunningham. Staged and produced by R. H. Burnside. Opens Tues., Nov. 7. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Sat. and Sun. thereafter at 2:40.)

Trio—A play by Howard and Dorothy Baker, with Lydia St. Clair, Lois Wheeler, and Richard Widmark. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Lee Sabinson. Opens Wed., Nov. 8. (Theatre and schedule of performances to be announced.)

MISCELLANY

Spook Scandals—The Michael Todd Midnight Players presenting three one-act plays in the Grand Guignol tradition, written, acted, and directed by members of the group. (Belmont, 121 W. 48. BR 9-0378. Nightly, beginning Fri., Nov. 10, at 12 midnight.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 8, and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 7, at 2:40.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz" and a musical revue with Jerry, the puppet. Sat., Nov. 4 and 11, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—"Swan Lake," "Pillar of Fire," "Fancy Free," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 2. . . . "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., Nov. 3. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Quatre," "Fancy Free," and "Barn Dance," Sat. Aft., Nov. 4. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Black Swan," "Fancy Free," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Nov. 4. . . . "Carnaval," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Quatre,"

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 38, November 4, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., Nov. 5. . . . "Graduation Ball," "Pillar of Fire," "Grand Pas de Deux from Don Quixote," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., Nov. 5. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Ballet International—"Swan Lake," "Brahms Variations," and "Constantia," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 2. . "Constantia," "Pictures at an Exhibition," and "Memories," Fri. Eve., Nov. 3. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Brahms Variations," and "Bolero," Sat. Aft., Nov. 4. . . . "Swan Lake," "Sebastian," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Sat. Eve., Nov. 4. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Sentimental Colloquy," "Memories," and "Constantia," Sun. Aft., Nov. 5. . . . "Brahms Variations," "Pictures at an Exhibition," and "Bolero," Sun. Eve., Nov. 5. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Sentimental Colloquy," and "Brahms Variations," Tues. Eve., Nov. 7. . . . "Swan Lake," "Sebastian," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Wed. Eve., Nov. 8. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Sentimental Colloquy," "Memories," and "Bolero," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 9. . . . "Swan Lake," "Sebastian," and "Brahms Variations," Fri. Eve., Nov. 10. . . . "Constantia," "Sentimental Colloquy," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Sat. Aft., Nov. 11. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Last Flower," and "Memories," Sat. Eve., Nov. 11. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, Jules Lande's orchestra provides polite music for a polite dinner and supper crowd.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has an ice show constructed around the highly decorative Joan Hyldoft; Enoch Light's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; that is to say, little room for improvement. Little room for dancing, either, by the way.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with solid folk songs by Josh White and solid music by Benny Morton's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis filling this enormous room with sound and fury. Dance music by Abe Lyman's orchestra. Never mind the rest of the show. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Adrian Rollini Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there are the sweet and familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras to dance to.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very regal, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Dr. Giovanni, the accomplished pickpocket, at work. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde in her mad race around the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Bob Grant's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra plays for dinner and supper in the handsome Iridium Room, and there is also a small show which will be headed by John Sebastian and his harmonica at least through Wed., Nov. 8. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is Tommy Dowd, a magician who is certain to make you laugh, and a couple of orchestras to dance to.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, elaborate and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by two small orchestras. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Another well-known playroom for the children. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, who entertains in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, will be replaced by Frank Sinatra on Wed., Nov. 8. Mischa Borr's neat little band is also around for the supper crowd, and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for dancing throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): pointed comedy by Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey, helter-skelter songs by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, background by Cedric Wallace's Trio. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Maxine Sullivan, George and Gene Bernard, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Pearl Bailey at play in this twilit room. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her ballads about the special problems of life in New York. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): quiet and pleasant, with Ted Hunter rambling along at the piano.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Bela Bizony's ensemble after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): the littlest of them all; George Morris's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls and (at the supper hour) Dwight Fiske, with his raised-eyebrows songs; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of dagger dances and Russian torch songs, but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra for dancing after 7:15 P.M. on weekends and after 10:15 P.M. on other nights. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra, which will be replaced by Lee Castle's on Mon., Nov. 6; also an ice show which will stay on. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of fairly Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): Rosario and Antonio but not much else.

●

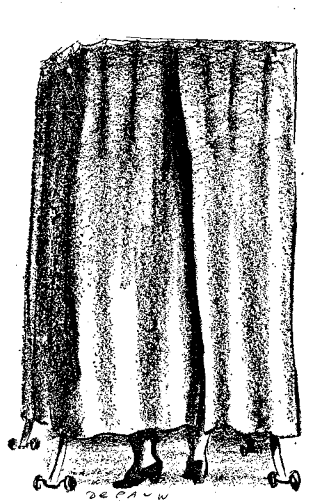
Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—**NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): music by Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and their companions. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's band, now equipped with Wilbur de Paris and his trombone; James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith alternating at the piano. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio and Barney Bigard's quintet in full stride. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins, his eminent saxophone, and his band, abetted by Tiny Grimes' Trio and (through Fri., Nov. 10) Billie Holiday's desultory songs. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala, Adele Girard, and their band at their old stand. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Slam Stewart's quartet doing a nice warm job; piano interludes, fast and furious, by Robert Crum. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio hard at work; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be open on Election Day, Nov. 7.)

Allied Artists of America—Oils, water colors, and sculpture in the thirty-first annual show: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 26.

Wallace Bassford—Buxom figure paintings and full-blown still lifes: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.



Eugene Berman—Ballet designs and decorated sea shells: 67 Gallery, 67 E. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

The Blue Four—Work by a group of non-Germans who were active in Germany after the last war—Feininger, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and Klee: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Water colors of the oil industry by Reginald Marsh, Adolf Dehn, David Fredenthal, and Millard Sheets. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Election Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 12.

Donald Burns—Misty, low-keyed water colors, a few oils, and drawings: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Marc Chagall—Recent paintings and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays, except Election Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

Minna Citron—Twenty small paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Eugène Delacroix—Paintings and drawings; a benefit for the Quaker Emergency Service: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

Joseph Floch—Paintings which are realistic in a simplified and stylized way: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

David Fredenthal—Water colors and drawings of the New Britain campaign: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Maurice Freedman—Expressionist oils and gouaches of farms, sea scenes, and an occasional city sight: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Emil Ganso—A retrospective exhibition: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

William Glackens—The annual memorial exhibition of his work: 10 W. 9. Daily 2 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 26.

Anne Goldthwaite—A comprehensive memorial exhibition: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

Graphic Art—At the **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: lithographs by Matisse. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4. . . . **GROLIER CLUB,** 47 E. 60: a large collection of prints, including most important modern French artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Groups—At the **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce, Fletcher Martin, and William Thon. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11. . . . **DURAND-RUEL,** 12 E. 57: nineteen sculptors and painters focus their attention on Dikran Kelekian, the collector, with varied results. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: drawings by Gifford Beal, Russell Cowles, Louis Bouché, and other contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11. . . . **BRANDT,** 15 E. 57: thirty paintings by thirty artists, including Paul Mommer, Adolph Gottlieb, Ossip Zadkine, and William Hayter. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

Roger C. Holt—Warehouses and other realistic subjects: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 3.

Rudolf Jacobi—Recent oils: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., except Election Day, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

Käthe Kollwitz—A large show of black-and-whites: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

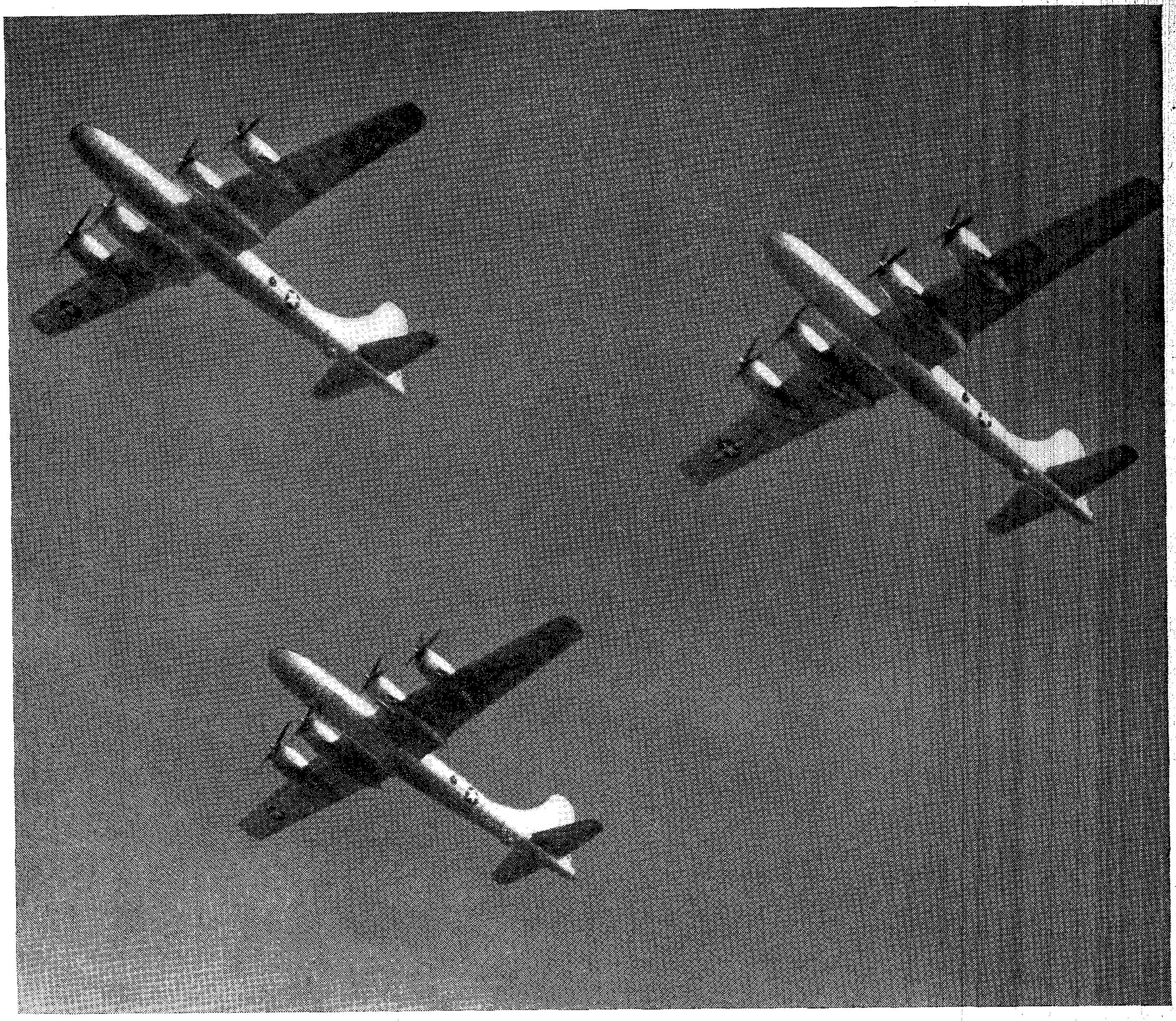
Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and fifty paintings of the American scene, from the recent competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company and Artists for Victory. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

Felicia Meyer—Vermont landscapes, local terrain, and some flower pieces: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays, except Election Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Robert Motherwell—Semi-abstract paintings with philosophic and other meanings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large showing of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley (through Jan. 14); also, American battle paintings, from 1776 to 1918 (through Nov. 12); about a hundred water colors and drawings by Soviet children (through Nov. 19); and paintings by Jacob Lawrence, including his series "Migration of the Negro" (through Sun., Nov. 5). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and a good many others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and



Only the beginning

All the Free World has thrilled to the news of Boeing B-29 raids on Japan. They were just the beginning. More Superfortresses are on the way . . . many, many more!

Back of the B-29 is one of the most gigantic manufacturing programs ever placed behind any weapon of war. And Boeing brings to the task the same manufacturing philosophy that shattered all airplane production records in the output of Boeing Flying Fortresses.

The Boeing Superfortress is being built largely by people who never worked on production lines before; drug clerks and housewives, farmers and truck drivers, school girls and grandfathers.

But such things don't "just happen." The efficient use of previously unskilled people is a by-product of good production planning and organizing.

At Boeing this planning starts with the original conception of a new design and encompasses all functions of its production. It is a *basic consideration* which results in simplifying the manufacture of a complex product and, as in the case of the Superfortress, permits it to be produced in quantity by previously unskilled people.

Plans developed by Boeing now guide the entire over-all production program in dozens of other co-operating plants including those of Bell and Martin, which are also turning out completed Boeing B-29's. This program was patterned after the co-operative plan under which Douglas and Lockheed have built and will continue to build Boeing B-17's.

Once the war is over, Boeing methods of research, design, engineering and manufacture will be turned again to peacetime products. And they will insure that any product "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Election Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

National Association of Women Artists—Water colors: Argent, 42 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

Pascin and Modigliani—Oils and drawings: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays, except Election Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Picasso—Color reproductions of sixteen paintings done between 1939 and 1943: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Henry Varnum Poor—Drawings, paintings, and water colors: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

Romantic American—Nineteen nineteenth-century landscapes in the usual manner: John Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

Roosevelt Tribute—An exhibition, honoring the President, by over a hundred well-known painters, sculptors, and photographers: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Tues., Nov. 7.

Chaim Soutine—Fourteen paintings (from 1916 to 1936) by the late Russian artist: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Nov. 9.

Margaret Stark—Oils and gouaches of snake goddesses, ladies with parasols, and similar out-of-the-way subjects: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

John Tunnard—Subtle and severe abstractions; also, wood montages by Louise Nevelson: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

Nat Werner—Small sculptures, jolly and compact, of tap dancers, blues singers, and other musical subjects: A. C. A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—A large show of paintings and water colors by Winslow Homer. Thurs., Nov. 2, from 1 to 5 P.M.

Yun Gee and Richmond Barté—Paintings and sculpture: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Pierre Monteux conducting: Thurs., Nov. 2, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 3, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Nov. 4, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Nov. 5, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Nov. 9, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 10, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Nov. 11, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Leon Fleisher, piano, Nov. 4-5; Michael Rosenker, violin, Nov. 11.)

New York City Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting; soloist, Roman Totenberg. Mon., Nov. 6, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., Nov. 7, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting; soloist, William Kapell, piano. Tues., Nov. 7, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting. Fri., Nov. 3, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Jazz Concert—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, in charge of a group of hot musicians, including such people as Max Kaminsky and Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Cosy Cole, drums; Peewee Russell, clarinet; and Jess Stacy, piano. Sat., Nov. 4, at 5:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York City Center Opera—"Manon Lescaut," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 9. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Nov. 10. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Nov. 11. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15.)

Emanuel List—Bass. Sat., Nov. 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

New Friends of Music—Gordon Quartet, with William Primrose, viola; John Wummer, flute; and Laura Newell, harp. Sun., Nov. 5, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Vera Appleton and Michael Field—Piano. Wed., Nov. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Selma Kramer—Piano. Wed., Nov. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. Fri., Nov. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Ray Lev—Piano. Fri., Nov. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Rocky Graziano vs. Harold Green, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 3; Sammy Angott vs. Jimmy McDaniels, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 10. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Football—College games: Columbia vs. Cornell, Baker Field, Sat., Nov. 4, at 2:30 P.M.; Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, Sat., Nov. 11, at 2 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Swarthmore, Ohio Field, Sat., Nov 11, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional games: New York Giants vs. Boston, Polo Grounds, Sun., Nov. 5, at 2:30 P.M.; Brooklyn Tigers vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Sun., Nov. 5, at 2 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., Nov. 9; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 11; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Tues., Nov. 7, at 8:30 P.M.

Racing—Empire City meeting, at Jamaica, daily at 1:45 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4. Westchester Handicap, Nov. 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. from 11:15 A.M. to 1:20 P.M., and Sat. from 10:45 A.M. to 1:25 P.M.). . . Victory Meeting at Belmont, a post-season war-relief benefit; weekdays at 1:15 P.M., starting Mon., Nov. 6.

OTHER EVENTS

Election Day—The hours for voting on Tues., Nov. 7, will be from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Political Rallies—Madison Square Garden—A meeting sponsored by the Independent Voters Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Roosevelt, with Secretary Ickes, Senator Wagner, Frank Sinatra, Jan Kiepura, and many others: Thurs., Nov. 2, at 8 P.M. . . . Governor Dewey, Thomas J. Curran, and many others speaking for the Republican Party: Sat., Nov. 4, at 7 P.M.

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays, including Election Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R. C. A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated (through Feb. 15); also, an exhibition of photographs, charts, and dioramas dealing with the organization and accomplishments of the Polish Underground (through April 1). Daily, including Election Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . ROSENBERG GALLERY, 16 E. 57: a head of General Charles de Gaulle by Jo Davidson, surrounded by photographs of the liberation of Paris and reproductions of French underground papers. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4. . . . 461 5 AVE., at 40: photographs captured from Nazi soldiers, showing scenes of terrorism and destruction in occupied countries; sponsored by Russian War Relief, Inc. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Nov. 6.

Public Ball—The Marine Birthday Ball, a benefit for disabled Marines and their families: Waldorf-Astoria, Mon., Nov. 6, at 9 P.M. (For tickets, call RE 4-2353.)

Flower Show—Chrysanthemums and other autumn blooms: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Thurs., Nov. 9, from 2 to 9 P.M., and Fri., Nov. 10, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Autograph manuscripts of American authors, including Poe's "Annabel Lee," Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and preliminary drafts of Whitman's "Ode to Washington." Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

Planetarium—"Color in the Sky" is the title of the November lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and Election Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Italian primitive and Renaissance paintings and art objects, from the collection of the late Leon Schinasi: Fri. and Sat., Nov. 3-4, at 2 P.M. . . . Books from the libraries of several private collectors: Mon., Nov. 6, at 2 and 8:15 P.M., and Wed., Nov. 8, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Early American furniture, Lowestoft porcelain, Staffordshire ware, and other items from the collection of the late Mrs. J. Amory Haskell: Wed. through Sat., Nov. 8-11, at 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Campaign Speeches—President Roosevelt: Sat., Nov. 4, at 9:30 P.M., WEAF, WJZ; and Mon., Nov. 6, at 10 P.M., on all major networks. . . . Governor Dewey: Sat., Nov. 4, at 10:30 P.M., WABC, WEAF; and Mon., Nov. 6, at 11 P.M., on all major networks.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Pierre Monteux conducting, Sun., Nov. 5, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Tues., Nov. 7, at 6 P.M., WNYC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Nov. 4 and 11, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Nov. 5, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Nov. 11, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Ballet Theatre, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 4-5, at 8:45 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Nov. 4 and 11, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Jesús María Sanromá, piano, Sun., Nov. 5, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Nov. 5, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.

Sports—Boxing: Rocky Graziano vs. Harold Green, Fri., Nov. 3, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Football, Sat., Nov. 4: Navy vs. Notre Dame, at 1:45 P.M., WOR; Columbia vs. Cornell, at 2:15 P.M., WMCA; Army vs. Villanova, at 2:30 P.M., WNYC.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Wed. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer (from Paris), Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Sumner Welles, Wed. at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Arsenic and Old Lace—Some of the original Broadway players, plus Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey, make a good thing of this adaptation of the lighthearted Brooklyn poison classic. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Nov. 8.)

Dangerous Journey—Good familiar travelogue stuff of antebellum vintage, featuring a Burma priestess's three-round bout with a cobra. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison: Tues. and Wed., Nov. 7-8.)

Dragon Seed—China's war of attrition, elaborately mounted and stirringly played, with Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, and Akim Tamiroff. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Nov. 4 . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Nov. 6.)

48 Hours—One of those fine, underplayed British hair-raisers. This one's about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and others. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Wed., Nov. 8.)

Hail the Conquering Hero—A Preston Sturges picture of Marines and small-town daffiness, interpreted with skill and humor by William Demarest, Eddie Bracken, Freddie Steele, and other Sturges troupers. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Thurs., Nov. 2. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Nov. 3. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Nov. 4. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 4-6. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Sat., Nov. 8-11.)

The Hairy Ape—Not the way Eugene O'Neill tells it but still a pretty good story. William Bendix as the coal heaver, and Susan Hayward as the girl who calls him an ape. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Nov. 6. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 4-7. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 7-9. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 7-11.)

The Hitler Gang—Some realistic portrayals of the Nazi hierarchy during their roughshod rise to power. Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and others. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 3-6.)

Home in Indiana—A very pleasant picture about young love in the Middle West, with harness racing as a background. Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, and Jeanne Crain. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Sun., Nov. 5. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 4-6.)

Kismet—Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman make decorative gestures in a not too heavy costume piece about old Bagdad. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

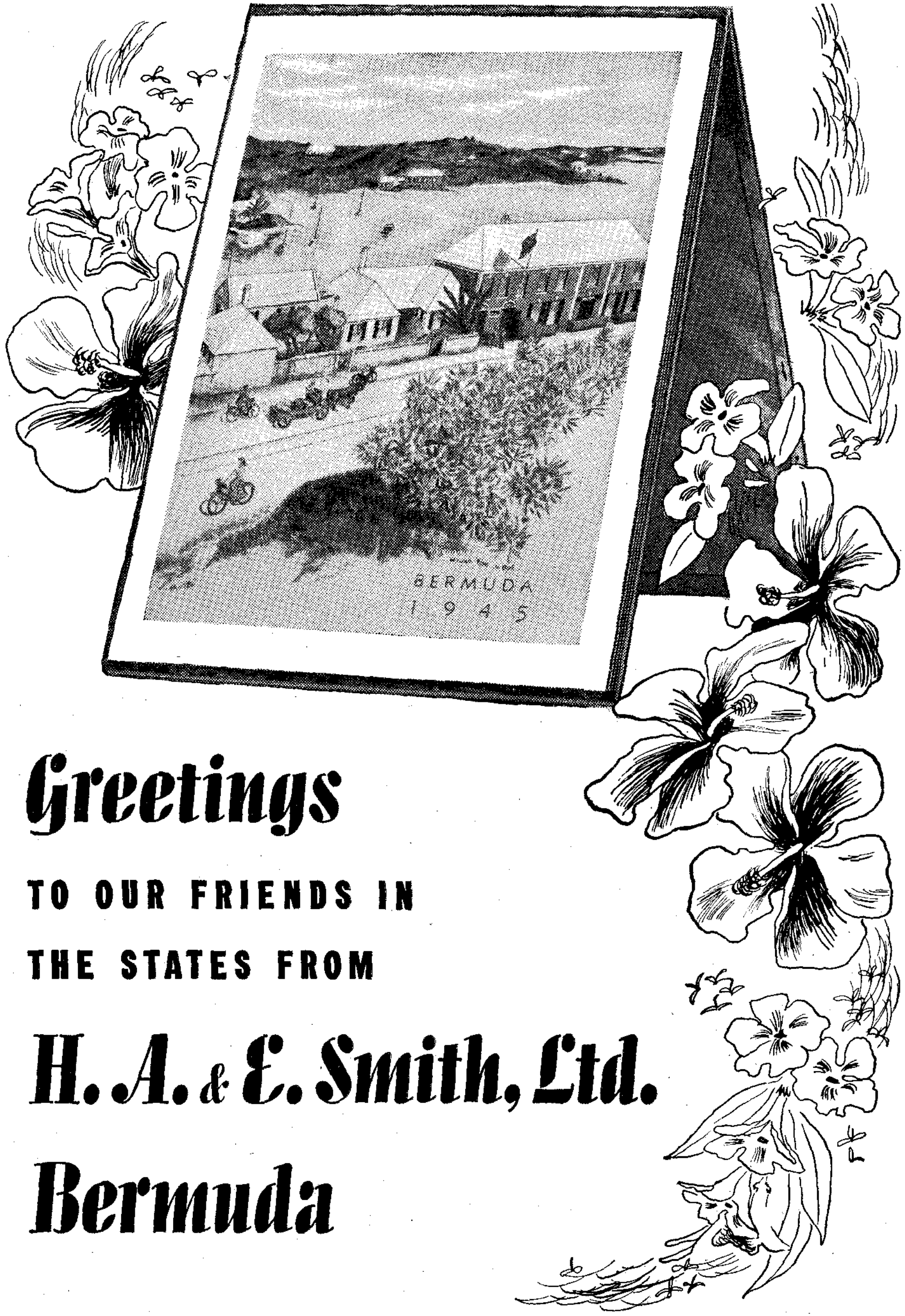
The Mask of Dimitrios—An Eric Ambler novel about

the label

And "Hadley" is American for fine sweaters.

It means deliciously soft cashmere—it means

of color—



Greetings

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE STATES FROM

H. A. & E. Smith, Ltd.

Bermuda

- From the pink beaches and hibiscus-fringed roads of Bermuda . . . still, happily, the semi-tropical paradise that you remember . . . H. A. & E. Smith, Ltd., sends cordial greetings.
- This British island, and this House where, since 1889, British apparel of all sorts for men and women has been available, await keenly the day when we can again be host to the American visitor.
- As a reminder of Bermuda, and a promise to yourself that you will once again relax upon these tranquil shores, will you send for our 1945 calendar? It stands by itself (5" x 7"). The title page in color, and the black-and-white drawings of the Bermuda scene which illumine each month's page, are by William Pene Du Bois, Sergeant in the U. S. Army and now stationed here.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

underworld doings in Europe, slower on the screen than they were on paper but still with traces of excitement. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, Zachary Scott, and Faye Emerson. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 8-9.)

MRS. PARKINGTON—Disclosure by Louis Bromfield, via Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, of the innate sweetness of robber barons and their wives. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

ONCE UPON A TIME—The consequences of a man's discovering a dancing caterpillar. Cary Grant, Janet Blair, James Gleason, and Ted Donaldson. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 7-8.)

THE PEARL OF DEATH—Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce as Sherlock Holmes and Watson encounter a Karloffian killer unknown to Conan Doyle. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 7-8.)

THE RAINBOW—Plain and moving Russian account of the German occupation of a Ukrainian village. Subtitles in English. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY—Nigh on to three hours of home-front heartache and familiar comedy. The players, an all-star team coached by Selznick, give it all they have. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Nov. 8.)

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL—The heroism in Java of a Navy doctor of whom you may have heard. There's a lot that's phoney about the picture, but the factual parts are still impressive. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Signe Hasso. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., Nov. 8. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; starting Tues., Nov. 7.)

THUNDER ROCK—The British offer a sharp improvement on a fantasy that failed on the stage here. With Michael Redgrave. (World, 153 W. 49; through Wed., Nov. 8.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. This melodrama has Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan, and faint roots in the novel by Hemingway. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

WILSON—The League of Nations and its sponsor co-starred in a big, gaudy show that will entertain many and offend very few. Alexander Knox as Wilson, supported by almost everybody. In Technicolor. (Victoria, B'way at 46. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Nov. 6. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; through Wed., Nov. 8. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 7-8. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., Nov. 7.)

WING AND A PRAYER—Good straightforward documentation of life aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. The all-male cast is headed by Don Ameche and Charles Bickford. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Nov. 3. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Nov. 6. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 4-6. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 5-6.)

REVIVALS

BLACKOUT (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 4.)

FOUR FEATHERS (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, in Technicolor. Ralph Richardson and June Duprez. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 7-8.)

I DREAM TOO MUCH (1935)—Lily Pons, Henry Fonda, and Jerome Kern music. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 4. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 6-8.)

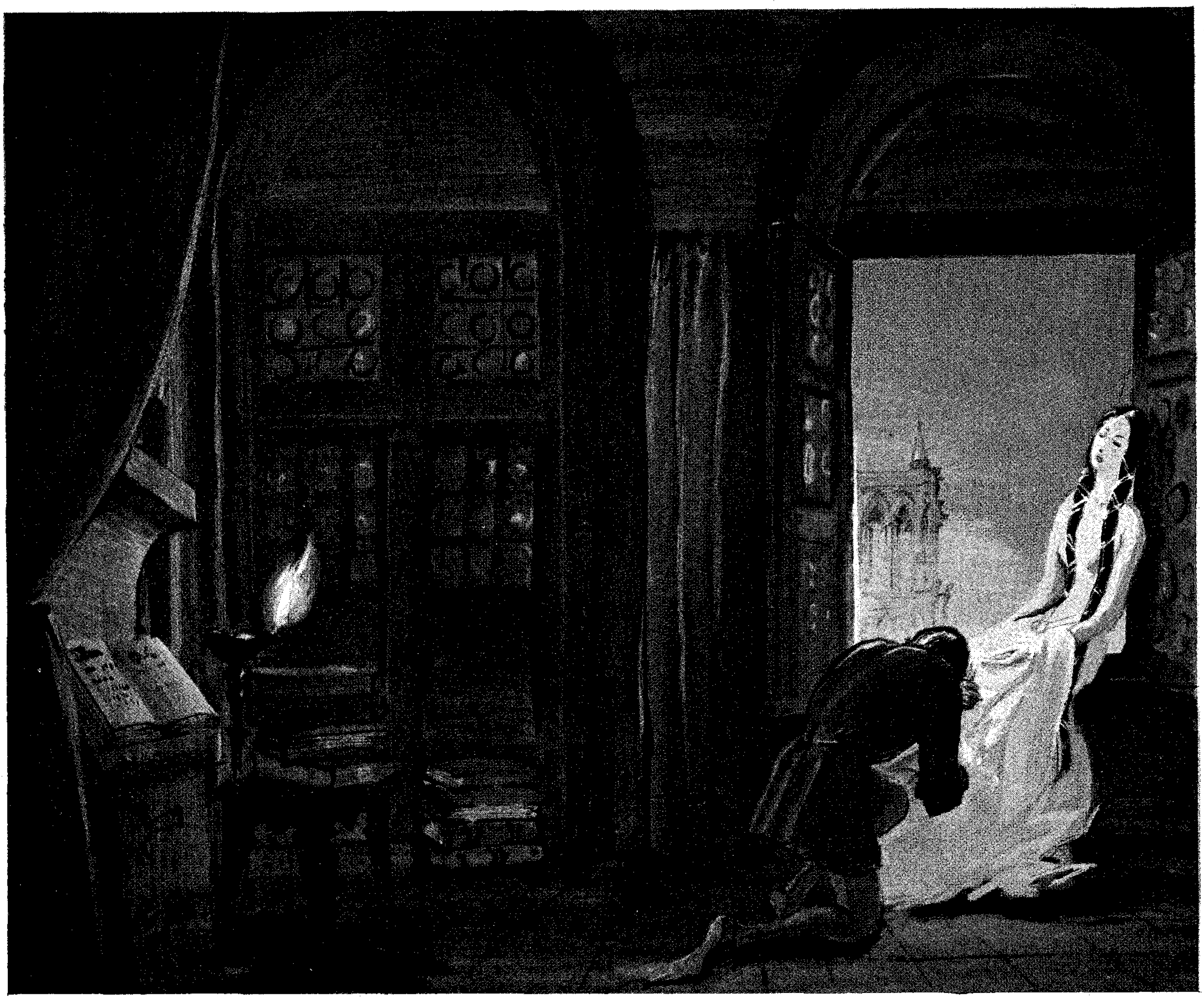
I MARRIED A WITCH (1942)—About a man who married a witch. Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 7-9.)

IF I HAD A MILLION (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 7-8.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas.

Heloise to Abelard

"What cannot letters inspire? They have souls; they can speak; they have in them all that force which expresses the transports of the heart; they have all the fire of our passions; they can raise them as much as if the persons themselves were present.."



HELOISE AND ABELARD—an interpretation, painted for Eaton, by Count René Bouët-Willaumez. Abelard, most famous logician of the 12th Century in France, fell in love with and married the exquisite ward of the Canon Fulbert of Paris. The picture shows the lovers in the days when Abelard was the tutor of Heloise, before tragedy had crossed their path.

After 800 years their love still lives *In letters*

It is dawn. The faint blue light rising over Notre Dame burns slowly brighter than the lamp in the room. But brighter still, far brighter, burns the flame in the hearts of these two lovers. He a famous tutor, she a girl of seventeen.

Eight centuries have passed since this moving story of tragic love was lived against the background of Medieval France...a story which lives for us still in all its beauty and all its poignancy—in letters.

Letters capture a precious closeness between two people. They are voices carrying through the silence that separation brings. Are you learning this for the first time? If you are, remember after the war and all your life, what joy a letter can inspire...what pleasure it can give.

In war...in peace...your letters are *you*. They carry your love, your laughter, to the uttermost parts of the earth...or just around the corner.

Eaton's fine letter papers

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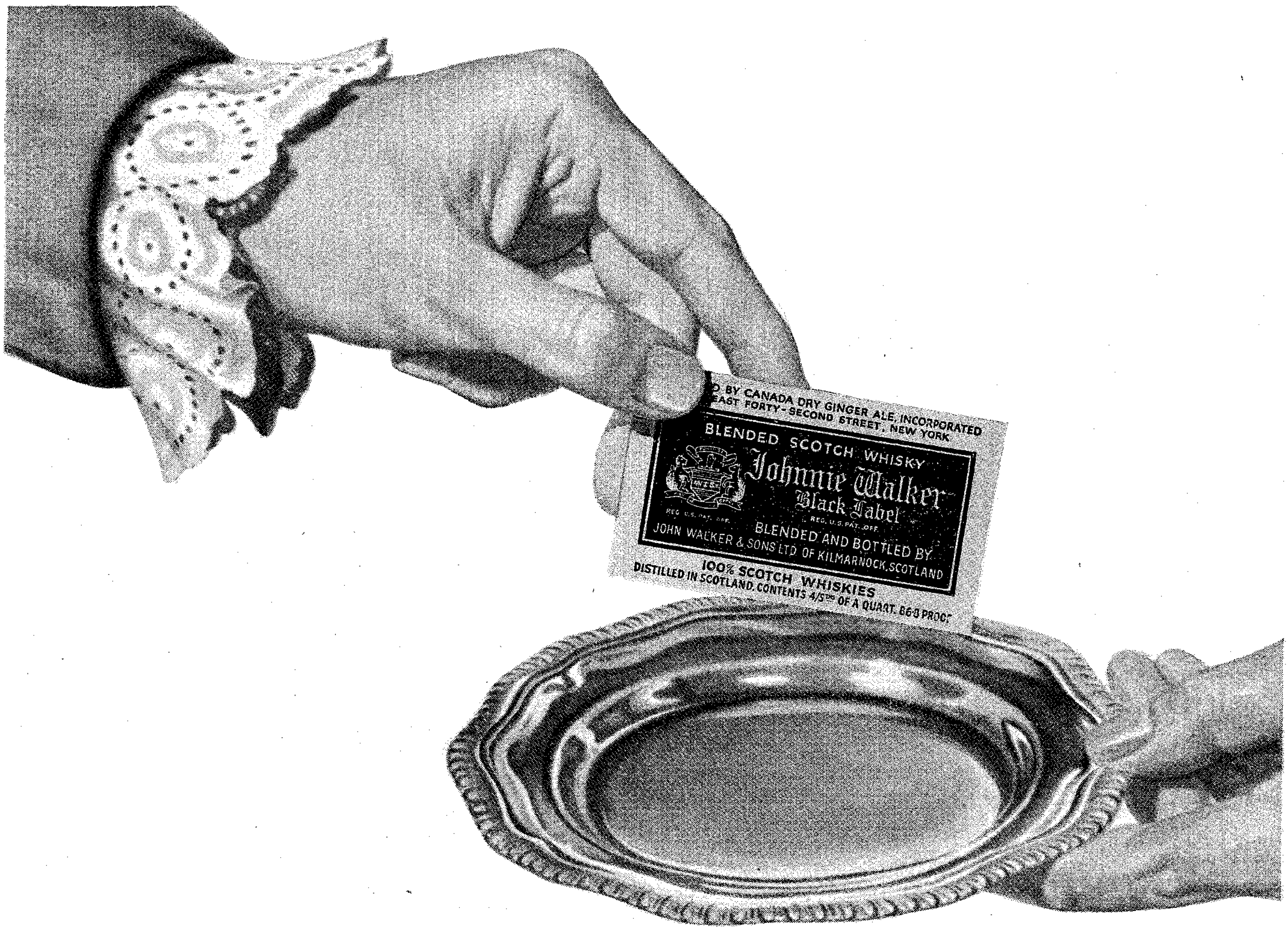
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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A Welcome Guest Presents His Card

THE BLACK LABEL of Johnnie Walker speaks for itself. It is the symbol of the finest among Scotches. Distinctive flavour and well-rounded mellowness combine to make Johnnie Walker the favorite whenever good guests get together.

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Walbrook as Queen and Consort. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 5-6.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., NOV. 5: "The Life of Emile Zola" (1937), with Paul Muni. . . . FROM MON., NOV. 6: "Captains Courageous" (1937), with Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, and Freddie Bartholomew.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours, three times a week, as receptionists in Department of Health clinics and vocational schools; women to work two or three half days a week as assistants in nursery schools. . . . RED CROSS, 401 5 Ave., at 37 (MU 4-4455): women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; women to take a short course and then work four hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores (PL 3-6487). . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as nutrition aides, orderlies, and at various other necessary jobs; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as dietary, clinic, ward, or surgical-supply aides.

National War Fund—The annual fund-raising campaign for war charities will continue through Sat., Nov. 11, and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 17) are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the campaign.

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, and other items for Christmas kits for service men. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, pocket-size books, and foreign-language and travel books. Two organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370).

Call to Perfection

CLEANSE . . . REFRESH . . . SMOOTH

These are the Elizabeth Arden essentials . . . essentials with which every woman can keep herself lovely, make herself prettier. They represent the cleansing, refreshing, lubricating treatments that are her daily beauty routine, the very foundation of good grooming. If you have never used what Elizabeth Arden has prepared for you, here is a thrilling experience because, for pleasure in use, for delicious fragrance, indescribably delightful texture . . . the *feel* of loveliness and luxury . . . these Essentials are without parallel.

Ardena Fluffy Cleansing Cream, 1.00 to 6.00
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Ardena Velva Cream Mask, 2.00 and 5.00
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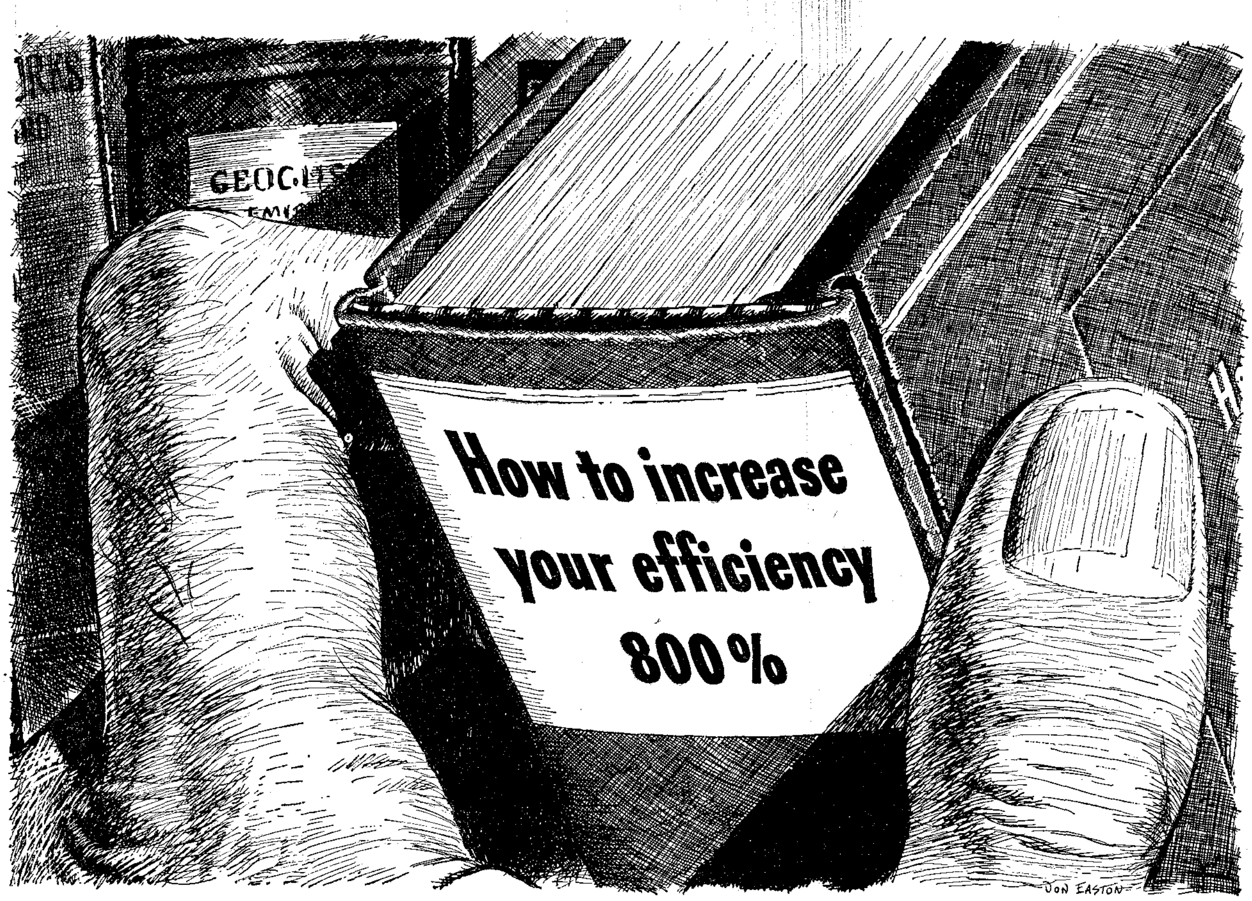
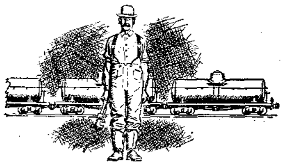
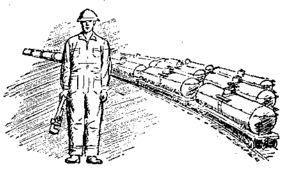
Ardena Cleansing Cream, 1.00 to 6.00
Ardena Skin Lotion, .85 to 15.00
Ardena Velva Cream, 1.00 to 6.00
Illusion Powder, 1.75 and 3.00
Cameo Powder, 1.75 and 3.00

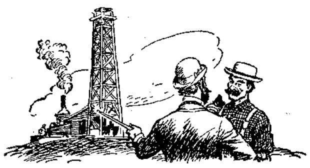
(prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden





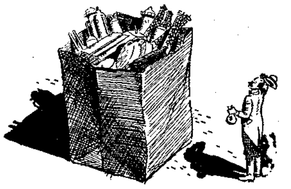




1 In 1890, the first year Union Oil Company was in business, there were exactly 100 men on our pay roll. During that year, those 100 men turned out enough petroleum products to fill 273 modern tank cars—an average of 2¾ tank cars per man. In 1943, there were 7,869 people on our pay roll.

2 They turned out enough petroleum products to fill 187,374 tank cars—an average of 23¾ tank cars per man. That's an increase *of almost 800%* in the productive capacity of each man. And it was made on modern products that were far more complex to manufacture than those of 1890.

3 Does that mean that today's Union Oiler is 8 times the man his grandfather was? No, but he does have far better "tools" to work with. In 1890, each of the 100 Union Oil employees had about $5000 worth of equipment to work with. Today, each of the 7,869 has $39,505 worth.



Year	Employees	Gross Prop. Invest. Per Employee	Stock-holders
1916	3,139	$14,659	3,029
1922	6,877	18,195	4,029
1934	8,384	26,919	21,525
1943	7,869	39,505	31,375

4 Now this tremendous increase in investment could hardly have been made without *pooling the money of a lot of people.* The original 1890 stockholders numbered less than 50. To have financed an improvement program of 310 million dollars would have cost them more than 6 million apiece.

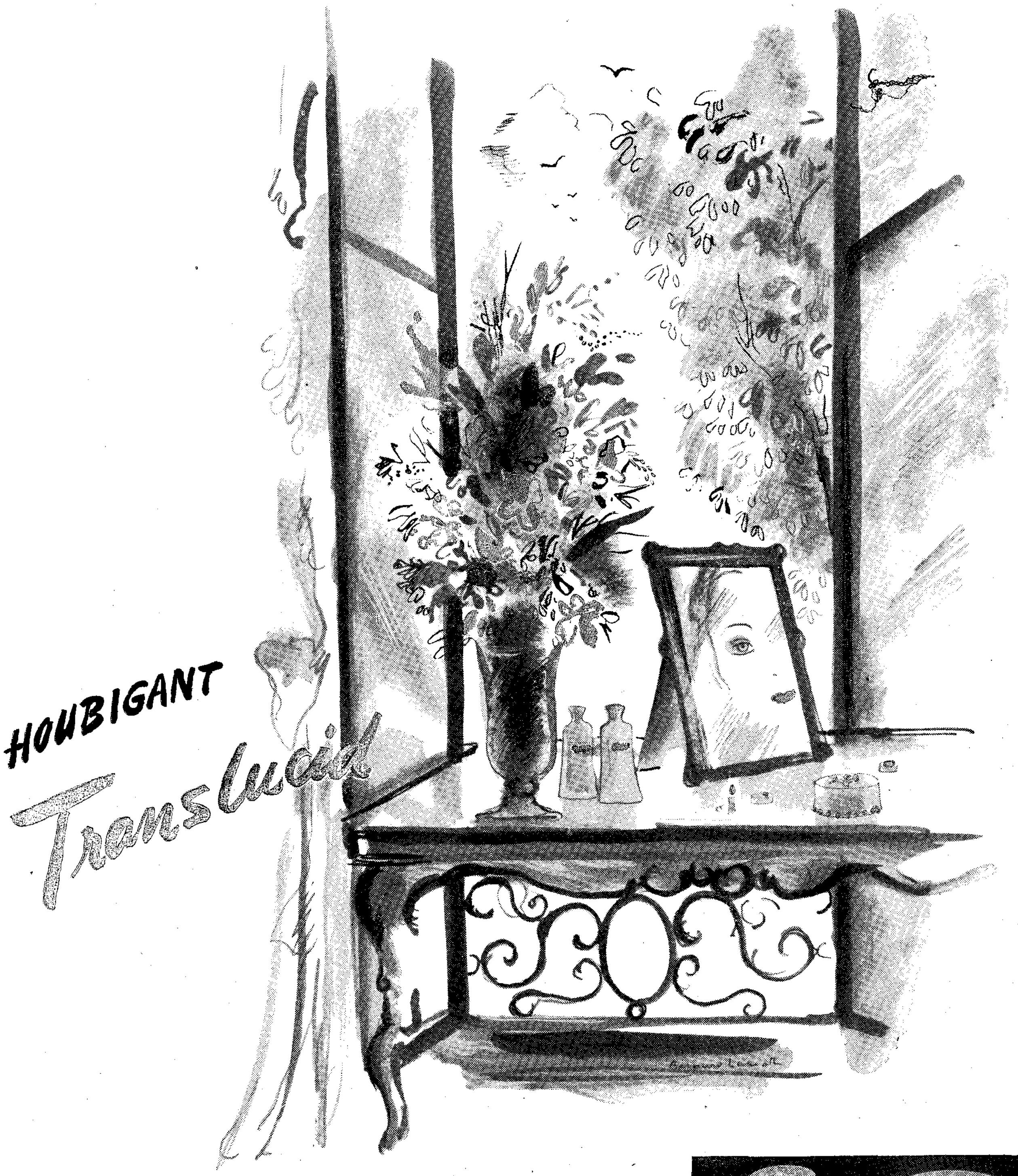
5 Instead, as the neea for equipment grew, they secured additional funds by inviting more and more people to invest in Union Oil stock. This method was not unique with Union. It was used by *all* U. S. heavy industries. But it is largely responsible for the production efficiencies this nation has attained today.

6 Of course, we could have formed these pools of money by government ownership. But we Americans have chosen to do it under legal agreements known as *corporations.* For that way we can preserve the *individual's freedom,* the *efficiency* of a free economy and that all-important human incentive—*competition.*

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE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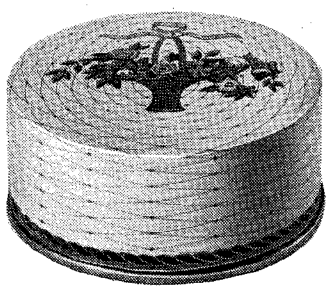

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Foundation-tone, *tinted, holds the Powder perfectly*—$1.50.
Whipped Cream Rouge, *in seven glowing shades*—$1.25.
Lipstick to match—$1.00.
Special Emollient Retiring Cream, *rich in soothing oils*—$2.00.
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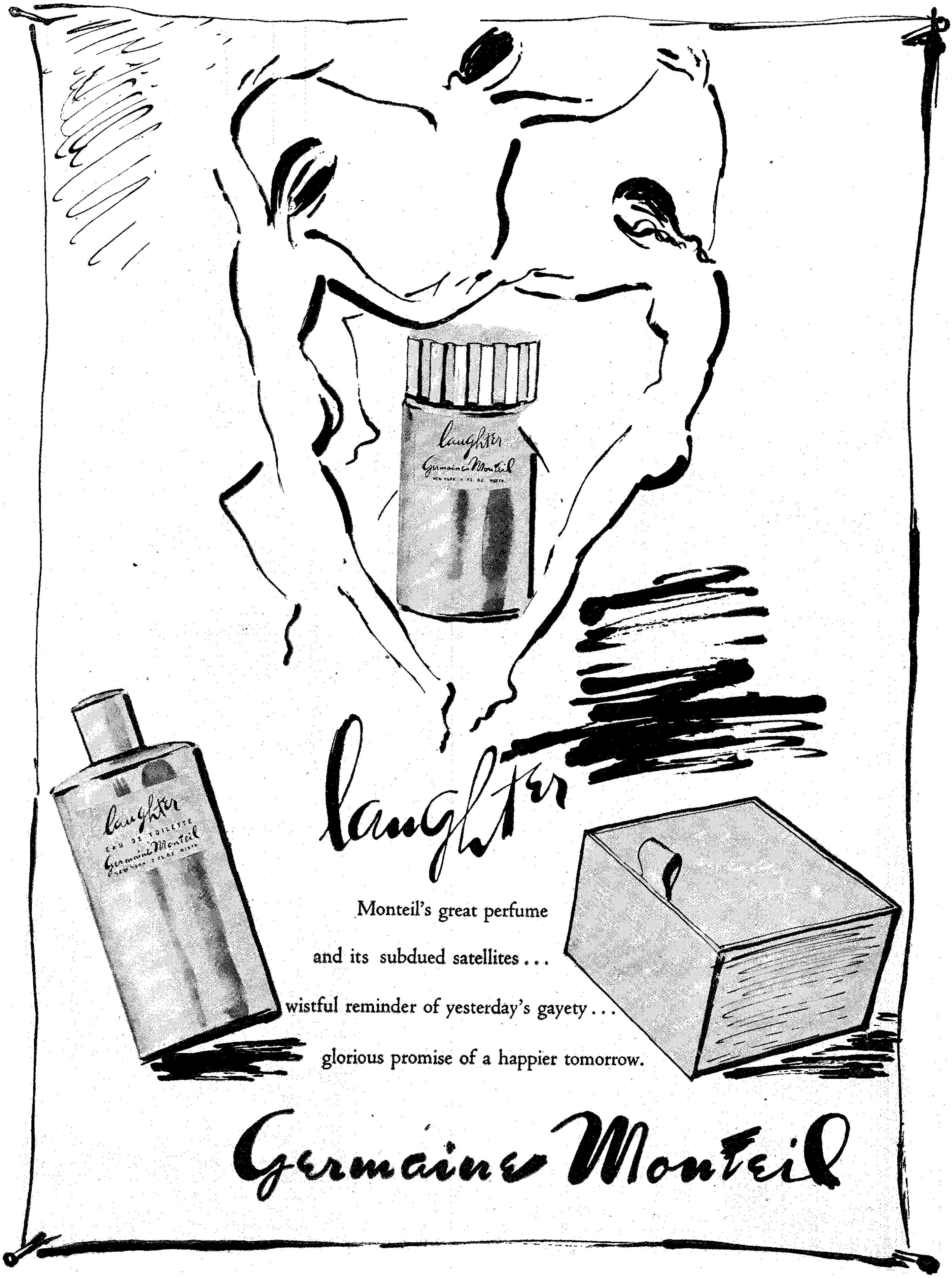
laughter
Germaine Monteil
New York
laughter
Eau de Toilette
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laughter

Monteil's great perfume
and its subdued satellites . . .
wistful reminder of yesterday's gayety . . .
glorious promise of a happier tomorrow.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BEFORE the league plan is adopted by the nations of the world, we would like to see it tried out in New Rochelle. We suggest that the city of New Rochelle volunteer as guinea pig for a period of one year, abandon its city government, its laws and ordinances and police and schools, and form a league of the many groups which make up the community. There would be, we assume, the Kiwanis Club, the Young Men's Business Association, the Garden Club, the Elks, the Rotarians, B'nai B'rith, the Bowling Society, the D.A.R., the Civic Improvement Association, the Colored Baptists, and all the rest. Let these groups form a league and draw up league rules. Call it the United Clubs. Each member will appoint a police force with authority to beat up any club which breaks the peace. All inter-club problems—schooling, public health, highways—will be weighed by policy boards of the various members and settled by diplomacy and by the Inter-Club Court. A resident, you understand, will have no rights by virtue of his citizenship in New Rochelle; he will have rights merely by virtue of his membership in his club. We doubt if there is a city in the United States which would submit to so dangerous an experiment in living, yet the world seems about to embark on it from preference—one sometimes wonders why.

ONE afternoon last weekend we got to thinking about all the talking birds we know, or have ever known or heard of. There was a myna we used to encounter in a pet shop in Radio City whose repertory included a long, low whistle, "Goodbye," "You're in the Armee now," and a sensational "Myee, what a smart bird!" The crow currently in the Children's Zoo in Bronx Park says "Batter up," "Bow-wow-wow," and occasionally "Whee!" Another myna that a friend of ours once owned used to say "Slap me down, slap me down." Then, of course, there is the parrot in "Treasure Island," who says "Pieces of eight," and Poe's absurd raven, with his "Nevermore." A parrot we heard of but never got to see used to do half a dozen of the radio jingles right through to the end, such as "I like Chiclet candy-coated chewing gum" and "Pepsi-Cola hits the spot." The common feature of talking birds, we concluded, is the terrific energy, talent, and concentration they put into learning to say something that, once said, has no importance whatever.

EVER since the Great Australian Literary Hoax was exposed, it has had us worried. Two Australian poets, Corporal Harold Stewart and Lieutenant James McAuley, concocted a poet named Ern Malley and wrote a body of work for him in an afternoon, putting together nonsense sentences out of words and phrases from all the books they had around, including an American report on the drainage of breeding grounds of mosquitoes. An advanced Australian literary magazine named *Angry Penguins* snapped up Malley as a sensation, devoting thirty pages of its fall issue to his poetry and saying that it represented "a poet of tremendous power," who "worked through a disciplined and restrained kind of statement into the deepest wells of human experience."

What has been worrying us about the story is that, taken seriously enough, it spoils anyone for modern poetry for the rest of his life. The fear that any poem he finds particularly meaningful and attractive may have been put together in a few minutes from bulletins on the breeding grounds of mosquitoes or snips from the *Congressional Record* is too much for a sensitive reader to bear, and he quickly has to give the stuff up and go back to Tennyson, who is at least beyond suspicion. So far as we can see, the only alternative a reader has is to assume that Corporal Stewart and Lieutenant McAuley are poets of such tremendous power that even hoax verses they put together in an afternoon out of scraps of quotations turn out to be serious poetry of a high order, plumbing the deepest wells of human experience. In the rush to get behind one or the other of these possibilities, we take our place at the end of the Tennyson line.

WE have learned from a heretofore completely reliable source that Brooks Brothers are well along with their postwar plans. There's nothing official, you must realize, in what we can tell you of these plans, but we understand that one major phase is the breaking-in, already started, of a new Ascottie man. The old one, who used to go to weddings to see that all the Ascots were tied flawlessly, died a while back, before Pearl Harbor. We know of no other minor artist whose passing is recalled so sadly in his own circle, when the talk is of old times. The new man—or at least the spruceling who will be the new man when peace sets in—was picked as singularly good Ascot timber when he proved himself top Scout in knot tying, defeating crack men from a dozen other Scout troops. He is being trained at a careful pace. He began on four-in-hands and has now swung into bows. Brooks Brothers know by long experience that uniforms and regulation accessories do not remain in feverish demand forever. (The house went through 1861, 1898, and 1917 with calm and similar foresight.) And Brooks do not intend to be trapped by the peace as lesser folk may be. Their Ascot-tie man will be ready, lacking only the seasoning which will come, God grant, with many a decade of peace.

Artist vs. Realist

IT just goes to show. Here you probably don't even know that the Columbia Broadcasting System employs a staff psychologist, and we've already interviewed him on the subject of Roosevelt's and Dewey's characters as revealed by their taste in food. Maybe we're going a little too fast. C.B.S. has this psychologist, a Dr. Ernest Ditcher, who tackles the psychological side of the advertising business by investigating peoples' soap habits, smoking habits, car-driving habits, and food habits. "Psychologists have become too involved with neuroses and complexes," he told us. "It is high time that they leave the laboratory and examine everyday life." For instance, it seems that the average citizen gives himself away cold every time he sits down to the dinner table. It's not so much a matter of what he eats, it's the way he eats it. "It is the food style that counts," Dr. Ditcher says. "Some people won't drink orange juice unless the glass is full to the brim, or they won't touch a sandwich if it has a ragged edge. Such people are usually very independent."

Both Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Dewey have gone on record in the matter of their husbands' food styles, and it is all highly revealing to Dr. Ditcher, if not to anybody else. "Mrs. Roosevelt says that her husband likes hidden foods—camouflaged foods," he remarked. "That means he delights in being surprised. Roosevelt likes casserole dishes and scrambled eggs instead of plain fried or boiled eggs. When Dewey eats, he likes to be able to look down on his plate and see an egg that he knows *is* an egg. This means that Roosevelt is artistic, Dewey is realistic." Further, Roosevelt has a fondness for sauces, which indicates that he is more of a sybarite than the young Governor. By and large, however, Roosevelt's food style indicates to Dr. Ditcher that he is a man of courage, vision, and confidence. "When he gets a dish of things all mixed up, he doesn't worry about what's in it; he just assumes he is going to like it. That's confidence." Dewey, it appears, goes for food which offers him some degree of resistance. "Mrs. Dewey says he likes apples and nuts," Dr. Ditcher said. "Now, that is most interesting. It means he likes to get up against problems. He searches for crispness in food. He likes to chew—an oral type, you might say." Dewey's attitude toward desserts is also significant, it seems; he is fond of them but eats them only occasionally. This indicates to Dr. Ditcher a high morality coupled with self-restraint.

Voters who still haven't made up their mind might like to weigh the Governor's habit of eating a midnight snack against the President's fondness for lobsters. On the one hand, you have a man of orderly mind, who likes to end the day in a wholesome, clear-cut fashion; on the other hand, the lobster eater is on the face of it a man of monumental patience. "A lot of people don't like lobster," Dr. Ditcher said, and added, "I don't suppose that means much, though." Summing up, Dr. Ditcher noted that Roosevelt is primarily interested in the taste of food, Dewey in crunching it. You can't lose. Dr. Ditcher can also tell a good deal about a person by the way he takes a bath, but he has no data on the bathing style of either of the candidates.

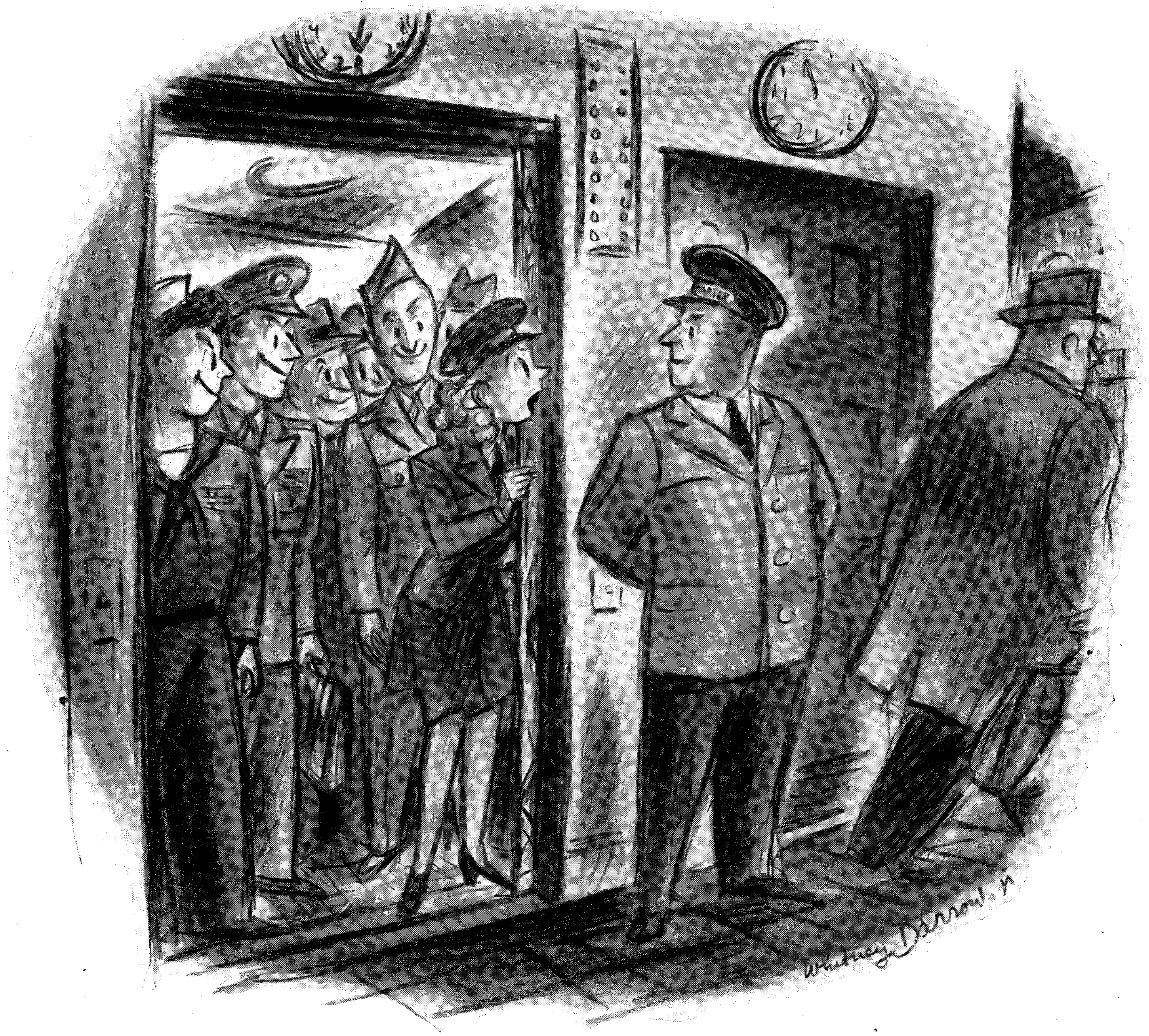
Ethics

A LADY we know was strolling along Second Avenue, shopping for vegetables, when an early-morning drunk was tossed out of a corner saloon and landed at her feet. "And don't come back, either!" shouted the bartender who had thrown him there. The drunk picked himself up and said, with some dignity, "I ain't afraid of nobody or nothin', see? I'm not comin' back, but it's just because I think it's the right thing to do."

Tomorrow's Flivver

NO doubt our readers' grandchildren, thumbing through old bound volumes of *The New Yorker*, will smile tolerantly at our having printed a story about a helicopter on view last week at Bonwit Teller's. However, you can't deny that, at the moment, a helicopter is still a novelty. Matter of fact, people who wanted to actually get into the one at Bonwit's had to buy a hundred-dollar War Bond. It was up on the second floor, near the shoe department. When we arrived, we found the public, represented by two suburban-looking ladies, somewhat mistrustful of the postwar air age. "Looks awfully tinny to me," one of them said. "Probably *is* tin," the other said. "And anyway," she added, dragging her friend off in the direction of the gift shop, "Harry says they aren't practical."

The man in charge, who explained that he represented not the helicopter manufacturer but the firm that represents the helicopter manufacturer, told us that there had been a steady stream of interested visitors. Some of them even wanted to put down their cash and order a helicopter of their own, but the manufacturer isn't ready for that yet; it will be another eight months or so, at least, the way things are going now. The firm had to disappoint a California rancher and a lady who wanted one for commuting from the depths of Connecticut. Several men have spoken of buying helicopters for sons who are in the Air Forces and will presumably want to keep on flying after the war. A couple of Air Forces men came in while we were looking at Bonwit's helicopter, and, the required bond purchase having been waived in their case, climbed into it and fiddled with the controls. "Say, you got an engine in here?" one of them asked. The demonstrator said it had been taken out. "Probably never even flown," the other scoffed. "Yes, it has," the demonstrator said. "It was flying last week, before we took the engine out." He went on to detail the advantages of the helicopter over the other types of planes; the boys heard him out, then remarked rather skeptically, "You don't say." "The service men are all very enthusiastic," he told us as



"If I'm not down in three minutes, send for the police."

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they strolled off through the shoe department.

A lady appeared with six small children in tow. The children began climbing under the rope that protected the helicopter from the non-bond-purchasing public. "Hey, you can't go in unless you've bought a bond!" the man said. "Momma, buy me a bond!" one of the kids shrieked. His mother said no, she couldn't right then. He set up a howl that rang through the entire shoe department and the demonstrator hastily boosted him into the cockpit. "Lookit me, Momma!" he sniffled happily. "When's it gonna fly?" one of the other kids demanded, dragging at the demonstrator's coattails. "It's not going to fly at all," the demonstrator said distractedly. "It hasn't any engine in it." "Some airplane—no engine in it!" a little one shouted. "Wonderful youngsters, and every one of them a future helicopter buyer," the helicopter man said to us, mopping his brow. "Next week we'll be at Gimbel's, in Philadelphia. I hate to think what *that* will be like."

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QUERY overheard in a corner of Bonwit's Débutante Department: "Say, what's the noun for 'platonic'?"

Sheehy's Nemesis

PEOPLE with the leisure to read feature stories in the New York press are pretty well abreast of Mr. Franklin P. Adams' campaign as Democratic candidate for Connecticut State Senator for the Twenty-fifth District. It's no gag, either. The wise money, or what passes for wise money in rural Connecticut, is offering six to five against Mrs. Luce, and, although we have heard no odds quoted on Adams, we should think that Adams might be encouraged, since his district lies within hers. One point in his favor, we learned last week in the course of an interview with F.P.A., is that some of the local Republicans are mad at their own candidate, a Mr. Sheehy, and keep begging for a chance to speak against him at Democratic rallies. Poor Sheehy, it seems, applied for a license to keep a tavern several years ago and was turned down. Perhaps a trifle smugly, Adams told us, "I may be bragging, but I somehow feel that if the question ever came up I would not be turned down as a tavernkeeper."

F.P.A.'s political career began six years ago, when he ran for the school board in his town—Weston, Connecticut. It was a bad year for Democrats. After being defeated, he remained politically dormant until last spring; then he got himself appointed an alternate delegate to the Democratic convention (not a difficult feat for a worldly man, as we understand it), and, though the active delegate remained sober and in good health, Adams nevertheless had an interesting time attending caucuses and pep meetings. In August, he represented his district at the State Democratic convention, and a few weeks after that was chosen to run as the senatorial candidate in the district that includes Easton, Fairfield, Monroe, Newtown, Shelton, Stratford, Trumbull, Westport, and Weston. "The nomination was by something between acclamation and default," the candidate told us amiably. He feels that this demonstrates that practically anybody can run for office. "Lots of people have got convictions, especially Democrats," he remarked. "But there's a theory going around that politics is a black art. I hope my running for state senator will disprove that."

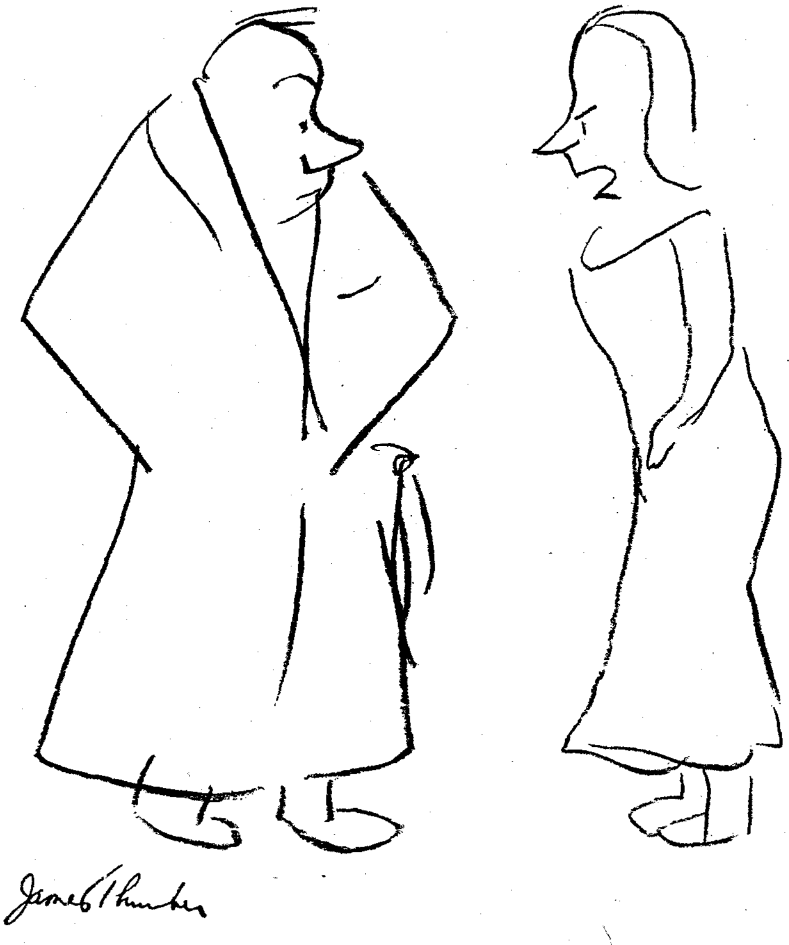
The financial consideration at stake is a stipend of three hundred dollars a year, plus travelling expenses of ten cents a mile to and from home while the legislature is in session (it meets Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays for four months every second year). It figures out that Mr. Adams would stand to clean up about thirty-five dollars a week travelling expenses during four months of biennial activity as a statesman, in addition to his annual three hundred and whatever he picks up by performing on "Information Please" and playing poker. A major part of his campaigning consists of appearances at church suppers. Usually he drives to them in an old car he owns, a 1932 Franklin. One of the newspapers quoted him as saying that he was going to leave the Franklin at home thereafter, because the obvious puns about the 1932 Franklin were "too trivial" for times like these. Adams denied having said anything of the kind. "Just shows you how much trouble you can go to and then have somebody dig up 'trivial' and throw it at you. Sure I take the Franklin along. It gives me my one speech. Been running since 1932, I tell 'em, and I expect to get another good four years out of it." Concluding our interview, Mr. Adams cleared up the perennial mystery of why people run for office. "Greatest fun in the world," he said. "You get up in front of a lot of people and say a few things that are on your mind and they look kind of interested. Greatest surprise and greatest satisfaction in the world."

Incident of the French Camp

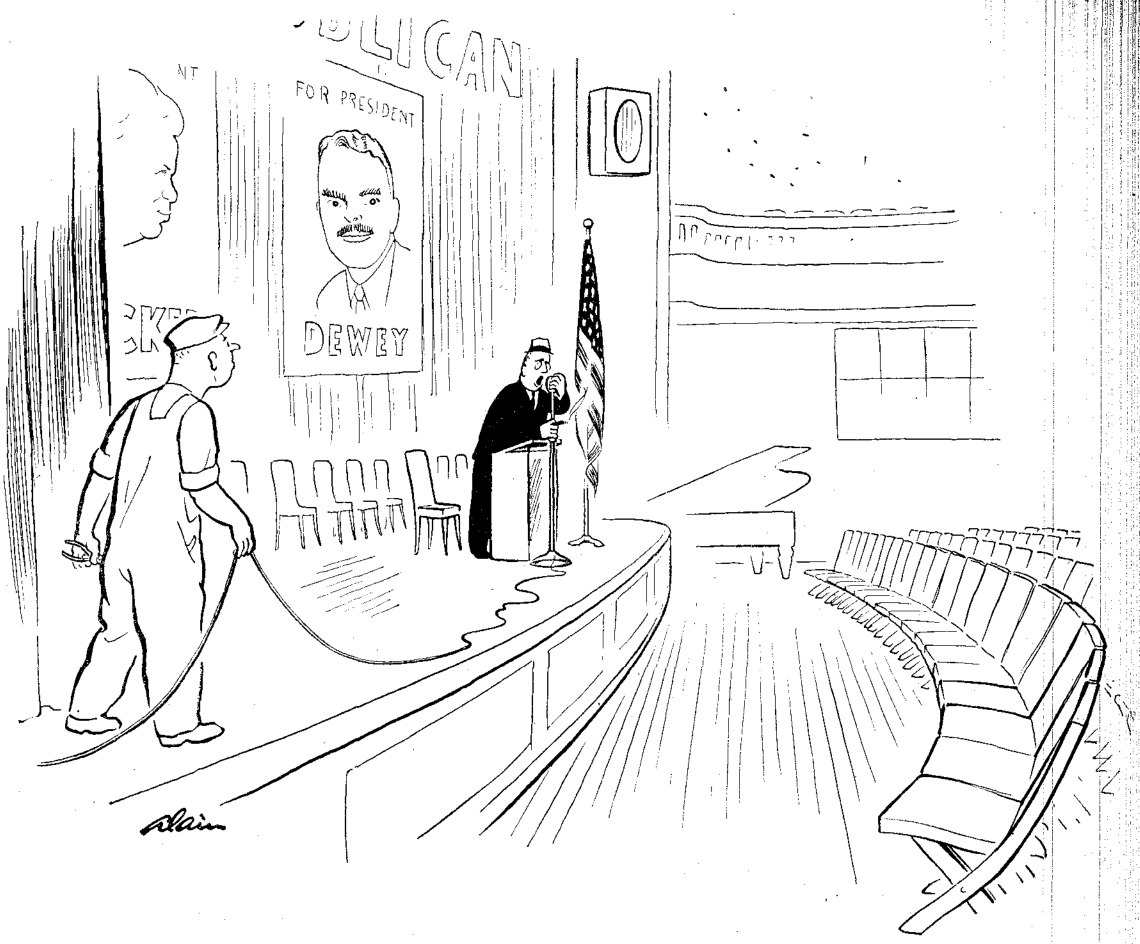
THERE seem to be very few Civil Affairs officers in France who have not read "A Bell for Adano," or at least so we're told by one of them. Our informant says they are all particularly concerned lest they get involved in a disgraceful affair like the fictional incident described by Mr. Hersey in which a hot-tempered general orders a peasant's mule shot because it is blocking the roadway. It was with a pang of alarm, therefore, that the major in charge of civil affairs in a certain part of Normandy before the French civil authorities took over received a report from the military police that a peasant's cart had caused a traffic jam of some dimensions. He duly entered this in his own daily report, emphasizing the fact that the drivers of carts had been instructed to give the right of way to military traffic thenceforth and that a repetition of the incident was unlikely. The next day the general, in a roaring mood, sent for the major. "What's all this about a cart causing a traffic jam?" he demanded. Nervously looking over his shoulder for Mr. Hersey, the major started to explain, but the general interrupted him. "Damn it," he said, "the carts have never given us any trouble before. For God's sake, let's stop bothering these poor farmers."

Nine Million Gags

IT is probably not of great importance that Olsen and Johnson have been rehearsing a new show called "Laffing Room Only," but we went over to see them and their troupe at the Adelphi Theatre last week, in the company of a Mr. Alford of the Shubert office. Just as we entered the auditorium, Mr. Alford said, "Darn!," gazing at a stage which contained two dogs, a midget, the fore part of a stage locomotive, a stuffed rat, and a man wrestling with a bear. "We missed the part where everybody gets blown through a brick wall." A pallid, middle-aged man seized us by both elbows and shook us violently up and down—Olsen. "You're in an earthquake!" he shouted. "The first six rows are wired for earthquake! And the locomotive! The locomotive! It rushes up to the front and sprays coal over everybody—everybody!" Mr. Olsen released us and



"I wouldn't even let Cary Grant lounge around the house in the afternoon."



"Testing, sixtee-e-en ye-e-ears . . . testing, sixtee-e-en ye-e-ears . . ."

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doubled over with laughter. "We got telephones that give milk or coffee," he said between choking chuckles. "We got California snow, the Boston Tea Party—why, we got a palm tree drops its branches and runs away. The theme is America first." He headed backstage. (One thing is certain about an Olsen-and-Johnson show: Mr. Olsen enjoys it.) "Hug papa," said the man wrestling the bear.

Mr. Alford led us to a seat in the orchestra and pointed out the director, Mr. Eddie Cline, who had just ordered the company to assemble, and the author, a Mr. Eugene Conrad, who was sitting across the auditorium, swallowing a pill. "Where's Johnson?" asked Mr. Cline. "In his dressing room with his teeth out," said a fat man subsequently revealed as a comedian. "Well, then, we'll do the White House scene," said Cline. "Now, there's something I got to clear up. All through this scene there's supposed to be a long cigarette holder with a cigarette in the end of it puffing from behind a screen—right?" Mr. Cline was generally assured that this was right. "Well, O.K." he said. "Yesterday I heard talk of somebody getting a stick. I want no talk of a stick. I want a real cigarette holder. You got to be conscious of a *presence*." Several girls and a dog strolled across the stage. "Don't saunter," said Cline. "Just get on and get off." A small man with a black mustache sat down beside a fat man on a bench onstage. "Little fellow's Dewey, big fellow's Hoover," Mr. Alford whispered to us. "Dewey's asking him to shove over." Mr. Conrad suddenly leaped to his feet in alarm. "What'll we do if Dewey wins?" he asked. "God!" said Cline. "I never thought of that. We'll have to figure out *something*. Somebody'll think of something." Johnson appeared onstage, deeply concerned with his teeth. At this point a young lady declared that she was a dancer and nobody had ever hit her over the head with an alarm clock before. "Moscow Art!" shouted Cline. "Moscow Art!" A mixed chorus from all parts of the theatre broke into the "Volga Boatmen." "Peanuts!" shouted Mr. Cline, and a man wearing a red sweater raced up a runway from the auditorium onto the stage and went through the business of getting some imaginary peanuts out of an imaginary telephone. "Stop!" shouted Mr. Cline. "That was forty seconds for peanuts. Do you think we're running a funeral?" "I beg your pardon, Eddie," said Olsen, appearing from the wings. "Peanuts is too fast. You been in Hollywood too long. You gotta let laughs last to the back of the house." "Nine million gags can't last to the back of the house," said Cline, and then asked Olsen, "Have you thought of cheesecloth on sticks for the train scene?" "I beg your pardon, Eddie," said Olsen. "In two shows we have already used cheesecloth." "I don't mean heavy cheesecloth," said Cline. "I mean real ephemeral cheesecloth on sticks." Olsen sighed. "We got hot coals," he said. "Forget cheesecloth." Mr. Alford had to explain this passage to us: Cheesecloth on sticks is to scare an audience. The lights are turned off and actors dressed in black with luminous skeletons painted on them run up and down the aisles waving pieces of cheesecloth. This, Mr. Alford assured us, is more effective than it may sound.

The rehearsal was interrupted when some practical matters intervened. A representative of Equity appeared and called the cast to a meeting at one side of the stage. "Point of procedure!" shouted the midget as soon as they had assembled, and as we discreetly retired, he was joined by Dewey, shouting, "Point of order! Point of order!"

Immune

TWO young Commandos were recently observed in Central Park, stalking a third lad to whom they had assigned, apparently without his consent, the rôle of a Nazi. Finally they broke cover and rushed at him, with shouts of "Bang, bang, you're dead, you old Nazi!" "You can't shoot me," he replied. "I'm not a Nazi! I'm a good man—I'm an American lawyer."

I GOT HARD LUCK HOOVERIN' OVER ME LIKE A FLOCK OF VOUCHERS

If the studio hadn't postponed the story conference and if my wife hadn't had the car, I wouldn't have had to walk home. Walking, in Hollywood, is quite unusual, although not as unusual as it used to be in the days before gas rationing and tire conservation, when patrol cars would pull up alongside and you would have to explain to the suspicious officers why you were strolling.

What made this particular walk of mine so odd was seeing Benny Greenspan, the agent, sitting on a bench in the strip of park which fronts on Santa Monica Boulevard, and gloomily rocking a baby buggy.

"Congratulations, Benny!" I shouted in greeting. "Why didn't you tell me about this, or are you saving your cigars for triplets?"

"Alluva sudden I got a comic in my mist," Benny said. "In the first place, the kid ain't even a distant relative, much less I'm his old man, and in the second place, any time you find I'm gettin' myself hitched after the rookin' I took with my last divorce, you hereby got my special permission to take me to a nut house and have my chromium examined fa any loose bats flyin' aroun' up there in my belfry. And in the third place," he added in a tense whisper, "I wish you'd tone down your voice on account I just crooned myself hoarse tryin' to get little Stinky to close his peepers. Boy, you shoulda heard him give out with the yells. I guarantee, Artie, he musta got his lungs direck fomm the Bethelhem Steel Company."

As I sat down beside Benny, he leaned forward, looked up and down the boulevard, then settled back again. "Hoddeya like that dumb cluck sister I got?" he said. "She's supposed to be here a halfa hour ago to relieve this milestone fomm offa my neck, but so far I haven't seen head nor tail of that Henny."

"Oh, so it's your sister's child you're taking care of," I said. "I get it now."

He just looked at me for a moment or two, then said, "Look, Artie, I dunno what gypsy's been peddlin' you her line of tea leafs lately, but somethin' tells me she's slippin' you phonies. What belongs to Henny is my thirteen-year nephew, Mortie, a human termite who's prolly home right now with his teeth caught in somethin' she cooked him up. No, Artie, little Junior here is fomm an entirely different horse's color." With a wave of his hand, he indicated the sleeping occupant of the baby carriage. "That there is the famous Andrea Adams kid who got so much notary in the papers not so long ago. Remember?"

I recalled the stories about Unity Pictures having to stop one of their productions when the star, Andrea Adams, announced that she was about to have a child, of the outraged studio threatening to sue her for costs and damages, and of her husband, Hugh Grant, filing countercharges, claiming the company was at fault for having postponed the shooting date so often. The matter was finally settled, I believe, by the studio's suspending the actress and reshooting the film with another star in the rôle.

"So that's the Andrea Adams baby," I said. "You wouldn't think something that little could cause so much trouble, now, would you?"

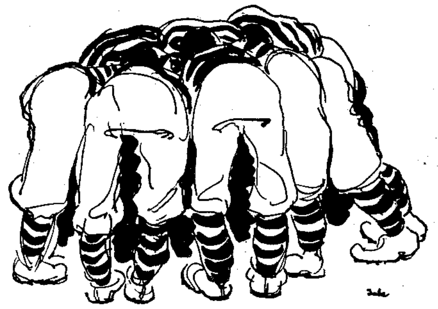
"Listen, jerk-boy," Benny retorted, "if you expeck I should say no, you are barkin' up against the wrong tree. Right now, this very minute, I oughta be back at the awfice rendin' my other clients some personal service. I oughta be answerin' my phones, they prolly ringin' theirselves hoarse. And where the hell am I?"

I thought it was a rhetorical question until I saw that he was waiting for a reply. "Why, you're here, Benny," I said. "And you seem to be disgruntled. But I'm sure Andrea appreciates what you're doing."

"Artie, the person who invented the word 'appreciate' musta had Andrea Adams farthest fomm his thoughts on account no matter what I do fa that dame, she is never contented," Benny said, slowly and with feeling. "Pick, pick, pick alla time, like I was some harp or other. And talk about abuse! No kiddin', you wouldn't abuse a perfeck stranger half the way that girl abuses me!"

"Well, why do you take it?" I asked.

"Why? Because I'm a first-class incomepoop, that's why. Some guys, they are born lucky like King Minus, whereby the lease thing they touch turns right away to gold. But not this here party." Benny jabbed his chest with a thumb. "Fomm the minute the doctor grabbed a gander at me and said, 'It's a boy!,' I got hard luck hooverin' over me like a flock of vouchers.



"You take, finstance, this whole Andrea Adams situation. A coupla months after the little jerklet is born, R.D. gizz me a buzz I should come right over to his studio. So I comes over and he informs me they just bought a novel, 'Forever Is Always,' and while the story stinks, still in all it's got a germ which could develop into a movvellous Andrea Adams pickcha, and how soon can she report to work. 'R.D.,' I says, 'if I was representin' a normal type individual instead a Miss Liberty Bell who is cracked in the upstairs department, I could definitize a commitment, but this way I frankly dunno. Supposin' you lemme contact her and I'll communicate you the result.' 'O.K., Benny,' he says, 'you do that.'

"So I do a little noseyin' aroun' and I find out she is camped at the Hotel St. Morris or other in New Yawk. Anyways, I calls her long distance and spills her the proposition. Artie, the hoarse laugh she gimme, honestly you coulda heard it alla way acrost the country and back. She informs me she brushed off the industry fa good and she is settled down with her baby and her hubby, Hughie Grant, a character fomm the exack same ilk like her. Now, when somebody's got a bean like that in their bonnet, there's no use talkin', on account the answer is still gonna be the same—namely, no soap.

"The follin' day, when R.D. asts me when she is comin' out, nachelly I gotta be tackful, else why should I antagonize my position and tell him the truth? So I says she is anxious to start right away, oney there's a needle in the haystack, who happens to be her husband. 'But don't you worry about that, R.D.,' I says. 'Just gimme a couple weeks, and I guarantee I'll whistle him down to size.' 'O.K.,' he says to me. 'Then I'll proceed ahead on your say-so.' "

"What'd you plan to do?" I asked.

Benny shrugged. "I figgered maybe she'd maul the thing over in her mind and then shoot me a wire it's a deal. But oh, boy, did I have a wrong number! Six, seven weeks lapses by, see, and one night I run into R.D., he's packin' away a meal at Chasen's. Right away he tells me the Andrea Adams pickcha is developin' very nice, and he thinks it might wind up a sensational piece property. He musta noticed the expression on my puss, on account he says, 'Now, don't tell me, Benny, Andrea is gonna repeat me all that trouble over again.' 'Of course not,' I says, givin' out with the smile and the teeth. 'I'll have her here the minute she disposes the lease she's stuck with offa her hands.'

"That lease baloney come to me on the spurt of the moment," Benny went on. "Alla same I got a sneaky feelin' in my bones I better do somethin' dastrick, else my life's not gonna be worth a tin dime. So I blows town, leavin' the awfice in charge my seckatary, Gussie, and in two shakes of a stick I'm on that Chief and I'm in New Yawk, and there I am, talkin' person-to-person with Andrea.

"You think she's supprised one teenchy bit to see me?" He shook his head. "No, sir! A typical type, that dame. She just gimme the deadpan and she says, 'You certainey don't waste much time, do you, Benny?' 'In what respeck I don't waste much time?' I says to her. 'In respeck here it's one week after my hubby's been inducted the Army, and lo and behold, who should be here exceptin' you!'

"Well, sir, the minute I hear that, right away I make with the fast sales talk how a girl fomm her financial calibra, who is used to the finest fomm the fine in life, can expeck she should live on what her hubby makes fomm the service a month. 'Besides,' I says to her, 'supposin' evveybody in the high-income bracket adapts your attitude, how's the govvement gonna pay fa the war without they colleck tax money to cover same?' Artie," he went on in disgust, "I talked till I was pradically black and blue in the face, and the result was in one ear and out the very same one."

"You must have done something to convince her," I said, "because she's out here doing a picture."

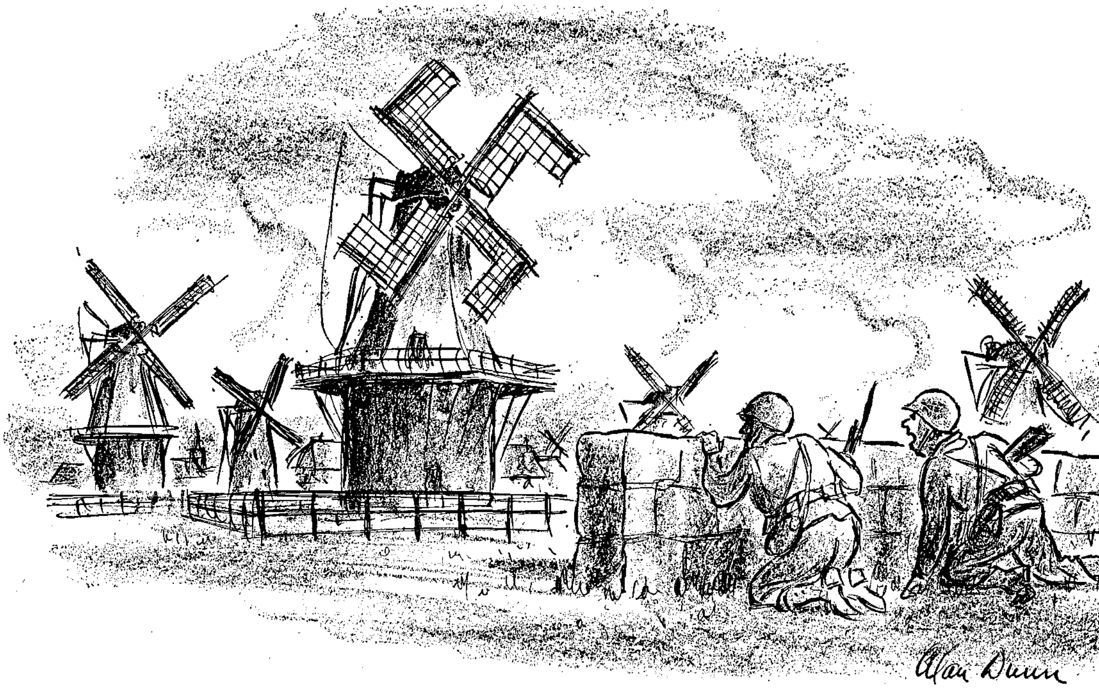
"What finey done the trick," Benny said, casting a glance in the direction of the sleeping child, "was little Stinky here. Yep, just when I was ready to throw up the sponge, in walks the nurse fomm the street and she's got the kid in the carriage. Right away Andrea gives out with a big fuss on account the baby is so hot and sticky. 'Andrea,' I says, 'you know whose fault it is that there kid is in that perspiry a condition? Strickly your fault! You got him stuck here in New Yawk, where the heat is so terrific it's a wonder the poor kid can grab hisself thirty winks without he suffocates somethin' fierce. There's no earthy reason why you don't take him to California, where the air is nice and palmy and refreshin'. Believe me, Andrea,' I says to her, 'he'll enjoy the climate so much out there, I guarantee you he's gonna thank you fomm the bottom of his heart the minute he learns to talk. And the beauty part,' I says, 'is you'll be pickin' yesself up a nice piece change fomm the renumeration the studio will give you fa makin' the pick-cha.'

"Artie," he said sourly, "I hadda pradically gravel at her feet before she gimme the nod. 'In the first place, I disposed of my Brentwood home, and in the second place, there's a terrible no-housin' situation out there in Hollywood,' she says to me. 'How I know when I get out there with the baby, what guarantee I got supposin' there's even no roof over our heads?' 'Look, Andrea,' I says to her, 'I give you my personal word I'll get you a gorgeous home together with a servant who'll knock you off the most delicious meals you ever tasted in your entire mouth. The oney thing that's doubtful on my mind is a nurse fa the little kiddie, on account that's the one thing I never handled—babies' nurses.' 'Don't worry about the nurse,' she says. 'Vera, the one I got now, is simply movvellous, and it so happens she dotes the baby and won't leave him come hell and hot water.'"

"You took an awful chance," I said, "promising her a house and servant with things the way they are out here."

"Listen, I woulda promised her a shirt offa my back so long she'd come out here and I could keep my commitment. Besides, I figgered R.D. would kinda help me get her set someplace. But all he did, he told his seckatary she should phone the Beverly-Ridge Hotel and they told her they got no bungalows available, but once Andrea got here they'd fix her up, don't worry." Benny sighed, then went on, "Yep, they certainey fixed her up, aw right. They filed her away up in a room somewheres on the fourth floor, and the nurse and Stinky they parked on the first floor, right on top the kitchen.

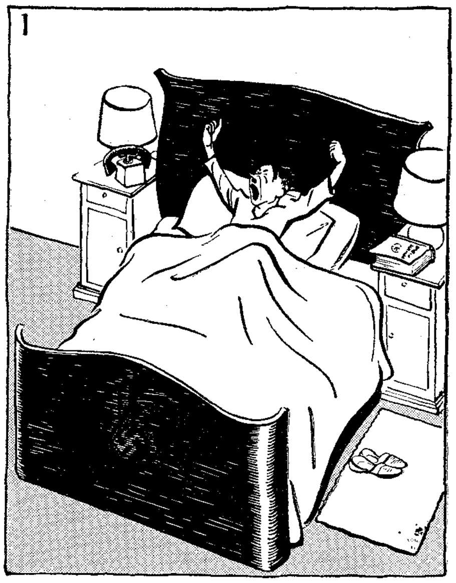
"Boy, you shoulda heard the way she laced it into me, that Andrea! How a refined type, like she's supposed to be, can yell on a person, and right in the mist the entire lobby, is beyond me. What the hell did I mean by promisin' her a gorgeous home and then dumpin'



"Collaborationists, probably."

her in some lousy flea bag? You hear, Artie? Alluva sudden the Beverly-Ridge, a show place with two tennis courts and a swimmin' pool, that's in her estimation a flea bag. And then she starts screamin' she din come out here to be separated fomm her baby. My God, you'da think the kid was stuck in some foxhole out there on the Pacific insteada downstairs three flights away!

"Then she picks up the phone and she's gonna call up R.D. in person and explain him she's blowin' town and the entire deal is off. Boy, that's all I hadda hear! 'Andrea, darlin',' I says to her, 'you are just aggravatin' yesself into a set, excuse the expression, unnecessary stomick ulcers. I promised you a home and servant, din I? O.K., so I'm positively gonna keep my word. Oney please gimme the courtesy of at lease a day or two till I move my clothes and things outa my house, which I'm rentin' to you, and over to my sister's place, Henny's.' Artie, the minute she hears that, a piece butter could melt away her mouth she's so happy. A changed character entirely!"



"And how did it all work out?" I asked.

"Terrible!" Benny said, with considerable force. "Evvey night my sister Henny would bend my ears how her Mortie is freezin' hisself to death sleepin' out there on the porch, and how soon is he gonna have his room back? And with me, Artie, each time I'd take a cute little chick out to some restront or other, there's absolutely no place I could go later to show her my etchin's to. But with Miss Andrea Adams, ah, with her evveything is simply gin dandy!"

"Well, that's—"

Before I could finish, Benny went on, "Till that damned cracked pot, the baby's nurse, she hadda go and get tacks in her slacks!" He looked furtively around, and then moved closer to me. "This one is fa the books, Artie. Now get this.

"They been shootin' Andrea's pickcha two, three weeks, see, and evveything looks simply peachy and I'm figgerin' maybe I should discuss a new term contrack fa her with R.D. when, lo and behold, I get a phone call and R.D. wants I should come right over. So I scramble right over and he informs me there is somethin' wrong with Andrea—just what he dunno, but somehow he's got the inedible impression there is somethin' pryin' on her mind and why don't I find out what's up.

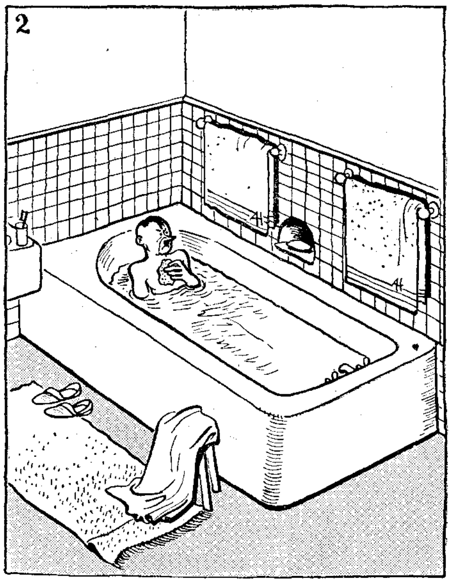
"Well, sir, I invites myself to dinner with her at my house, which I hardly din reckanize, judgin' the way she's moved things aroun'—all topsy-curvy—and sure enough, who should be the clog in the wheels excep' none other but Vera!"

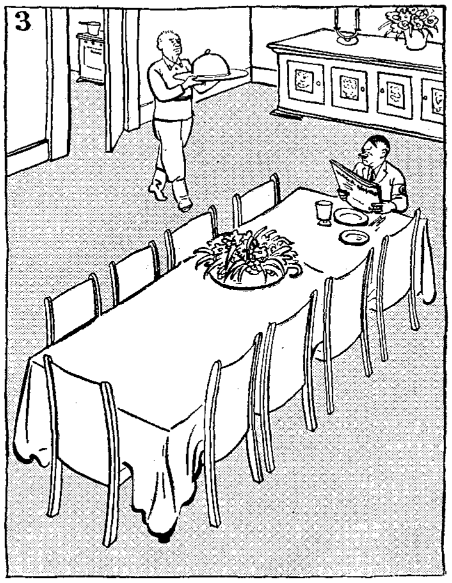
"The baby's nurse?"

"The baby's nurse! She's lonely, the poor girl." Benny's voice was heavy with sarcasm. "Night after night she sits all by herself in the house and she's mopey. Evvebody in town is havin' a movvellous time in the hot spots oney poor little Vera. Nobody wants to take her out, the poor dame. 'Benny,' I says to myself, 'you certainey picked yesself a nice racket. You haven't got enough troubles without you gotta go dig up boy friends fa this new character, this little Miss Screwball!'

"Then alluva sudden I get like a thought. I remember there's a U.S.O. dance once a week fa the armed forces at the Beverly-Ridge and they got there volunteer dames, they should be like hostesses. So I spills my idear to Andrea and she throws her arms aroun' my neck and starts kissin' and God-blessin' me to death. Right away she calls up the U.S.O. and they tell her fa a couple bucks she can register the nurse she should be a junior hostess, which Andrea does.

"WELL, I finey got the situation under control," Benny said, "and I'm figgerin' maybe I should take the bull between the horns and tap R.D. fa a new deal, when alluva sudden he's on the phone, screamin' like he's starch ravin' mad. He says if I don't have Andrea over on the set inside an hour, my life's not gonna be worth the paper it's written on. So I jump quick in my car and I almost kill myself speedin' to my house. And, Artie, when I open that door and grab a gander on Andrea's puss, I'm flappergasted. She's been cryin' so much, that dame, there's not





a dry tear left. And guess over what? Yep, that god-damned baby's nurse!

"I find out that the first day Vera got off, she goes to the U.S.O. dance and a soldier, a corporal with them striped things on his sleeve, he takes her home. Fa the next week he's aroun' almost evvey night bringin' Vera a box candy or a book, else a bunch flarrs.

"The next time it's Vera's day off, Andrea notices she's hangin' aroun' the house, so nachelly she asts her why she don't go to the U.S.O. dance. Vera says that Albert—that's his name, the corporal's—Albert don't want she should go to public dances and meet strange soldiers. He thinks it's too common. Wait," said Benny, as I started to speak, "that's not all.

"It goes on like this fa three solid weeks till this here particular day when Vera comes to Andrea and tells her she is quittin' the job on account Albert wants they should get married right away and he don't want her slavin' away on somebody else's child when she is now in a position whereby she can have her own to slave away on. Hoddeya like that, Artie?"

"You should never have suggested the U.S.O.," I said.

Benny looked startled. "Say, you musta been openin' Andrea's mouth, 'cause that's exackly what she said. Oney she din stop there. She blamed me fa sellin' her a billa goods and fa bringin' her out here. She hates the town, she hates the job, and she is quittin' the industry on account she's a mother first and a star later on. Furthermore, she's not gonna leave her kiddie alone in the house no matter even if I dug up a strange nurse.

"Boy, I been in tough spots in my time, but this here grabs the Oscar when it comes to toughness. So I sit there thinkin' what R.D. is gonna say when I tell him she's walkin' out fa the second time, and, Artie, my heart is bleedin' like it's a stuffed pig. Then I think of my sister Henny and I call her up, she should relieve the spot I'm in. 'Henny,' I says, 'you simply gotta take care of Andrea's baby till the damned pickcha is finished, else I'm washed up in Hollywood.'

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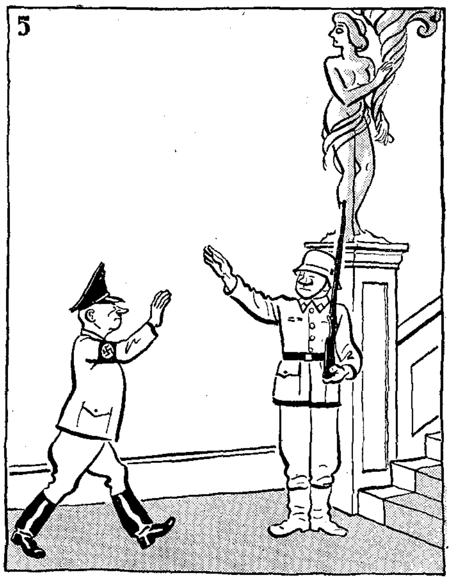

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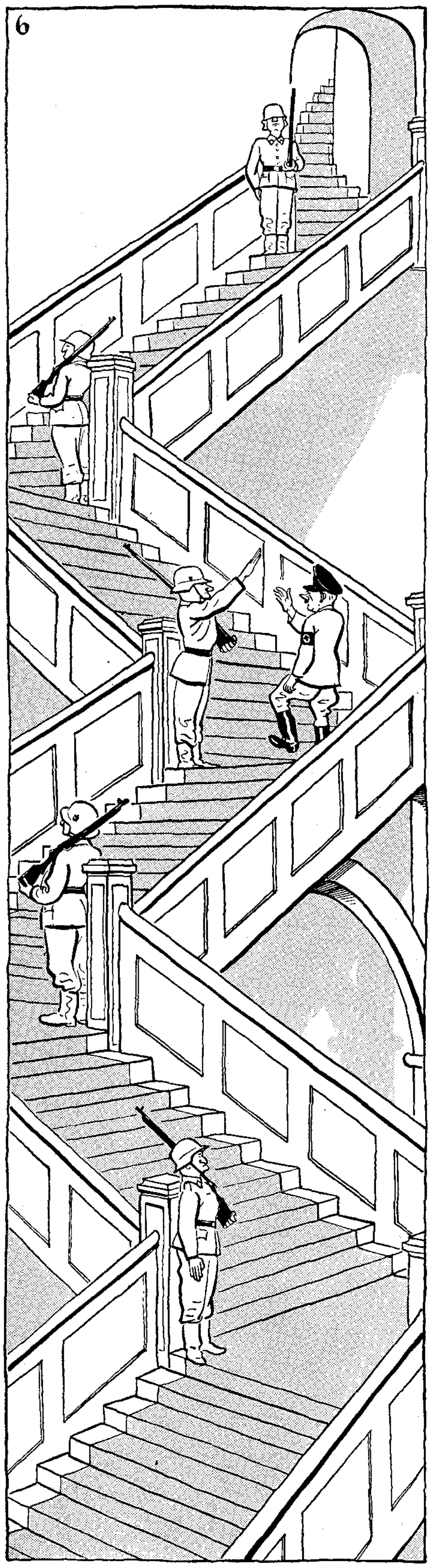

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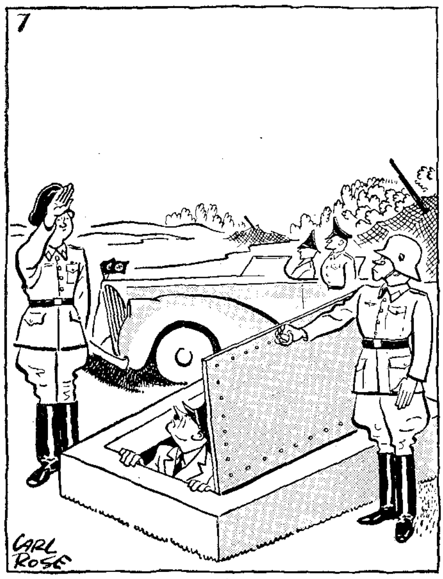

"Artie, you got no conception what a person hasta go through with their flesh and blood till they finey do you a weasly little favor. I pradically hadda get down on my bent knees and tell her she'll get no more monthly allowance outa me before she'd promise to help me out, my very own sister. So that's how it is at the present time."

"What I don't understand, Benny," I said, "is what you're doing here when you say it's your sister who is supposed to look after the baby."

"Well, y'see, Henny wouldn't take the job without I hired somebody to look after Mortie and fix him his meals. So I hadda go and get a maid, and bein' today is Thursday, the maid's day off, my sister hasta rush home fa a couple hours and take care my nephew so's the little horse shouldn't starve hisself to death. That's why once a week I'm kinda forced to neglect my clients and come here with the jerklet till Henny gets back."

Benny slowly rose to his feet and brushed some invisible specks from his clothes. "Thank God, there's oney a couple more weeks till the pickcha is in the can. Then Miss Andrea Adams will finey be on her way to New York. And confidentially, Artie, if I had my way, she'd be travellin' back on a rail."

—ARTHUR KOBER

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FAMILY LIFE IN AMERICA

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

For lunch, the Deweys retired to the Hutt's five-room, white-framed cottage where the parents have lived for 30 years. It was a quiet, family reunion, with Oklahoma State troopers and New York detectives standing in the front yard.

RIVER SCENE

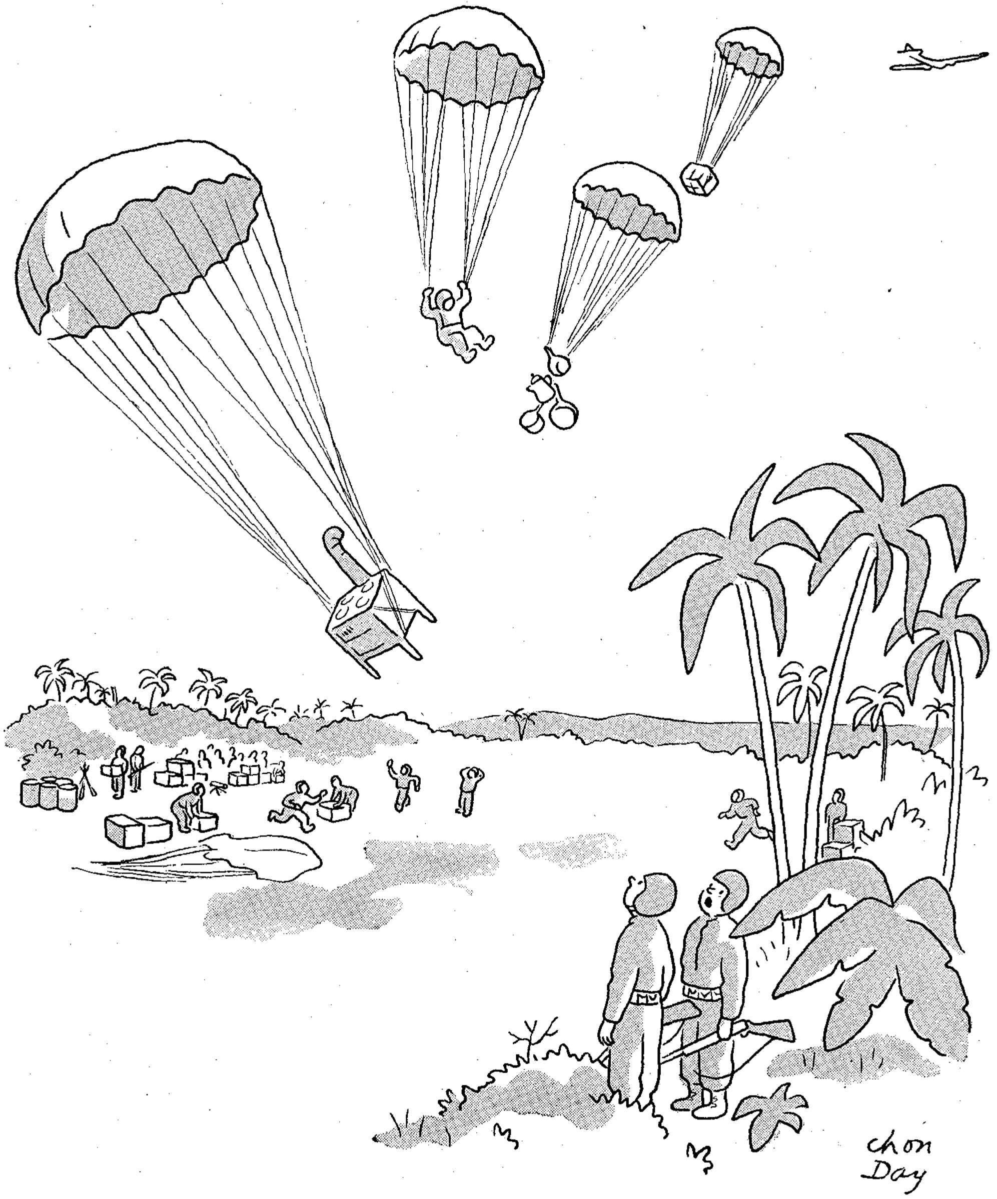
IN India there is a place called Baghchapra, which a long time ago was an English cantonment. A few white people still live there, and in addition to the usual assortment of government officials there is a flourishing Protestant mission with a chapel, workshop, and hospital. Baghchapra is a dull place and most people in it lead uneventful and monotonous lives.

East of the cantonment the Ganges flows between stretches of brown sand, and here the water birds come in great companies—cranes, lapwings, stilts, wagtails—and wavering streamers of wild geese move along the green sky at daybreak. No matter what happens in the town, down by the river life is exactly as it used to be at the very beginning, an eternal movement of wind and wing, the changing sky reflected in the changing flood. Sometimes a crocodile heaves itself out of the water and lies basking on the sand, watching with a cold eye the ballet dance of the birds. Jackals nose among the charred logs of old funeral pyres, and fishermen, steering their gondolalike craft down the river at dawn, at evening come poling home, their listless sails red in the sunset, their songs floating in the air long after they've disappeared into the river mists.

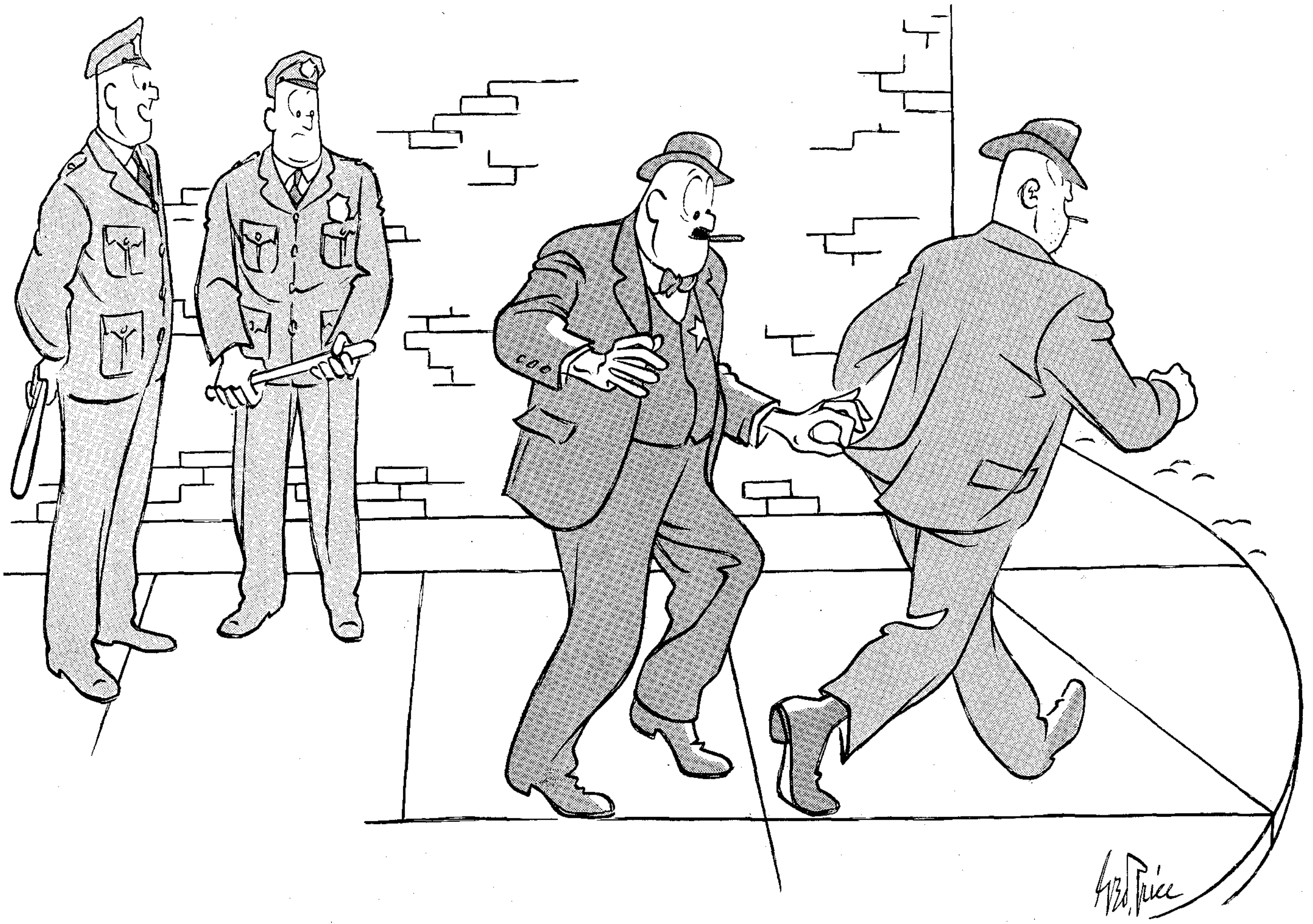
Once, not so many years ago, the uneventful monotony of Baghchapra was interrupted for a brief hour. At that time (as the story goes) a small hut built of clay and straw stood on the edge of a field overlooking the sands bordering the river. Here a sannyasi lived, a holy man whose austerities had brought him to the very brink of revelation. He had wandered down to this region from some northern province; no one knew just when he had arrived or how long he would stay, for a sannyasi is nearly always on the move, seeking, in his physical travels as in his mental sphere, the One, the All, the End and the Beginning. It was said of him that he had attained a degree of spiritual development when speech is no longer necessary, when language, thought, and being are caught up in the single, blessed syllable *Oum.* Villagers, honored by his proximity, brought him such food as he would deign to accept, but other than these humble folk, who hardly dared glance at him because of his great sanctity, he had no visitors, and few men could have told you what he looked like.

One afternoon before the beginning of the monsoon, this holy man sat as usual, immobile and with fixed gaze, his entire being concentrated on utmost Nothingness. A wild crying had been going on for some time, a sound that was neither animal nor human; coming, as it seemed, from the very core of silence, it disturbed the sannyasi, who roused himself to glance around him. At his feet stretched the river, empty, at the moment, of any craft; birds were feeding on the sand, their bodies throwing antic shadows, for it was the hour before sunset and the air had taken on a pallor which, at the points where it touches the earth, causes both air and earth to darken. It is at this juncture that the shadow of every living thing engages in mockery of the substantial self, which, though it can cast a shadow, cannot imitate it or reappropriate it.

The crying sound became louder and the sannyasi perceived a figure striding toward him along the shore. It was a man, naked except for a red loincloth and, round his neck, a string from which dangled an empty bottle. The man was alternately walking and prancing, trying, so it seemed, to drive his own shadow into the water. Lack of success inspired him to the wildest gambols and excited the uncouth noises which had disturbed the sannyasi, who now hoped that his own presence might escape notice. But the stranger suddenly tired of the argument with his shadow and, turning, spied the figure in yellow robes sitting at the door of the hut. The sannyasi, accustomed to the reverence which all beings pay to one spiritually meek, waited for his visitor to bow down and ask for a blessing. Instead the visitor began to hop about, brand-



"Here comes that damned cook, at last."



"Harrigan certainly isn't very subtle in his shadow work, is he?"

* * *

ishing the bottle in his large black hands.

Unable to endure this behavior, the sannyasi finally addressed him in a severe voice: "Who are you and what is your business?"

Without pausing in his antics the other replied, "I am a lapwing and my business is the business of lapwings."

"A lapwing is a bird, but you are a man and should behave like one," said the sannyasi, in a voice which sounded strained from lack of use. He sighed inwardly, thinking what a nuisance, after all these years of undisturbed meditation, to suffer such a preposterous interruption. He looked sternly at the intruder and added, "State your business, then go in peace, for I have duties."

"I too," said the other readily, and, squatting on his haunches, he began to scrape up handfuls of dirt and stones and pour them into the bottle. "Darkness is descending upon the world," he declared in confidential tones. "See how it has obscured the light!" And he held up the bottle, now filled with dirt and stones.

The sannyasi smiled faintly. "For a bird, I see that you are not without philosophy," he said. "All things reflect the One."

"The One is the Universe and the Universe is this very bottle," said the other cheerfully. "Once it contained a most delicious concoction, but the missionaries ate it."

"Missionaries?"

"My masters, who live yonder, in the hospital." The man glanced cunningly at the sannyasi. "All would have been well had they not tried to clip my wings and put me in a cage."

Suddenly he sprang up and began to dance in the dust before the hut. It was a descriptive dance in which motions and gestures took the place of words, and the sannyasi, watching every movement, read its meaning. When the dance was ended and the performer had returned to his squatting posture, the sannyasi said, "You filled the bottle with stones, and when your guardian approached unsuspecting, you beat him over the head with it and ran away."

The other answered with great calmness, "I am a lapwing and I had never seen the river."

"Do you not know that it is as easy to wring the neck of a lapwing as it is to clip its wings?"

The singular creature laughed. "I'll take care of *that!* I'll seize them and pour them into this jar, then I'll put my hand over it thus, and give it a good shake. That makes them giddy. They will not know which way to turn in search of me." He held up the bottle and began to sing:

"Crows, crows, crows!
Darkness into blackness grows,
The universe is marmalade
Stirred and seasoned with a spade."

The sannyasi could not help smiling at this, and the lunatic, observing the smile, made a threatening gesture with his bottle and cried, "Very well, let's hear *you* sing a song!"

The sannyasi, who was quite without fear, answered, "I have no voice for singing, and it is years since I exchanged so many words with a human being. But I will recite to you from the divine sutras. Listen: 'Immortal Brahma is before, behind, above, below, to right and left, all pervading;

Brahma is this All, this infinite world.' "

When he finished speaking, the other said, "Pooh! That's nothing. Listen to me:

> "Golden, golden marmalade
> Is the stuff of which we're made.
> Boil the single with the whole
> And stir it with a bamboo pole."

The sannyasi nodded. "I see you have a gift. But now listen further: 'An effect is not other than its cause. Brahma is single without second. He is not separate from the embodied self. He is Soul, and the soul is He.' "

The stranger listened attentively. "More!" he cried. "Tell me more!"

" 'The sea is one and not other than its waters, though waves, foam, spray differ from each other.' " The holy words of the sutras, as he repeated them, filled the sannyasi with renewed wonder; he closed his eyes and retired into silence. It was there, within and round him—that ocean of beatitude to which he surrendered, as an expiring body surrenders to the waves. The moment sank like a pebble, became nothing. The Eternal throbbed at the centre upon which he felt himself ineffably descending.

He was roused by the madman's voice crying harshly in his ear, "Wake up, wake up! I hear them."

The sannyasi opened his eyes. The sky was shedding a great light on the river; a multitude of birds had risen, they hovered in a trough of the wind, their wings catching fire from the sunset.

"I hear only the birds," said the sannyasi. The other stood motionless, staring toward the sands in the direction from which he had come. There was a look of terror on his face, and the sannyasi, reading this, said gently, "No man can avoid the consequences of his actions, but it would be a mistake to call it punishment or reward. 'An effect is not other than its cause.' "

"Look, they are coming to fetch me!"

"Do not fear."

"But they will cut my wings and leave me to kick in the dust!"

The sannyasi followed his glance and saw, in the distance, a small band of men approaching. Above and before them flew the birds—cranes, lapwings, stilts, wagtails, whose cries mingled with the murmur of the water washing along the shore.

The madman turned to him and whispered, "I had never seen the river; when one cried to me in the evening, saying 'Follow!,' I followed."

"But in doing so, you killed."

"Ah, do not let them take me in their net!"

"How shall I hide thee?" asked the sannyasi sadly. He watched the figures grow bigger, and as they grew the birds advanced in bright companies, filling the air with protesting cries. The sannyasi turned to his companion and said softly, "There was one, your friend, your shadow, who walked with you beside the river a little while ago. Why do you not ask him to help you?"

"He will not obey me."

"It is not for him to obey you but for you to obey him. Go now and find him. He will lead you across the river. Follow his uplifted hand and say nothing."

An eager smile dawned on the other's face. "Across the river! They will not dare follow me across the river."

"Go, and have no fear, my brother." The sannyasi sighed, but not because he doubted the fateful advice he had given.

The other left him and went bounding down the shore to the water's edge. Birds rose about him in a cloud, crying in their separate voices, covering the wet sand and the shallows with their gleaming reflections, but he paid no attention to them. His grotesquely elongated shadow danced ahead of him and his red loincloth shone in the sunset as he dashed into the water and waded out, farther and farther, until at last the current of the deeper water grasped him and reunited him with his shadow.

When, a little later, the police arrived and found the sannyasi sitting motionless in the door of his hut, they paused at a respectful distance while their leader, bowing deeply, addressed the holy man in deferential accents. "A most dangerous person, having killed his keeper with a bottle, has escaped from the mission hospital. We were informed that he was last seen proceeding in this direction. Would you, of your grace, condescend to tell us whether or not you happened to notice such a person?"

The sannyasi made no answer. He sat unmoving, appearing neither to see nor to hear, breath itself seemingly suspended in his body. After a brief hesitation, the policemen, not daring to encroach further on his meditations, bowed apologetically and went their way. —Christine Weston

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OPEN LETTER TO THE REALTORS

[By One Who Knows Not Where to Lay her Head]

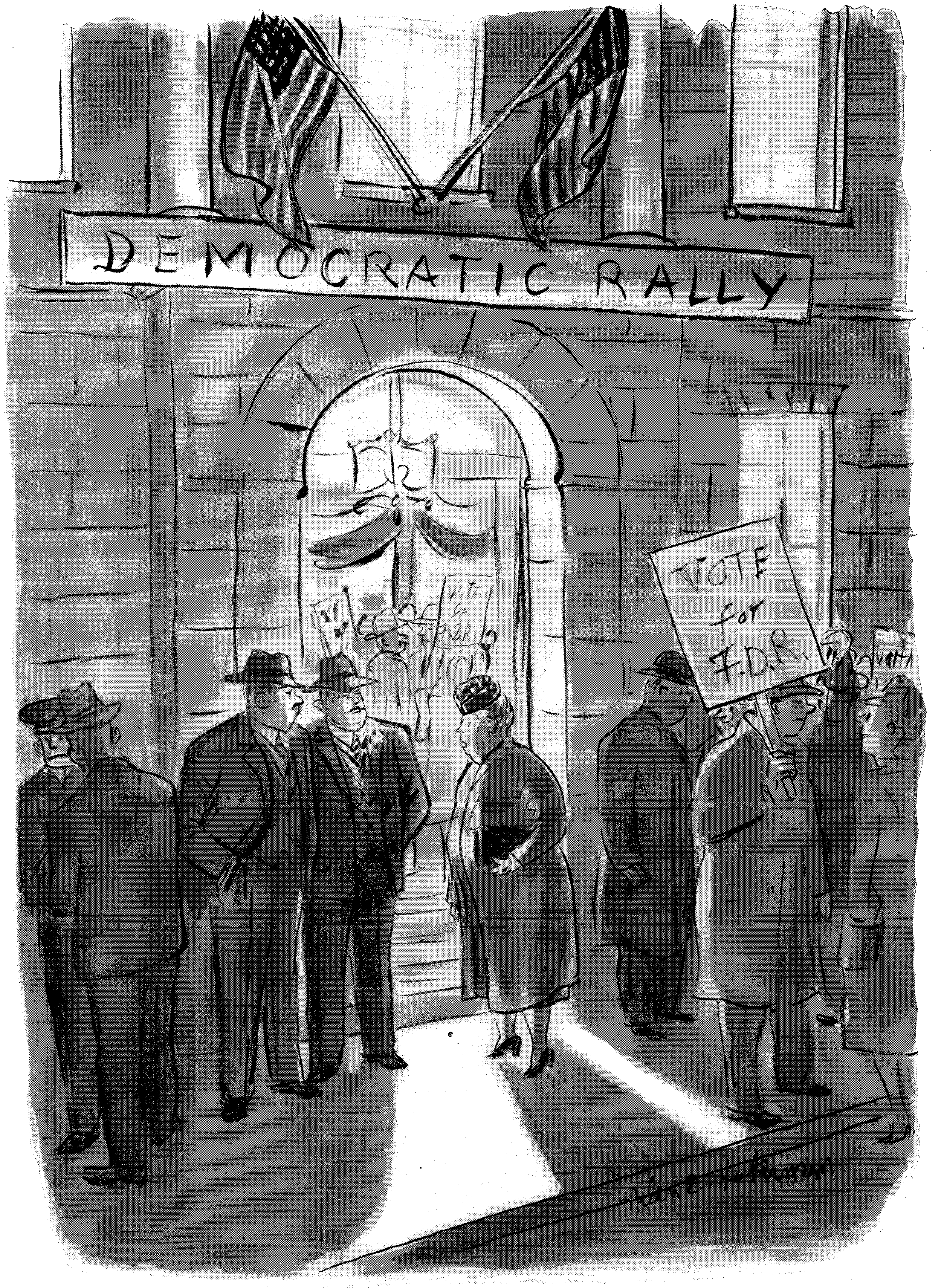
Gentlemen, most cherished sirs,
Ornaments of this, our city,
If within your bosoms stirs
For the homeless any pity,
Search your lists with eye of eagle,
Send a bloodhound forth, or beagle,
Find me somewhere in the town
Place where I can set me down.

Just a rooftree and a casement,
South or north or east or west,
Penthouse, parlor floor, or basement,
Club, flat, cranny, nook, or nest.
Suppliant upon my knees,
View me, Elliman & Pease.
Darling Messrs. Bing & Bing,
Can't you show me *any*thing?

Sirs, in me you shall behold
Tenanthood's delightful flower.
Water either hot or cold
I'll run thrifty in the shower.
Stairs I'll climb without complaint,
Turn the steam down, spare the paint,
Keep the shining fireplace fireless,
Muffle, after ten, my wireless,
Shun the marring picture nail,
Pay you prompt by monthly mail,
Lock, punctilious, my doors,
And be meek to janitors
When they chide me loud or snip'ly.
Be my landlord, Prince & Ripley.

Be my savior, be my lover,
Charles F. Noyes Company, Inc.,
Or infallibly I hover
Straight on desperation's brink.
Vincent Astor, Wittman-Farber,
Chace & Chace or Sailors Snug Harbor,
Douglas Elliman, Douglas Gibbons,
Men who strive at Clark McKibben's,
Joseph Day or H. Stanley Hillyer,
House me somewhere safely, will yer?
Hear me clamoring at your gates,
Realty Associates.
Ere existence I resign,
Cruikshank, be my Valentine.

—Phyllis McGinley

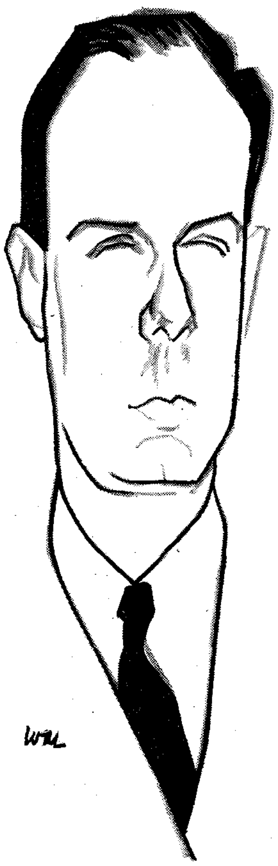

DEMOCRATIC RALLY
VOTE for F.D.R.

"*Do you mind if I come in? I'm still considering Dewey.*"

PROFILES

GOOD CITIZEN—II

New Yorkers with a well-developed sense of civic responsibility frequently remark, after meeting Newbold Morris, President of the City Council, that they would have less to worry about if more men of his type went into politics. Morris, who is not so sure about that, is given to a peculiar sort of bewildered self-analysis and spends many of whatever free moments he has in trying to understand the steps by which he has attained his reputation as the most industrious and uncompromising apostle of municipal reform in the LaGuardia administration. He disputes the theory, frequently advanced by friends and relatives, that his present career is in any way the result of ancestral influence. In fact, when he embarked on this career, he was not following recent family tradition but breaking with it. Sumner Welles is one of his cousins, but no other contemporary relative is in politics and the Morris family has for the past few generations produced more professional men than anything else. The Morris family reached America in about 1665, with the arrival in New York of Captain Richard Morris, a former member of the Cromwellian cavalry. Captain Morris, by then a rum-and-molasses trader, came here by way of Barbados and bought a large tract of land in the East Bronx which is still known as Morrisania and a small part of which is still in the Morris family. Among the forebears of Newbold Morris were three mayors of New York; a governor of New Jersey; a governor of Pennsylvania; any number of congressmen and judges; Lewis Morris, who signed the Declaration of Independence and, along with Robert Morris of Philadelphia, to whom he was not related, helped finance the Revolution; and Gouverneur Morris, for two years our Minister to France and the man, most historians believe, who wrote the final draft of the Constitution, giving that document whatever literary merit it possesses. When Newbold Morris, a Republican, is being harried by his Democratic colleagues on the City Council, he is comforted by the knowledge that his maternal great-grandfather, Ambrose Kingsland, who was a reform mayor from 1851 to 1853, lost a lush growth of whiskers to an angry member of Tammany Hall, who pulled it out by the roots. Morris's ancestors are now a source of pride and comfort to him in other ways, too, but he says that he never gave them much thought until after he went into city politics, ten years ago.



Newbold Morris

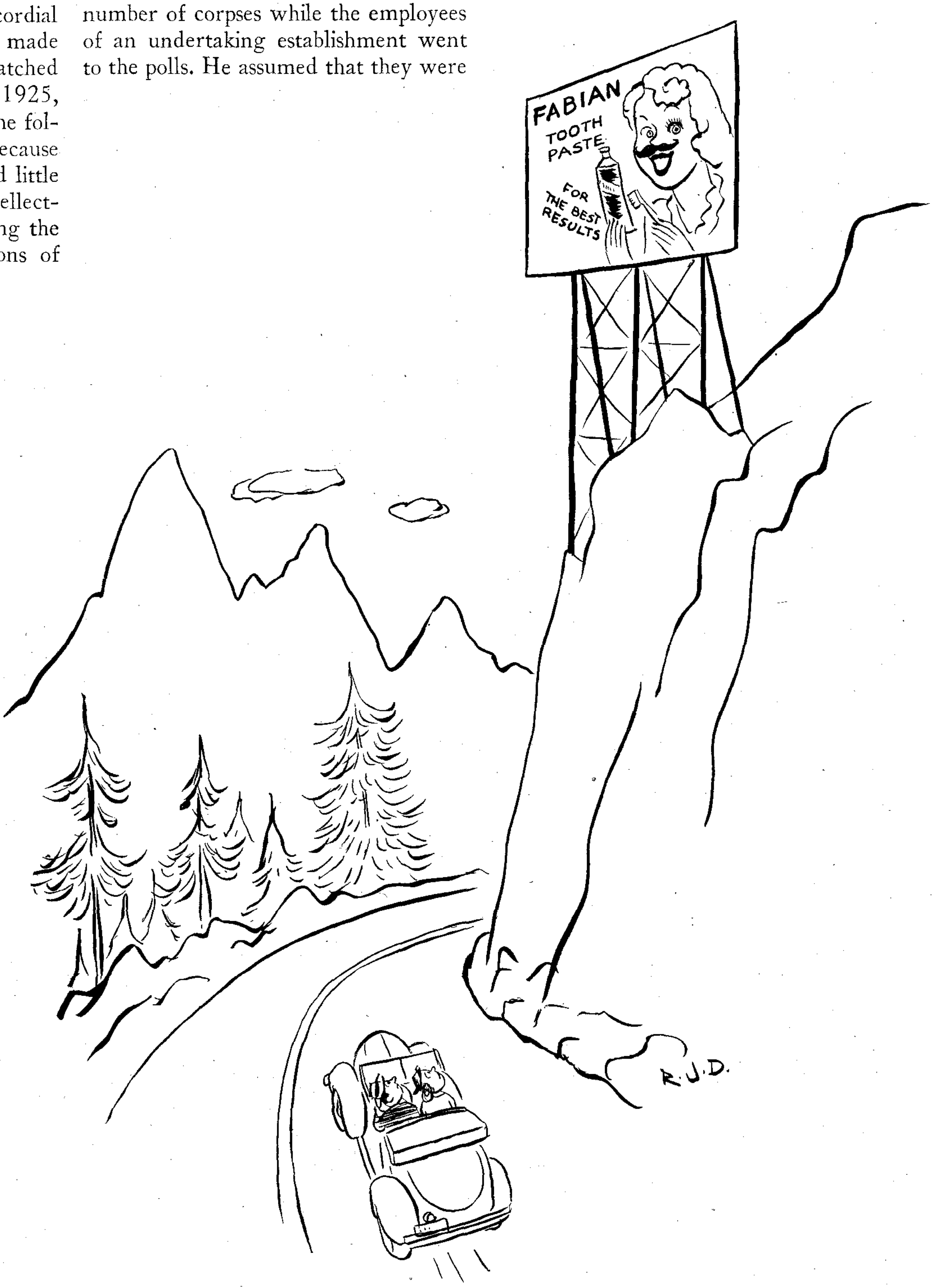
Morris was born on February 2, 1902, to Colonel Newbold Morris and the former Helen Kingsland. Colonel Morris was a lawyer, but he was better known as a churchman, a scholar, and a soldier. He distinguished himself in the Spanish-American War and served on General Pershing's staff in France. Morris, the eldest of three sons, was christened Augustus Newbold Morris, and is still called Gussie by some old friends. He shortened his name several years ago to A. Newbold Morris, and then dropped the initial, on the advice of one of his political mentors, the late Kenneth Simpson, who thought that the initial looked snobbish. Morris grew up in a brownstone house on East Seventy-second Street—he now lives in a large apartment house on the same street—in an atmosphere that he feels was almost perfectly reproduced in "Life with Father," a play he would like, if it ever leaves Broadway, to bring to the City Center of Music and Drama, over whose fortunes he fondly presides. His childhood was a strict regimen of study in private day schools, long Anglican services on Sunday regardless of health or weather, summers spent in enforced and supervised recreation in the Berkshires, and elaborate household ceremony. As soon as he was old enough, he was packed off to Groton, and from Groton he went to Yale.

Nothing in Morris's formal education, or at least nothing he remembers of it, prepared him, he feels, for his present work. In fact, his schooling made so little impression on him that he scarcely remembers it at all. Like most Groton men, he professes an extravagant affection for its former headmaster, the Reverend Endicott Peabody, whose picture hangs in his study, side by side with one of Fiorello LaGuardia. They are, he says, the two men who have influenced him most. He has been married once by each. Again like his fellow-alumni, he finds it hard to tell others exactly what the Peabody influence was. It shows itself only in his carriage, which is as erect as that of a West Pointer. The headmaster was also the coach of the Groton crew, on which Morris rowed, and he felt that Morris might get more leverage on his oar if he sat up straight in the shell. To make him do so, Dr. Peabody braced a knee against Morris's back and hauled away at his shoulders. The memory of that bony clerical knee grinding into his back is so strong that Morris has never felt like slouching since. In school, he had little on his mind besides sports, and he still has a suppressed desire to shine in them. He has a recurrent dream in which he is summoned by telegram, on the eve of the Harvard race, to return to Yale and stroke the crew to victory. Sometimes Groton wires him to come back and play football. He feels that these fantasies are childish and not exactly proper for a man engaged in his stern business. Nevertheless, they persist, possibly as compensation for the fact that in his waking hours he was never much of an athlete until he took up figure skating, some years after college. At Groton he rowed on the crew, but he did not have much luck with the football team. During a game with St. Paul's, the coach called him from the bench and he thought that his chance had come. What the coach wanted, however, was not Morris but his uniform, which was needed by another player whose own was in bad condition. At Yale he made the freshman crew but not the varsity. He is remembered there chiefly for an incident that occurred during a race with the Harvard freshmen on the Thames. In order to hold himself down on the sliding seat, he nailed his trunks to it. Midway in the race, a submarine from the New London base overtook the shells and the Yale boat, caught in the wake, was lifted by two waves and suspended over a deep trough. The fragile shell split, and Morris, securely fastened to the seat, had to decide whether to sink with his pants on or swim without them. Obviously, as he always says when he tells the story, he swam.

Morris's recollections of his Yale professors run more to chance meetings on the golf course than to scheduled meetings in the classroom. The university links were opened while he was a student, and he feels that this may explain why his scholastic attainments were less spectacular than they might have been. He took the famous course in Tennyson and Browning under William Lyon Phelps, but he and his instructor were not on very cordial terms until they found that they made a companionable and evenly matched twosome. Morris graduated in 1925, and he entered the Law School the following autumn, largely, he says, because of a sense of inevitability. He had little interest in the law, and his only intellectual stimulation came from reading the graceful language in the decisions of Judge Learned Hand, the accomplished prose writer of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Two years ago, Judge Hand's daughter, Constance, became Morris's second wife. His first wife was the former Margaret Copley Thaw, whom he married in 1928, during his final year in law school. They set up light housekeeping in New Haven. She played golf and studied portraiture at the Yale Art School; he played golf and occasionally worked on his torts. When he got his law degree, they took a trip to Egypt and then settled down in New York. Morris's father died that year, and he stepped into his father's place in the law firm of Morris & McVeigh, taking over a practice which consisted largely of looking after the estates of other members of the Morris social set.

Reflecting on this phase of his career, Morris points to two circumstances that probably had much to do with his present interest in good works. One time a doctor, after examining him, said he was a hypothyroid and prescribed an extract to compensate for his glandular deficiency. This treatment gave him a nervous energy that he had to work off somehow. At about the same time, his wife began to develop great proficiency at contract bridge. She rose quickly into the Vanderbilt Cup class while he was still trying to fathom the meaning of a demand bid. When his wife became involved in bridge tournaments a large part of the time, he began to spend many of his free evenings and much of his new energy at the Republican Club of the Fifteenth Assembly, or Silk Stocking, District. Morris, whose father had been president of the club, became a diligent party worker—arranging balls, raising funds, and, on election days, looking after voters' babies. Once he stood guard over a number of corpses while the employees of an undertaking establishment went to the polls. He assumed that they were voting the straight Republican ticket, but when they returned, hours later, they told him, with the perverse humor of the mortician, that they had enjoyed the free afternoon and had voted for the New Deal.

ONE night in 1932, at the apartment of the Adolph Berles, Morris met Fiorello LaGuardia, who had recently been defeated for reëlection to Congress, and LaGuardia's talk about what he hoped to do for New York some day made a deep impression on him. Morris was in a sense responsible for LaGuardia's being elected Mayor. In 1933, Morris reached the presidency of



the Fifteenth Assembly District Republican Club. His first act was to invite LaGuardia, then beginning his campaign for the Republican nomination, to address the membership. The membership was less than enthusiastic over the prospect, but LaGuardia disarmed his listeners in his opening sentence. "I appreciate this opportunity to appear before you," he said, looking out at his audience, "but I can't figure out why you brought me here. Are you going to take me into the *Social Register* or are you just slumming for the evening?" This, the story goes, helped to break down the resistance of the most influential Republican organization in the city and to put it behind LaGuardia's campaign for the Republican nomination, which was essential to the Fusion strategy. Without much encouragement from LaGuardia, whose distrust of anyone with a background unlike his own lasts for years, Morris attached himself to the candidate and travelled everywhere with him during the campaign. LaGuardia opened up whole new worlds for Morris. They went into the garment district, Harlem, the lower East Side, and the most distant reaches of Brooklyn—places Morris had heard of but never seen. The crowds that turned out to hear LaGuardia displayed a passion and an excitement of a kind that was unknown to Morris. He was particularly impressed by a group of workers that filled Cooper Union one night. They cheered wildly at every mention of social security, health insurance, and low-rent housing. Morris, who had been brought up to associate talk of this sort with Bolshevism, felt that if these things could arouse such enthusiasm in such nice people, they must be worth working for. Up to that point, his political activity had been intense but aimless. The LaGuardia movement, he feels, gave him a sense of direction.

After LaGuardia was elected, Morris was appointed an Assistant Corporation Counsel and was sent to Albany to lobby for laws that would be helpful to the city. He worked as an assistant to another Assistant Corporation Counsel, Reuben A. Lazarus, now the leader of the Mayor's brain trust. Lazarus, who in many quarters is regarded as New York's leading expert on city government, taught Morris a great deal and impressed upon him the meagreness of New York's powers of home rule. Today nothing outrages Morris so much as the thought that a handful of upstate rural legislators, who may represent a combined constituency that would be lost in Times Square at midday, can often tell New Yorkers how to run their government. Contemplating this injustice, Morris, who likes his city so much that he has never wanted to abandon it for state or national politics, sometimes says, "I would hate to leave this town, but I think I'll run for Governor of the state so I can do a few things for the city."

POSSESSION

The hour that was bleak as he worked does not betray itself in the gem that the craftsman has polished,
Nor do the facets of the stone, however they sparkle, give evidence of the hour that, to him, was gay;
The day that was overlong, perhaps because of household demands, is not apparent here in these swiftly changing angles;
None of this shows at all in the rare thing set in the finished clasp,

Nor is there any hint that the maker was either young, or old;
Whether happily married, or often nagged;
No suggestion that he was concerned, as he cut and ground and polished, by the thought of uninvited relatives, or a welcome face;
No clue that he lived in a certain house, on a certain street,
That possibly the neighbors were a nuisance, the street too slovenly, the children a few too many in the daytime and the cats too loud at night.

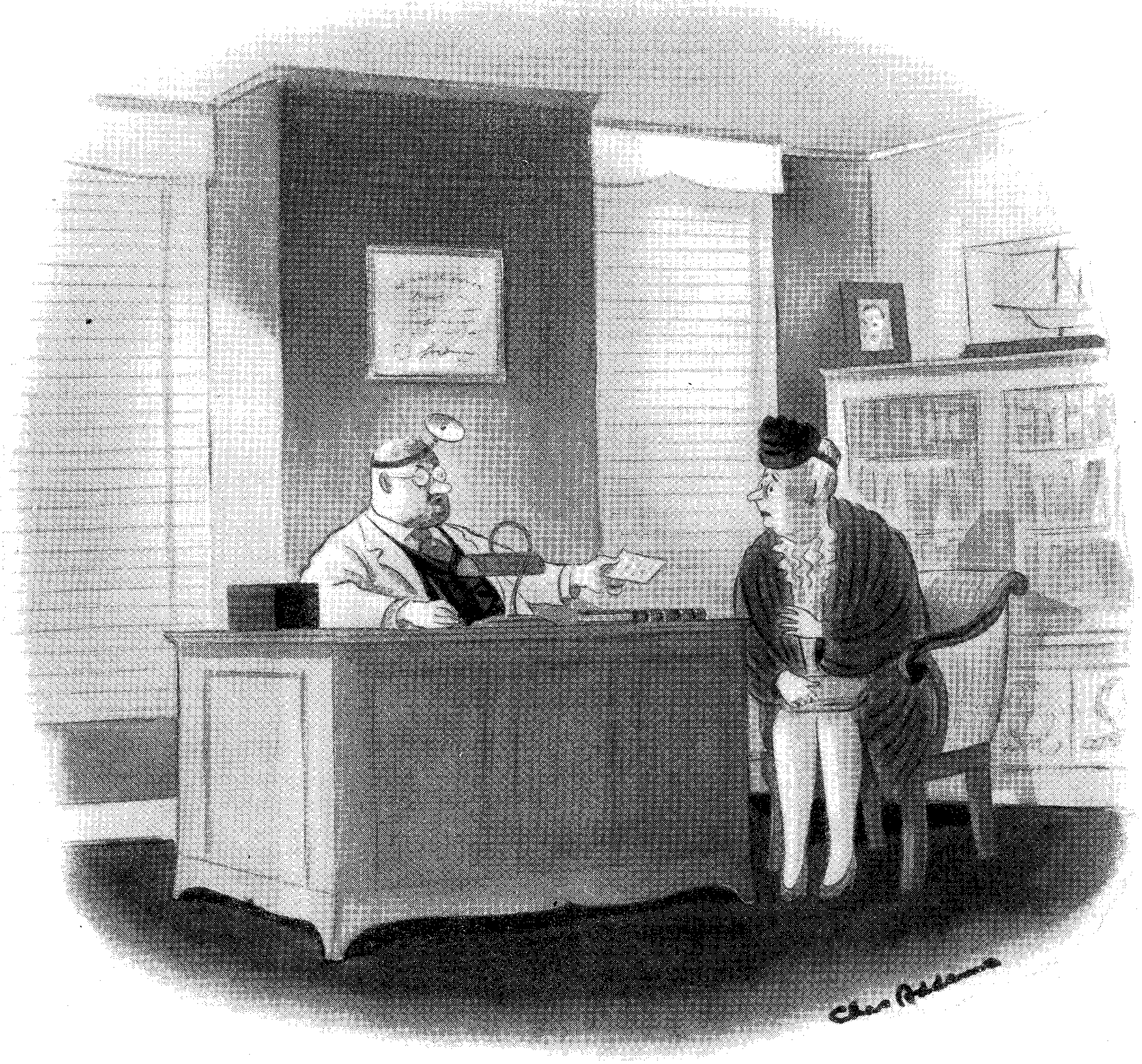
You, wearing this perfect stone, will have no inkling of these things at all;
You will understand that the spotlight, in fact, falls elsewhere;
For you, it falls upon the changing outlines of your own life, which now has surely become a part of the gem;
You, and you alone, will know the hour that is really grim, the street filled with meaning, and the truly magic face.

—Kenneth Fearing

* * *

During the early years of the LaGuardia administration, the chief obstacle to reform was the Board of Aldermen, the city legislature set up in 1830 and more popularly known at various periods as the Forty Thieves, Oakey's Hall, and the Boodle Board. In the past, the Democrats, even when they lost Mayoralty elections to the reformers, maintained district organizations strong enough to give them a working majority on the Board, through which they were able to hamstring legislation inimical to party interests. In 1934, one of the few Republicans on the Board was Joseph Clark Baldwin, now a member of Congress. That year he resigned to run for the State Senate. Morris was elected to Baldwin's place on the Board, and, surviving a period in which it consisted of sixty-two Democrats and four Republicans, he stayed on it until, in 1938, it was superseded by the City Council. He became the Council's first president. Morris had a hand in the abolition of the Board, for, after finishing his work in Albany, he had served as an attorney to the Charter Commission, which was drawing up a new city charter which, when adopted, abolished the Board and replaced it with a council elected by proportional representation. He began his aldermanic career determined to champion righteousness and carrying a briefcase filled with bills designed to put an end to various abuses. In the four years he spent on the Board, only one of his bills passed, and very few even came to a vote. Occasionally he was permitted to read one to the assemblage, but more often he was informed that, as the chair interpreted the rules of procedure, he was out of order.

The treatment Morris received was bad enough to make him intensify his efforts to liquidate the Board, but to his surprise he found that life with the aldermen could be rather pleasant if one were



"Now have this prescription filled and take as directed. Then two nights after the first full moon, procure the left hind leg of a he-frog and a root of St. John's-wort . . ."

• •

willing to make adjustments. The members were, for the most part, a courtly, gracious lot. Debate, when there was any, was dignified, gentlemanly, and rhetorically elegant. The meetings were brief—seldom longer than half an hour, and never longer than ten minutes when there was anything of interest going on at the Polo Grounds or Belmont Park. Despite his disapproval of almost everything the aldermen did, Morris yielded to the spirit of their legislative gatherings and began to enjoy them. When he saw that the majority was inexorably committed to the status quo, he filed away his reform bills for future reference. The only Board measure that bears his name is a resolution giving all city employees a holiday with pay on St. Patrick's Day. The other aldermen, who had always been cordial and courteous anyway, considered this an inspired idea and, when he proposed it, took him to their bosoms and into their pinochle games. "Of course, the city would be in an awful mess by now if we'd let those fellows go on," Morris says, "but just the same they were wonderful people. I guess part of me will always be an alderman."

In 1936, Morris campaigned for the office of Aldermanic President, to fill the vacancy left by the death of Bernard Deutsch. The voters rejected him, but they adopted the new City Charter, which provided that the Board should be dissolved and the Council brought into being in 1938. In the spring of 1937, Kenneth Simpson, the Republican leader in Manhattan, engineered an elaborate deal which forced Morris on LaGuardia, who really wanted Adolph Berle to run on the ticket with him for Council President in the 1937 election. When Morris was elected president of the remodeled legislature he had helped to create, he was certain that good government would thenceforth be triumphant. A year later he felt that, while reform might have made some gains, the Council was by no means an unmixed blessing. Since Tammany's control of the Board had seldom been threatened, membership on it had been reserved mostly for elder statesmen who had earned a rest after hard years in the vineyard. Experience had so gentled and mellowed these elders that very few of them were suited to the rigors of life on the City Council, which from the start has contained a fair number of Communists, Laborites, and Fusionists, most of them militant and all amply endowed with lung power. The Democrats have managed to maintain a majority on the Council for all but the first six months of its existence (at the end of this period they lured two of the frailer reformers to their side and thereby tipped the balance), but the margin of their superiority has always been considerably less than it was on the Board of Aldermen. In consequence, the party has been putting up for election to the Council its more fiery and aggressive representatives, spirited young men who will do battle with Morris and the other reformers without regard for social or parliamentary amenities. Although the Council has brought little but anguish into his life, Morris now feels that it has been, by and large, a success. At least, he points out, the Mayor's budget generally comes through intact, and the councilmen have passed a number of useful laws that the Board mislaid. After several months on the Council, during which he was insulted at every session, Morris began to have a hankering for the peace and quiet of the Board of Aldermen. He decided that he would try to revive something of the old spirit, so he invited his former colleagues to a reunion at Bill's Gay Nineties, an appropriately atmospheric café on East Fifty-fourth Street. When the aldermen had gathered there, Morris proposed the formation of the Association of Past Members of the Board of Aldermen and put in nomination for president Peter J. McGuinness, the Assistant Commissioner of Borough Works in Brooklyn and the noblest work of art in the New York Democracy. The headquarters of the Association are in the Yale Club, where, each St. Patrick's Day, Morris is host to his old friends at an excellent luncheon, after which the members march together in the annual parade. An indication of the esteem in which the Past Aldermen hold the new champion of reform is evident in the following letter from their president, part of an exchange of correspondence over some matter of Association business which both principals have now forgotten:

BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN
DEPARTMENT OF BOROUGH WORKS

Hon. Newbold Morris, President
Office of the President of the Council
City Hall, New York

Dear Pal Newbold,

I am in receipt of your splendid letter and feeling as I do it was most welcome. I was just speaking of you to Judge MacCrate and Judge Lockwood, and we were discussing what a fine fellow you are.

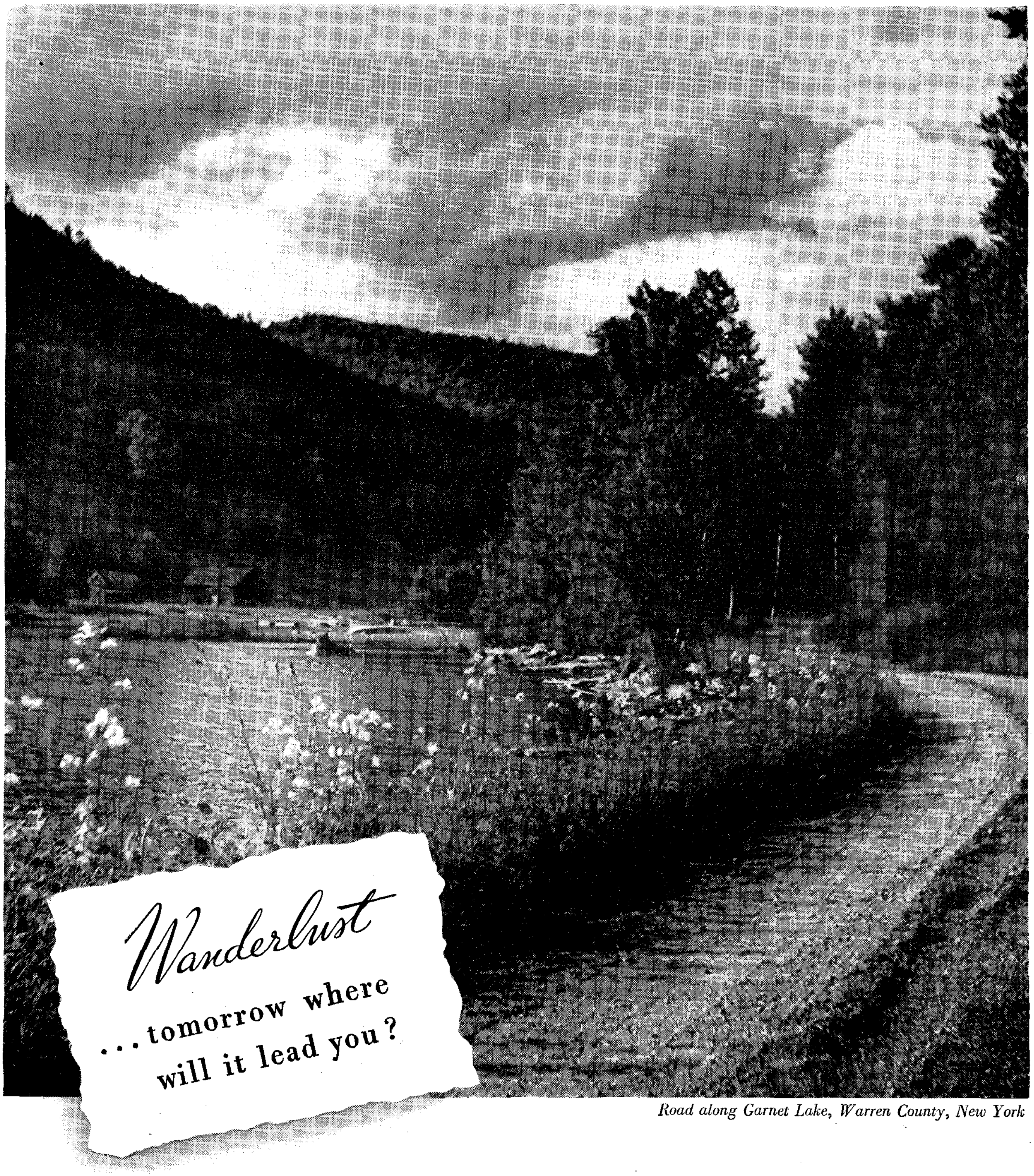
I consider you my very dearest pal, and the way you accept some of my friends who have had occasion to request favors, and have been advised by them of the wonderful reception they get from you.

Newbold old pal, no words I can speak can express my proper feelings and thoughts about you, and while the sun is shining on the Great Irish, the sun will shine on us two, while we are enjoying that splendid luncheon at the Yale Club, and basking in our wonderful friendship.

Your pal,
Pete
PETER J. MCGUINNESS

SEVERAL times since Morris took office as Council President there have been rumors that Mayor LaGuardia would leave City Hall for a position in the national government or a brigadier generalship in the Army. These rumors always provoke speculation about who will be elected to succeed him. Morris, who is in effect, as President of the Council, the Vice-Mayor, is always considered a possibility. Under the Charter, Morris becomes Acting Mayor whenever the Mayor leaves the city, and, should LaGuardia go to Italy, say, as the newspapers currently predict, Morris will take over until the next election. If LaGuardia is then still out of the picture, Morris would be receptive to any offers, but most city politicians think that his chances of attaining the Mayoralty are slim. He himself feels that he was elected Council President the first time he ran for the office only because his name followed LaGuardia's on the Republican, American Labor, and Fusion lines on the voting machines. He is as unlikely a practical politician as could be imagined. Even his friends among the reform elements often tell him that he carries good government too far. For example, most public servants who are allowed funds for the conduct of their offices arrange to have at least one person around the place who can serve as a press agent, and many men who are given no such allotment consider the work important enough to be paid for out of pocket. Morris, whose salary is fifteen thousand dollars a year, is entitled by precedent to draw about eighty thousand a year for expenses and assistants. To the unending consternation of his party, whose need for jobs is always in conflict with its demands for economy, he has whittled the figure down to twenty-two thousand, and no one on his staff has had any literary experience. His picture gets into the papers with fair regularity when he stands in for the Mayor with Miss Civil Service or the latest flock of Eagle Scouts, but aside from that his public relations are almost nonexistent. During campaigns he pays a newspaper reporter to help him with his speeches, but betweentimes he writes everything himself, with results that could be happier. In conversation, he can be brisk, ingratiating, and often witty, but when the occasion seems to call for something formal, he is seized by a compulsion to go burrowing in encyclopedias. He is probably the only man in public life who, in preparing a report on sewage disposal or fire prevention, begins by telling how Cro-Magnon man handled the problem and then traces the subject step by step down

VIN
BIERE
PANACHE
U.S.



Road along Garnet Lake, Warren County, New York

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Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
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Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE Harry STOCKWELL Joseph BULOFF Evelyn WYCKOFF
St. JAMES. W. 44th St. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret SULLAVAN & Elliott NUGENT
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JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
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AUDREY CHRISTIE
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Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
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AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
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LITTLE INDIANS
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—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with SIDNEY BLACKMER • LOIS WILSON
PLYMOUTH Theatre, 45th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday at 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Royal BEAL
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

to the present. One discourse, on the care of the unfortunate, ran on for pages like this: "Hammurabi might have been baffled by our current distinction between aid to dependent children and institutional care for children away from home, but the Babylonians of four thousand years ago had roughly organized means for looking after a starving youngster. . . . In England, in the reign of King Athelstan, in the year 924, to be exact . . ." Morris's friends tell him that this sort of thing is hardly calculated to get out the vote and that the city would not, after all, go into hock if he got himself a ghost writer. He replies that it is important to cut down expenses wherever possible.

The ideal politician has been defined by Morris as a man who votes against all taxes and for all appropriations. Most politicians try to live up to this ideal. Morris is the only member of the Council, even among the reformers, whom the Mayor can persuade to sponsor the annual bills authorizing the sales tax and other nuisance levies which are now an indispensable part of the city's financial structure. He is generous in voting monies which he thinks will be spent in the public interest, but he refuses to support any appropriations that have a political taint, even when they might benefit the cause of uplift. A few years ago the Mayor promised the judges of the Appellate Division a new courthouse. He asked Morris to vote for the necessary appropriation on the Board of Estimate. Morris visited the Appellate Court, looked over the building, and decided that it was a reasonably substantial and respectable place in which to dispense justice. He asked the judges what fault they had to find with it, and they showed him a place in the cellar that was inadequately insulated from a sewer that ran below. On certain days, they said, the stench from the sewer made their labors next to impossible. Morris said that some good plumbers could fix that up. They also said that there was not enough room for their clerks. Morris told them to get rid of the clerks. He finally got at the truth of the matter, which was that all the other courts had been getting fine, modernistic buildings in Foley Square and that they resented being kept in their old building. Besides, they said, the Mayor had promised them a new place. Morris remained unmoved. He not only refused to vote for the appropriation but lined up several other nays, and when he saw that one member who favored the proposal had fallen asleep, he quickly asked for a roll call and by one vote forestalled the Mayor's accommodation.

The remark about Morris most often quoted in City Hall is attributed to Paul Crowell, who covers city government for the *Times*: "Newbold was born with a silver foot in his mouth." Morris is capable of the most colossal blunders in judging popular sentiment. In the spring of 1938, the Mayor was out of town for a while and Morris was asked to throw out the first ball at the Yankee Stadium. When he arrived, a few minutes before game time, he found that some of the Stadium employees had just gone on strike. It would have been unwise for him to pass a picket line, and he refused to do so. But he was not content to send in word that the game could start without him. Instead, he sent in word that the game would start as soon as he had negotiated the strike. Calling together Colonel Ruppert and the leader of the walkout for a sidewalk parley outside the Stadium, he began to iron out the grievances. This took the better part of a half hour, and the delay put the crowd inside the park in a murderous mood. Morris, however, assumed that a shirt-sleeved baseball crowd would naturally sympathize with the workers, and when he walked triumphantly into the Stadium, after settling the strike, he expected applause for his work on behalf of better employment policies. He got an ear-splitting chorus of Bronx cheers.

Morris, who is aware of his shortcomings, likes to illustrate his lack of showmanship by the story of another strike that same year. The leaders of the local truckmen's union were at their convention in Atlantic City and the Mayor was attending an American Legion convention in Los Angeles. Morris was, of course, Acting Mayor. Some rebels in the union called a wildcat strike and tied up all trucking in the city. As essentials like foodstuffs and hospital supplies became scarce, the strike took on a serious aspect. Morris did an excellent job of negotiation. He kept a committee of strikers in his office day and night for four days, and by deft argument persuaded them to agree to handle one

"My beer is
RHEINGOLD
–the DRY beer!"
says JANE HOUSE,
MISS RHEINGOLD 1944

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

Rheingold

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Lager Beer

BREWED BY Liebmann Breweries,
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837–IN NEW YORK 1855

It's beer as beer should taste!

DRY tells you WHY!

- Rheingold is light and hearty—not sweet. Its quality of DRYNESS lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through.

Due to the ever-increasing demand for Rheingold, your dealer may not always have enough to supply you.

But to up the quantity, we'd have to cut the quality. And that is something we'll never do. You can be sure that Rheingold will always be beer as beer should taste.

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Buy War Bonds! Keep on Buying! Keep 'em Flying!

For Men of Foresight...

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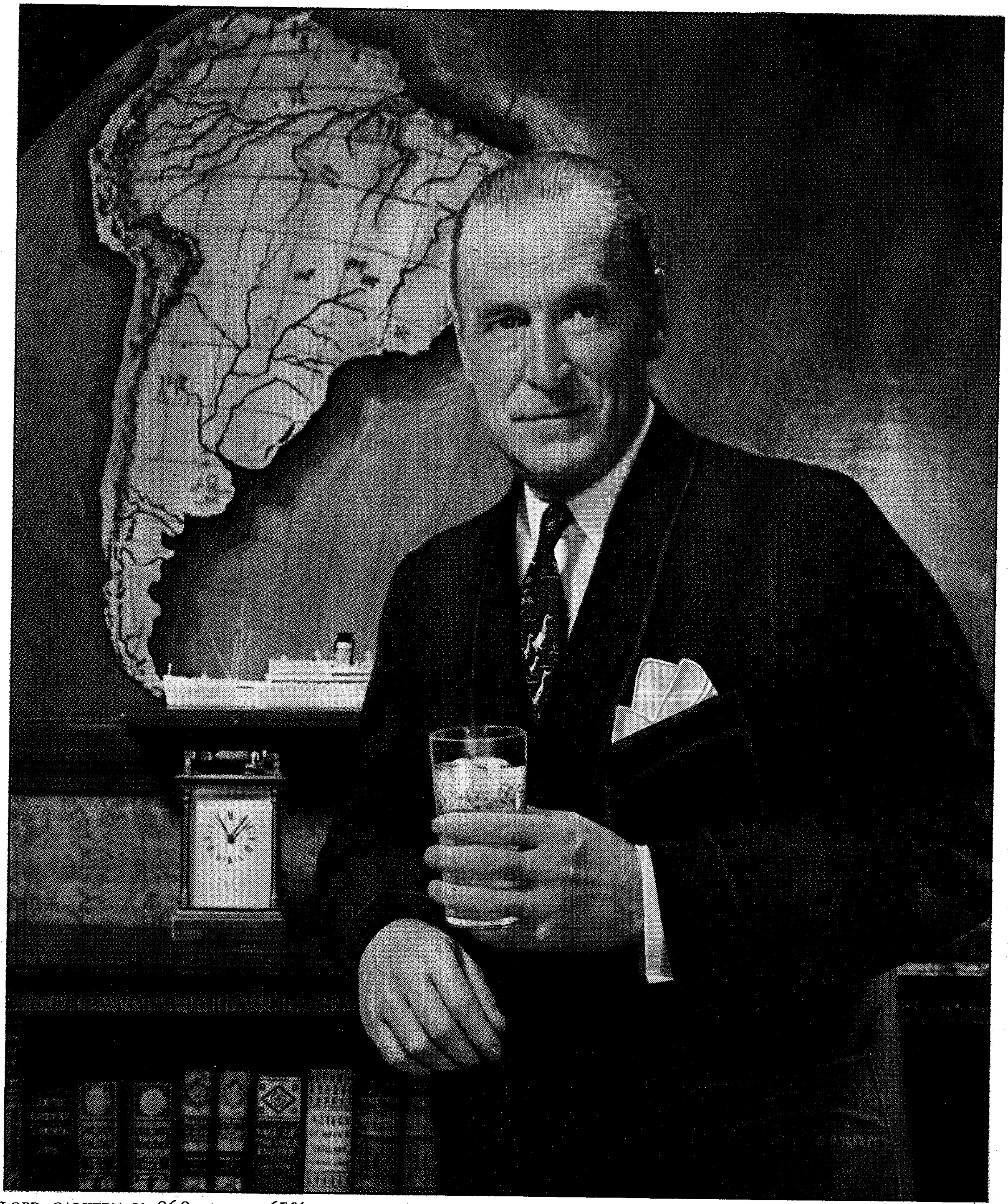
For many years Lord Calvert has been America's most expensive blended whiskey. It is "Custom" Blended for those who can afford the finest. So *rare* . . . so *smooth* . . . so *mellow* . . . it has never been produced except in *limited* quantities. Each bottle is numbered and registered at the distillery.



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commodity after another. In less than a week nearly all the trucks were moving and the employers were ready to discuss terms with the strike leaders. At this point the Mayor returned, and two days later he called the union men and employers together. On their way to his office they saw hundreds of Department of Sanitation trucks massed around City Hall and even on the grass in City Hall Park. When they met with the Mayor, he told them that unless they agreed on the contract right away, the city trucks would take over the job of making deliveries. There was little need for the Mayor's dramatic ultimatum, for nothing much remained but the signing of the papers. The stunt yielded LaGuardia a rich harvest of publicity. "The strike was over anyway," Morris says, "and if it hadn't been, we wouldn't have had a single man in the city who would have known what the hell to do with those Sanitation trucks anyhow. But if I had done that a few days before I would have been called a genius. Why didn't I think of it?"

MORRIS has two sons, Peter and Newbold, Jr., thirteen and twelve, by his first wife, from whom he was divorced in 1940. Last spring, he had another son, Lewis Hand, by his second wife. He lives in a large, comfortable apartment, the address of which he keeps secret. He even had himself taken out of the *Social Register* to help maintain some degree of privacy. He enjoys family life, and he feels that politics has interfered with it enough without having representatives of the Wadsworth Avenue Property Owners' Association drop in on him at home to talk over paving problems. He tries to arrange his life so that he can see something of his family, but he is seldom able to manage more than five or six free evenings a month and an occasional weekend in the summer. This summer he took five days off and went to the Berkshires. It was his first real vacation in seven years.

Much of the year Morris works seven days a week, and he is generally the only person who can be found working in City Hall on Sundays. Very often, on a nice Sunday, sightseers wander into the building and stroll through its pleasant rooms and corridors. When Morris sees a large enough group, he stops work and conducts the visitors on a tour, lecturing knowingly on all the memorabilia. He is probably the one man in the city administration who has a connoisseur's appreciation of the place in which he works. "The Mayor," he

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
MAE WEST
IN PERSON
Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
ROYALE THEATRE, 45th St. West of Broadway
Every Eve. (ex. Mon.) 8:40: Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40

BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
Book by
HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46TH ST. Theatre, West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Most important American comedy-drama in 20 years."—RASCOE, World-Telegram
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD, 47 St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9056
Eves. 8:40 Mats. Sat., Tues. & Wed. 2:40

ROSE FRANKEN'S New Comedy
"SOLDIER'S WIFE
is this Season's
Voice of the Turtle"
—COLEMAN, Mirror
GOLDEN Theatre, 45th St. W. of B'way.

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Pau CZINNER present
ELISABETH
BERGNER
In The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with ONSLOW STEVENS | 2nd YEAR!
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

JOHN C. WILSON
in association with NAT GOLDSTONE
presents the NEW MUSICAL HIT
BLOOMER GIRL
with Celeste HOLM
Margaret DOUGLASS • Joan McCRACKEN
David BROOKS • Dooley WILSON
Mabel TALIAFERRO • Matt BRIGGS
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG & FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Book directed by WILLIAM SCHORR
Settings & Lighting by LEMUEL AYERS
Costumes by MILES WHITE
Production Staged by E. Y. HARBURG
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44 St.
Evgs. 8:30 • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

DAVE WOLPER (in association with) AL BORDE presents
GERTRUDE NIESEN
FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
JACKIE GLEASON
Buster West • Irina Baronova • Tim Herbert
Eves. Except Sun. 8:30 44th ST. THEATRE W. of B'way. LA. 4-4337
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

FRITZ KREISLER'S
OPERETTA
OPENS MON. NOV. 6
Rhapsody
Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
CENTURY THEATRE
7th Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121

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MAKES MIXED DRINKS SING
Abbott's BITTERS
BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

LISTEN: NOVEMBER 4, 1944

It is the first Tuesday in November, 1844. The polls have closed. The people are waiting. There is no radio to tell them, nor telephone; Sam Morse's telegraph has been at work only a year between Washington and Baltimore, and none too well. There are newspapers, but they must rely on coach, a few trains, post-rider, ship, and word-of-mouth transmission for out of town news. (A year later the *New York Tribune* scored a beat by printing news of Andrew Jackson's death 8 days after he died in Nashville.) How long did it take to count the vote? How long did the electorate wait to hear who won? Did they wait for the College of Electors to meet, record *their* vote and on January 6, open the sealed ballots before a joint session of Congress? Who's winning, anyway, Jim Polk or Henry Clay?

On the basis of incomplete returns, the *New York Evening Post*, on November 12, *eight days after the election*, reported Polk elected.

Next Tuesday night at 6 p.m. EWT the Columbia Broadcasting System will send out its first summary of returns from all over the nation. Quincy Howe, Bill Henry, Researcher Elmo Roper will analyze and project them. Paul White, Bob Trout, John Daly and others will explain how CBS' split-second election-return service works with its comptometers, its Morse outlets, its teletype.

At 8 p.m. the CBS air will be free of everything but election news: the counties and states as they swing from side to side. Every half-hour you'll hear the total vote up to that deadline; you'll follow the mounting totals, the critical sectors, the trends as the political sharks see them, and the remarks of the candidates from their political headquarters, their homes or their offices. Twice during the evening you'll be taken on an airwave tour of the nation. And what you hear is all that anyone can know at that moment.

By midnight 32,500,000 radio homes should have a pretty fair notion of who's winning, if not who has certainly won. Even midnight in New York may anticipate the closing of certain night-blooming polls in the Pacific time zone. You won't need extra coffee to stay awake.

★

There seems to be no way to stop this man Pierce. A year ago he captured the Italian fleet. Now the UP sends word that he has captured the most powerful single radio station in Europe—*Radio Luxembourg.*

In peacetime R. Morris Pierce was the chief engineer of WGAR, CBS affiliate in Cleveland. For the past three years he has been overseas.

When the 12th Army Group marched into Luxembourg, Pierce went in with the vanguard of U.S. armor. He asked the commanding general if he could please have a few tanks. The General wanted to know why. Pierce told him about *Radio Luxembourg* and how its powerful transmitter blankets the whole European continent.

"I'd just like to get that station before the Nazis blow it up" he said.

Pierce got his tanks. Shortly thereafter he got *Radio Luxembourg* before the Germans had a chance to demolish it. Now, instead of Goebbels-talk, it's telling the Germans what really is happening for a change. In Pierce's pocket is a memorandum from Col. C. R. Powell commending him, on behalf of the 12th Army Group, for "outstanding achievement".

Also in Pierce's pocket is a citation from Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Chief of Allied Naval Forces in the Mediterranean. In the early days of the invasion of Italy, the Allies couldn't figure out how to get in contact with the Italian fleet to tell it to surrender. Pierce knew that all ships listen to the international SOS distress frequency. So he assembled a transmitter from a job-lot of second-hand equipment, broadcast the demand and the Italian fleet gave up. Admiral Cunningham said that Pierce and his colleagues had "accomplished in one day with propaganda what I've been trying to do for three years with the Navy."

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

recently said, in an aggrieved voice, "would just as soon work in the Empire State Building." City Hall contains a great many fine pieces of old furniture, now a little the worse for wear, that used to be in the national Capitol when it was on Wall Street. When LaGuardia moved into his present office, he threw out most of the furnishings and had W. & J. Sloane redecorate the place. Morris has rescued the best of the antiques, and his office contains the chairs, brocade curtains, and grandfather clock that were in John Adams' office when he was President. He keeps an oily rag in his desk and every morning, after inspecting the cleaning job done by the charwomen the night before, he polishes up any spots they have missed. Whenever the City Council meetings become too boisterous, Morris raps for order and reminds the councilmen that the beams which support them are a hundred and thirty years old. He feels that perhaps he could have settled the trucking strike in 1938 a bit earlier if he had not spent so much time worrying about the furniture in his office. During his meetings with the strike committee, he was continually walking around the room, tapping the knees of the hulking teamsters and asking them to please not tilt back in John Adams' chairs. "I guess I'll have to become a better politician," he said not long ago, surveying the ravages of pre-Morris cigar butts and spilt alcohol on his office furniture. "I'd hate to think what would happen to this place if Tammany ever got back."

—Richard H. Rovere

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Morris.)

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

It is related that some students, wishing to play a trick on Agassiz, the great naturalist, constructed an insect made up of parts taken from different bugs and sent it to him with the question, "What kind of a bug is this?" His answer was "Humbug."—*From "The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud," translated by A. A. Brill, published in 1938.*

But students soon learned not to take liberties with him [George Washington Carver]. Once the boys rigged up a new bug by pasting legs of one insect and wings of another onto the body of a cockroach. They spent hours in concocting a work of art and mystery. Laying it solemnly on his desk, they asked him what kind of bug it was. He peered at it with his sharp eyes. "I've never seen such a bug before," he said. Then, just as the boys were grinning at their hoax, he said, "I guess this is what you might call a humbug."—*From "13 Against the Odds," by Edwin R. Embree, published in 1944.*

THE THEATRE

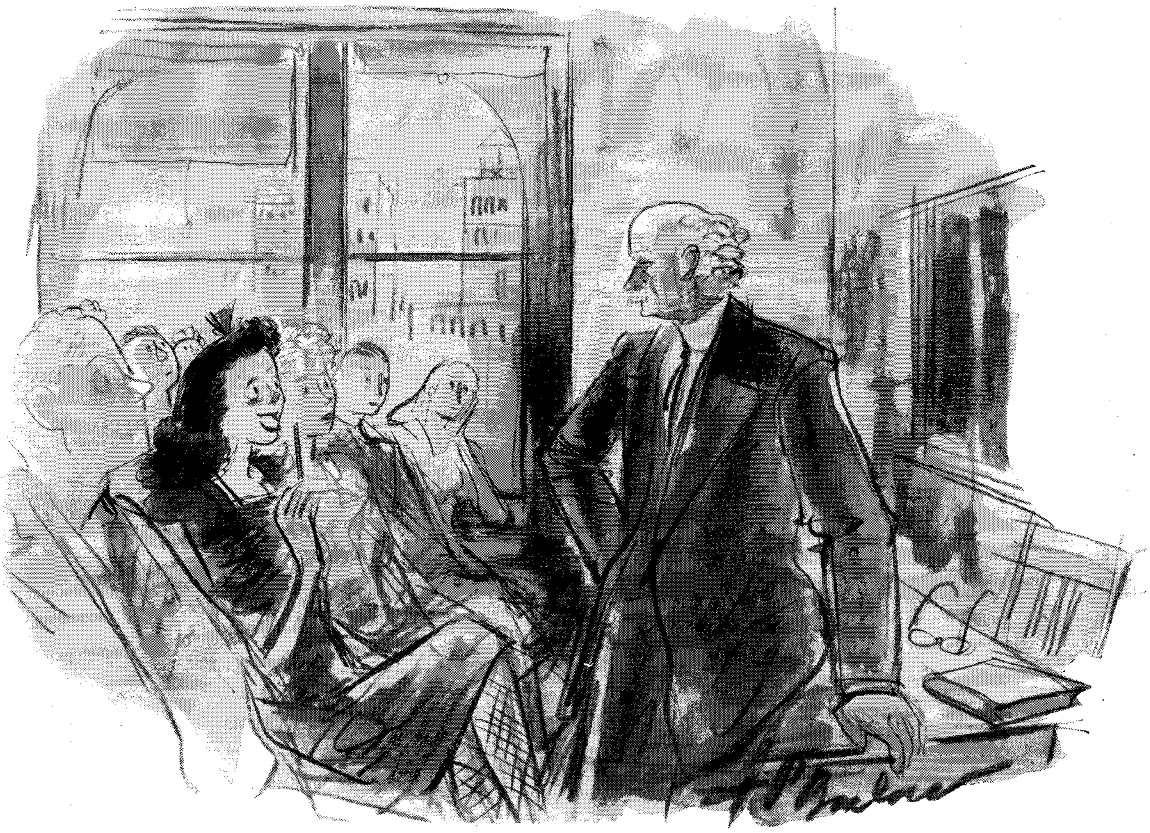
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

IN spite of assorted hosannas from my colleagues, I have to admit that "Snafu," at the Hudson, amused me only very fitfully. The authors, Louis Solomon and Harold Buchman, had a sound and timely idea for a comedy—the return of a hero from the Pacific, when it develops that he is only sixteen years old, and the time he has readjusting himself to family life in suburban California. The trouble is that the play has no really continuous mood. Sometimes it is a straight comedy of adolescence and sometimes—thanks, no doubt, to the guiding hand of George Abbott—it is plain, old-fashioned, roughhouse farce, relying on the sort of characters and devices that have served Mr. Abbott so handsomely in the past. Among its other comic inventions, "Snafu," contains a funny spinster who reads *Time*, a bound detective who falls out of a closet, a servant who talks in Mexican dialect, a Legionnaire who gets a demonstration of judo, a father-and-son sex lecture in reverse, and a young lady from Australia about whose pregnancy there are elaborate misunderstandings. Some of these notions are reasonably funny, in a routine or mechanical sort of way, but they aren't quite enough for a whole evening, and they certainly have a tendency to confuse the definition of the central character. Having said all this, I would like to add that Mr. Abbott's new piece is practically sure to be a success, attracting the same public that embraced "Janie," "Kiss and Tell," "Three's a Family," and quite a few other works that had very little to recommend them beyond a determined accent on youth. Incidentally, this is one publication in which you will find no delicate explanation of the word "Snafu," since the local policy is that if a writer can't be specific, he'd better not be coy.

The cast at the Hudson includes Elspeth Eric, Patricia Kirkland, Russell Hardie, Bethel Leslie, Enid Markey, and Billy Redfield. They are all sensible and attractive performers, especially young Mr. Redfield, and sometimes they convinced me they were real, rather against my better judgment.

SOMEWHERE or other, in his reading or conversation, Samson Raphaelson has picked up the idea that marriage, especially in its physical aspects, is apt to pall after ten years, and for reasons inscrutable to me he has felt obliged to write a play about it. The result, on view at the Barrymore, is called, in what I take to be an ironical spirit, "The Perfect Marriage." There are seven people in the cast, but in effect Mr. Raphaelson has written a two-character comedy, since his three acts are devoted almost exclusively to conversations between his hero and heroine, a couple of very dubious charm and almost no originality or wit.

We are introduced to Dale and Jenny Williams on the occasion of their tenth anniversary, when we find them dancing glumly around their high-class apartment and speaking favorably of love. Very soon they are interrupted by the appearance of three guests, a Mr. and Mrs. Manning and a Miss Endicott, a worldly trio, full of champagne and epigrams. Intimidated by a strong hint that their host would like to go to bed—he does everything but take off his shoes—they leave after a little while, and the author lets us in on the big secret, which is that Mrs. Williams no longer cares to sleep with Mr. Williams, the magic, as playwrights are so apt to say, having gone out of it. After that, there is a scene in which a colored maid is used to furnish a comic parallel to her employers' difficulties; another in which Mr. Williams tries to forget his marriage in an affair with an old girl ("My God, how I hate husbands," this indignant lady says on her way out); and another involving a nine-year-old daughter who turns out to be extremely broad-minded about divorce. Most of the time, however, Mr. and Mrs. Williams just talk, explaining that it is possible for a man and woman to admire and respect each other without wishing to go to bed, that ten years of matrimony necessarily imply a good many common memories, and other



"Would you mind saying something in basic English?"

CHARLES OF THE RITZ
... brushes a short feathertrim
into smooth, wide waves
with just a
suggestion of bangs.
Of course you'll need a
naturally soft permanent wave
to keep your hairstyle
at its best!

Charles of the Ritz

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propositions equally familiar to readers of popular fiction. It all ends happily, on a note of rare, domestic tranquillity, but what Mr. Raphaelson imagined he was proving, I haven't the vaguest idea.

Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory have the leading rôles in this social document, and very seldom, I think, have so many cryptic pauses and meaningful inflections been employed on such negligible lines. They are assisted by James Todd, Martha Sleeper, and little Joyce van Patten, all of whom seem to have been rather oddly directed, too. Oliver Smith's setting looks so very much like the one in "The Voice of the Turtle" that it is hard to discuss it on its own merits, but I admired Valentina's rakish costumes for Miss Hopkins, though knowing, of course, next to nothing about such matters.

ON the reasonable ground that no man can be expected to read everything, I will not apologize for the fact that the series of magazine stories about a little girl called Violet were unfamiliar to me when I went to see the play named after her, at the Belasco. Basing my opinion only on the version prepared for the stage by the author, Whitfield Cook, I would say that this little heroine and all the members of her vast and complicated household are among the more irritating figures in American letters. Violet's father, it seems, has had two wives, whose children by him are whimsically listed in the program as Batch 1 and Batch 2. There is a dog-food salesman and a hotelman who raises prize dogs; there is a funny character who is both an exterminator and a justice of the peace; there is a funny caretaker and a funny maid and a funny young man who has something to do with the Boy Scouts. In spite of the best efforts of such gifted people as Harvey Stevens, Helen Claire, Doro Merande, and Alfred Hitchcock's daughter, Pat (it was quite a week for precocious little girls, not to mention comic maids and spinsters), the whole thing was a terrible mess, and I advise you to keep out of its way.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

c69PX

PHILADELPHIA (AP)—NINE PERSONS WHO SAID THEY ARE CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS PURCHASED FROM THE SAME NORTH PHILADELPHIA BAKERY SHOP SUFFERED FROM FOOD POISONING TODAY, PHYSICIANS REPORTED.

NONE WERE SERIOUSLY AFFECTED.

—*Associated Press release.*

That's hard to believe.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Republicans are finding comfort in the fact that the public-opinion polls show a slight trend in their direction. What the Party really needs, though, is a good ten-cent *Literary Digest*.

•

The stunning defeat of the Japanese Navy in Philippine waters took precedence in the news over our political campaign. It was a victory for that other grand old party, Uncle Sam.

•

Churchill reports that he and Stalin have reached agreement about a great many problems. This should dispose of rumors that the two leaders were as far apart as the Poles.

•

Argentina has asked the Pan American Union to call a meeting of foreign ministers of all the American nations. Possibly, Buenos Aires is tired by now of just talking to herself.

•

De Gaulle has had to curb the activities of the Spanish guerrillas operating on French soil. The General evidently feels that the abolition of Franco must, like so many other good ideas, wait until after the war.

•

We are able to deny the malicious report that Dewey is in favor of bungling, dishonesty, and chaos. It is true that he has mentioned these matters in his speeches, but the complete texts show that he was arguing *against* and not *for* them.

•

France's reputation for hospitality may have received a damaging blow. People are being executed there these days for having been pleasant to the visiting Germans.

•

Dewey declared last week that he practically never sees eye to eye with Roosevelt. We understood, however, that he shares the President's taste in residential quarters.

•

A special session of the legislature was called to extend the voting hours so that everybody could cast a ballot. Nevertheless, some Republicans still feel that this is a case in which quality is more important than quantity.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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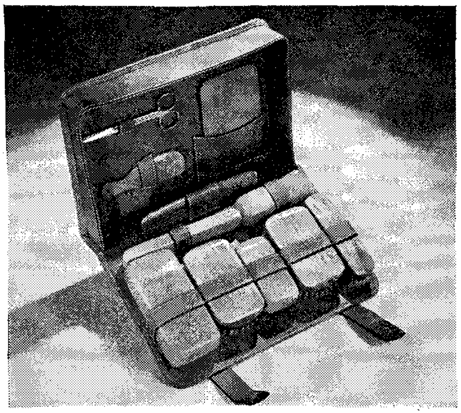

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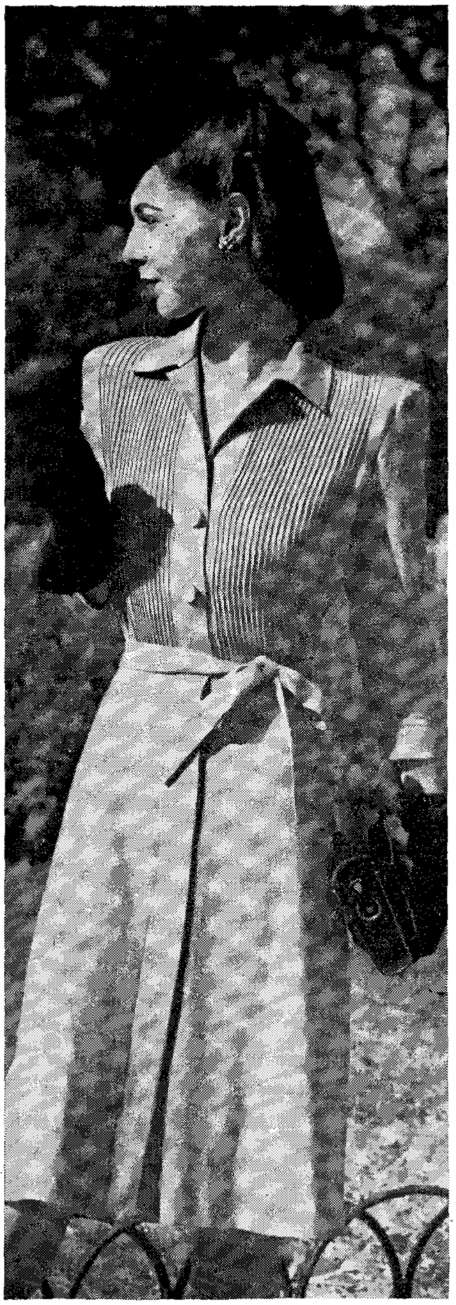

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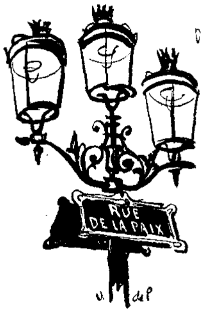
LETTER FROM PARIS

October 26 (by wireless)

When I wrote in these columns, a month or so ago, that the Germans had left hardly a trace in Paris, I was being superficial or philosophical, or both. It is true that people here seldom speak of them, and it is possible that in a few hundred years the invasion of the Nazis will blur in with those of their kinsmen—the Cimbri, the Alamanni, the Burgundians, the Ostrogoths, the Bismarck Prussians, and the rest—until only specialists in history will remember whether the Nazis came before or after Ariovistus. But they have left one very definite trace, and that is on the health of this generation of Frenchmen. Fifty-four per cent of the children born in Paris since the armistice, for example, have rickets as a result of the insufficiency of vitamins in their diet, according to Professor Pasteur Vallery-Radot, a physician just elected to the Académie Française who has compiled a comprehensive set of statistics on French health today. The death rate in the Paris area is eighty per cent higher than it was in 1939, and cases of serious illness have increased by sixty-seven per cent. Fifty-seven per cent of the deaths among people in their twenties are now caused by tuberculosis, whereas forty-three per cent of the deaths in this group were caused by this disease before the war. Infant mortality has very nearly doubled. Deaths among nursing babies from gastroenteritis have risen fifty per cent. Delayed growth and anemia are general among French children; in Lyon, forty per cent of the public-school children, who are at the age when their rate of growth should be greatest, either lost weight or did not gain during the last school year. Among adults, bones break with sickening ease because of the deficiencies of calcium and phosphorus in the French diet. Somebody once said that the average height of Frenchmen declined by an inch because of the Napoleonic wars; French doctors are now reporting many cases of adults who have lost as much as four inches in height because of the effect of these deficiencies on their vertebrae. These doctors are also familiar with another phenomenon among their clients—a sudden torpor which, after a few hours, becomes a coma; it is due to the deficiency of sugar in the diet. Hundreds of boys who were heroes in the Paris street fighting had the humiliating experience of being turned away from recruiting depots when it was decided that they were to be incorporated into the regular army. Rejections ran as high as fifty per cent in some battalions of boys who had wrecked German tanks with bottles of gasoline and fought German infantry with revolvers.

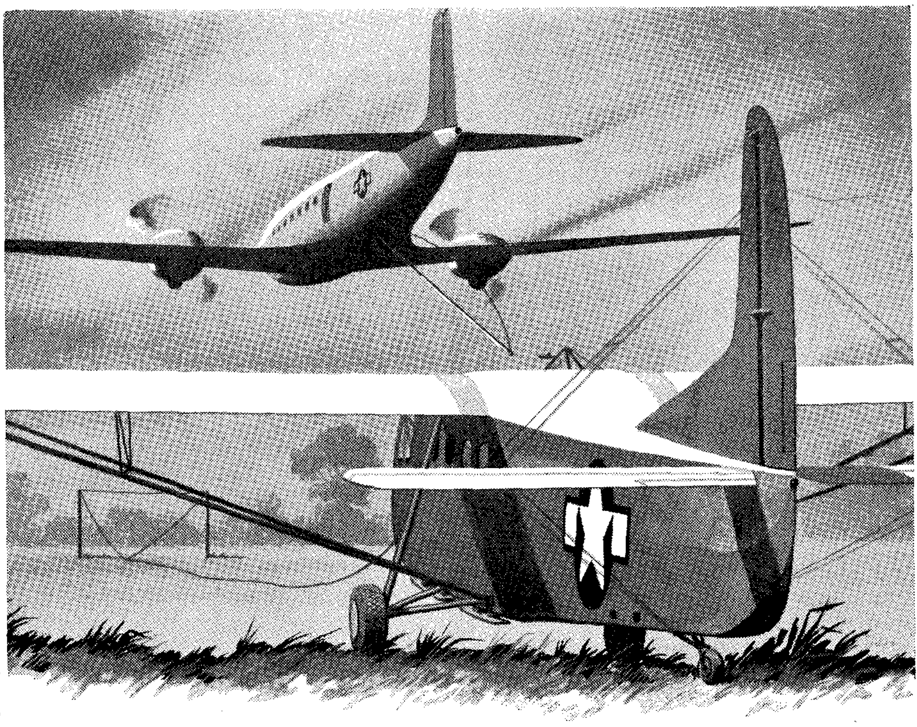


These figures of Dr. Vallery-Radot's have nothing to do with the unforgettable picture of the thousands of pretty girls on bicycles who greeted us Americans in Paris on the day of its liberation, or with the fact that, for the equivalent of fifteen dollars, one can buy a really good dinner in Paris. Young women dying from tuberculosis do not ride bicycles, and workers suffering from malnutrition do not patronize fifteen-dollar restaurants. Some of the correspondents who spent the first week after the liberation sending dispatches to their papers about the luxuries of life in Paris are now flying across the Channel, whenever they can, to get a hot bath in a London hotel. There is practically no coal in Paris, and it is a measure of the bleak discomfort here that in retrospect even London hotel rooms seem delightfully warm and cozy. Bathing has become a serious problem with the arrival of colder weather, for there is hot water only in hotels like the Crillon and the Ritz, which are reserved for rear-area officers of extremely high rank. The more modest hotels, which have been requisitioned for transient officers, have no hot water, apparently on the theory that many of the guests have just come back from the front, where they were not used to such a luxury.

Dr. Vallery-Radot believes that the health of the children, at least, can be saved if they get large quantities of the proper foods in the near future. Now that the Germans have stopped draining France of anything edible, the food situation must improve, but it cannot improve greatly until the French railroads and trucking systems have been sufficiently restored to ensure distribution of what is available, which will not happen for some time. At best, this will be a critical winter for France's urban population. Some French doctors, who think that it will be impossible to heat city houses this winter, advocate importing large amounts of fats. An augmented ration of fats, they say, would enable the population of Paris to resist the cold. Besides, the amount of shipping and trucking needed to import butter and margarine would be small compared to that which would be needed to bring in coal.

IT takes longer to destroy a nation's culture or even its industry than to wreck its health. The Germans worked systematically to destroy French culture, however. They withheld stocks of paper from publishers who wanted to reprint the classics or works of non-collaborationist authors, whereas no quantity of paper was too great, no quality too fine, for collaborationist books or Goebbels brochures. As a consequence, there is now a book famine in Paris. An ordinary one-volume edition of Verlaine, published in 1938, is a collector's item. Stendhal, except for de luxe illustrated editions of two of his novels, is not to be had. Strangest of all, the works of such popular contemporaries as Duhamel and Mauriac, which a few years ago were printed in paper-back editions of tens of thousands, are as hard to find as minor classics like Alfred Jarry's "Ubu Roi." Some booksellers are asking big prices for what were once run-of-the-mine books, when they have them. Others, especially combination bookseller-publishers like Henri Martineau, the Stendhal expert, honorably continue to sell their publications, as long as they are in stock, at the original price. The ban on reprints has now been lifted, but there is, naturally, a paper shortage, and this will delay the replenishment of stocks for a long time. Some booksellers say it will be ten years before it again becomes easy to buy a cheap edition of a classic. However, Mauriac, Duhamel, Aragon, Malraux, and other contemporary writers who have grown in stature during the resistance period will soon appear in fairly large reprintings. Translations of English and American books published since 1940 are awaited with feverish eagerness and will have a high priority in the publishers' plans for what to do with their paper stock. All in all, there is little doubt that Corneille, Racine et Cie. will have to wait.

General de Gaulle, in his first mass press interview since his return to France, spoke of the satisfactory condition of French agriculture compared to that of industry. The plight of French industry, too, is a result of systematic German effort during the four years of occupation. France, in the Nazi scheme, was to be reduced to the rank of dairy, delicatessen, wine cellar, and auxiliary breadbasket for the Reich, so agriculture was hardly interfered



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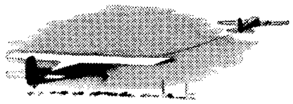

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with at all. (The products, of course, were siphoned off.) The nation was to be de-industrialized. Workmen and machine tools were carried off into the Reich. A certain portion of French industry had to be left in place for strategic reasons, mostly because Allied bombings made a complete centralization of manufacturing inadvisable, but it was made complementary to German industry and rendered incapable of independent existence. French automobile manufacturers were allowed to turn out only parts, not complete vehicles; airplane plants were neutralized in the same way. All assembling was done in the Reich. A great number of French industrialists acquiesced in the German plans; they even coöperated in the castration of their own enterprises. They accepted walloping profits and they paid no such income or excess-profits taxes as their American or British opposite numbers did. Many of them threatened their workmen with deportation for forced labor in Germany to prevent a revival of the old unions. It seems unlikely that the workmen will forgive them for that. The action taken by the provisional government at the end of September, when it requisitioned the Renault factory and arrested Louis Renault, the prototype of the ruthless French industrialist, did much to maintain the faith of the workers in the sincerity of de Gaulle's program of "social and economic renovation." Most of the resistance men prefer to call it "revolution," but that is a matter of taste. Renault, who was ill, was allowed to enter a private hospital, but was kept under surveillance. He died this week, at the age of sixty-three. A feature of his obituary in most papers was the statement that in a national newspaper poll conducted shortly before the war he was voted by an enormous majority of workmen the "worst boss in France."

Renault, like many men who prefer that other people think them self-made, was actually a rich man's son. He went into the automobile business early in his career and did well at it. During the occupation, he had thirty-five thousand people in his plant at Billancourt, making truck and tank parts for the Nazis. He owned ninety-seven per cent of the shares in his company and publicly stated his belief that an employer had no social responsibility of any kind. It is hard to say what will happen now to his properties. He died before he could be tried for treason, and the permanent confiscation of his factory depended upon his conviction, an event which appeared likely. The provisional government's gesture nevertheless remains; the precedent has been set. Other industrialists have been arrested since, but it was Renault's imprisonment that dramatized the industrial purge.

An event just as important, symbolically, was the condemnation to death, early this week, of Georges Suarez, the Paris journalist who edited for the Germans a collaborationist sheet called *Aujourd'hui.* His trial was held in a court that has been set up in the Palais de Justice expressly to try collaborationists. For weeks the no-longer-underground resistance press had been complaining of the delay in bringing accused traitors to trial. Editorials reflected, or were reflected in, the talk of thousands of men and women who had risked their necks in the resistance movement. The Communist *Humanité* spoke with increasing sharpness of the likelihood that, once popular feeling had cooled down, traitors would get off scot free. Finally, the new court got under way, and Suarez attained a certain place in history by being the first man condemned by it to die. Before the war, he was a journalist of the type familiar in Paris since Balzac's day—blackmailing, puffing, or attacking for hire, always in need of money for women and always in need of women to bolster his belief in himself. During the occupation, he sold himself to the Germans as automatically as he would have sold himself to any other highest bidder. Men like him had always found protection in France; it is unlikely that it ever occurred to Suarez that he was letting himself in for a rap he would be unable to beat. He had never heard of that sort of rap. The only evidence offered against him by the government was a collection of a hundred editorials he had signed, some calling for the extermination of "terrorists" (Maquis), oth-

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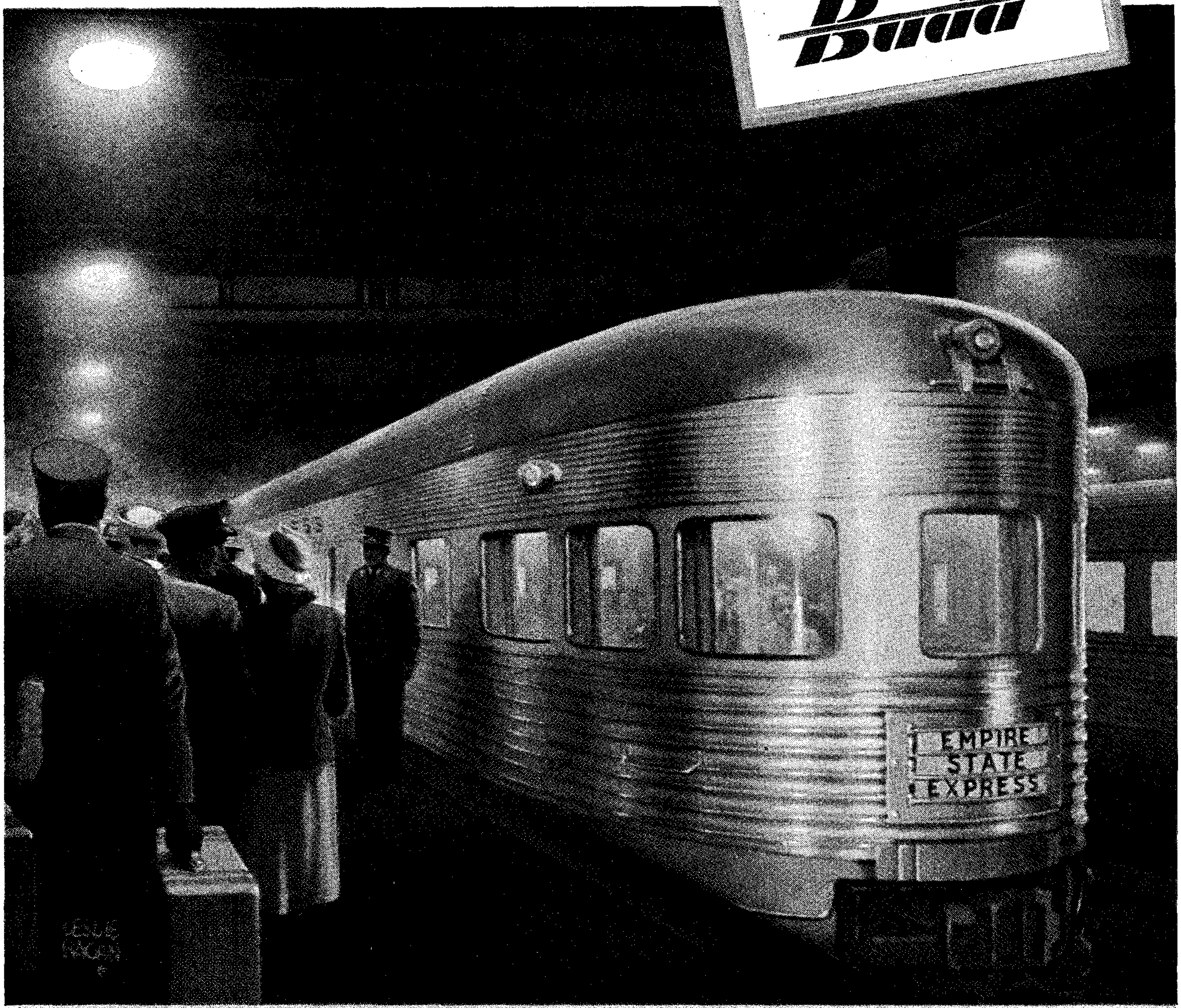

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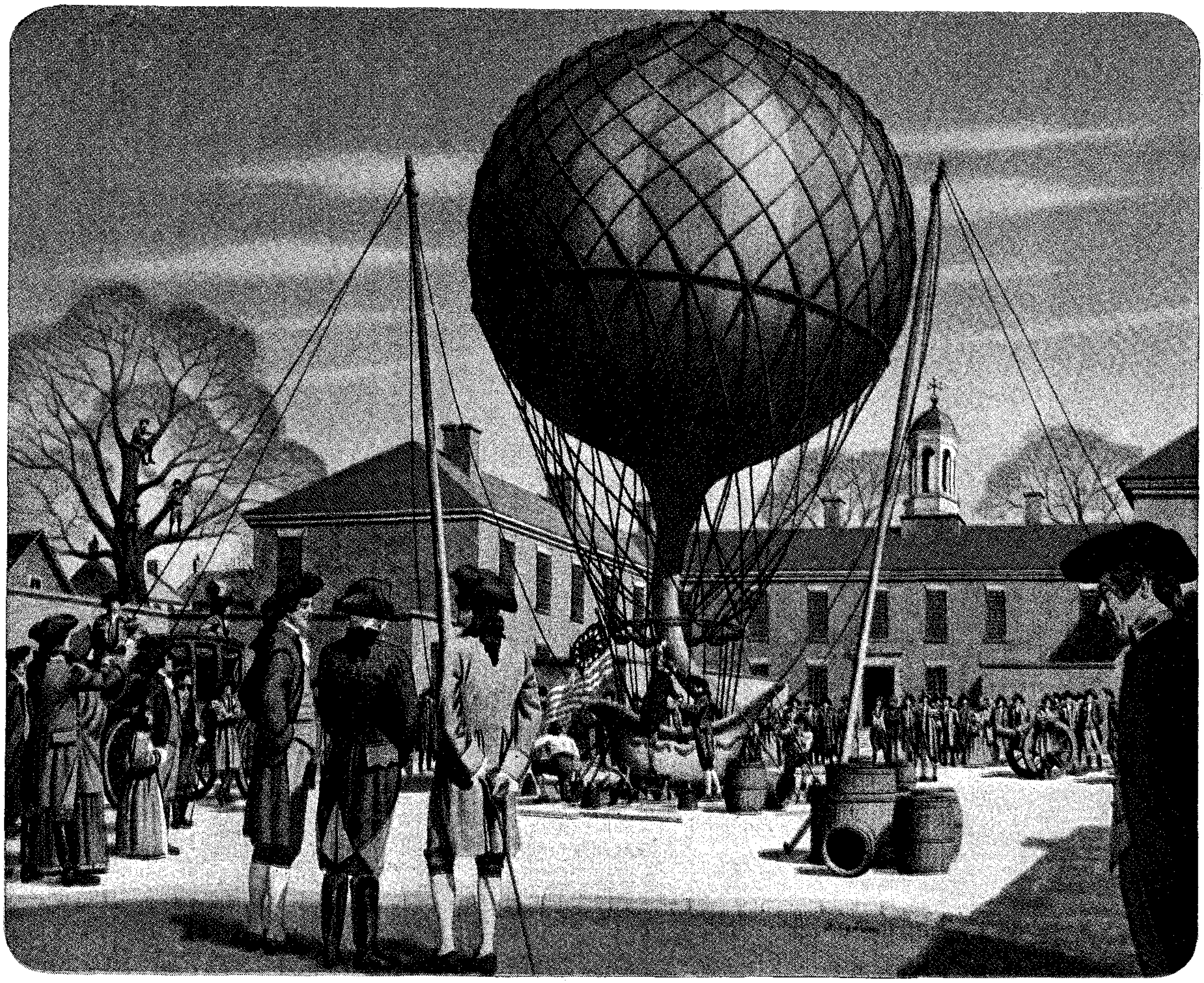

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*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894 ers saying that a German victory was the only hope of Europe, still others calling on Frenchmen to join in a holy war against the Allies. The judge said that it hurt him to read them. Suarez seemed astonished. He called witnesses to prove that he had several times used his influence in favor of patriot prisoners of the Gestapo—he had once got a prisoner a twenty-four-hour leave from jail. Every collaborator in France, the resistance men claim, has done at least one favor for a Maquis or a Jew. "That is a traitor's insurance policy," they say. Suarez appeared to feel cheated when the judge ruled his benevolence irrelevant. The verdict had symbolic importance because it was a blow to the cult of *Débrouillardise*, the notion that if one is slick enough and knows enough people one can get away with anything. This was one of the doctrines—all the more dangerous because it never attained the dignity of explicit statement—that had most to do with the rotting of France. The Suarezes of France were not such imposing figures as the Renaults, but they were always there to do the Renaults' dirty work. —A. J. LIEBLING

●

In the Matter of the Application of MARY ZAWADZKI, also known as MARY SHIN ZAWADZKI, also known as MARY RUTH MADY SHIN ZAWADZKI, a minor, by KIM SANG GUM, also known as KIM SANG KUM, also known as SANG KUM SHIN, her natural mother, For change of name. DECREE.

Upon consideration of the petition of KIM SANG GUM, also known as KIM SANG KUM and also known as SANG KUM SHIN, natural mother of MARY ZAWADZKI, also known as MARY SHIN ZAWADZKI and also known as MARY RUTH MADY SHIN ZAWADZKI, a minor, for a decree changing said minor's name to MADY SHINN ZAWADZKI, and there appearing to me to be good reason for granting the same;

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of the authority in me by law vested and thereunto enabling, I, INGRAM M. STAINBACK, Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, do hereby order and decree that the name of MARY ZAWADZKI, also known as MARY SHIN ZAWADZKI, also known as MARY RUTH MADY SHIN ZAWADZKI, be and is hereby changed to MADY SHINN ZAWADZKI, and that a copy of this decree be published once a week in each of three consecutive weeks in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, a newspaper of general circulation in the Territory of Hawaii, published at Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii.

Dated at Honolulu, T. H., this 31st day of August, 1944.

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—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

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THE ART GALLERIES

Two Pairs

THE Modern Museum's first big exhibition of the season is a double feature, starring Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley in paired retrospectives. Two less similar painters it would be hard to find, but perhaps for that very reason the collection as a whole is a lively one; as red can complement blue, or purple yellow, so the sombre and almost religious austerity of Hartley complements the tight, mathematical delicacy of Feininger. I think you can hardly go through the two shows without feeling that you have run the gamut of something—from the plainness of Maine, say (that's Hartley), to the stiff, slightly Germanic complexities of Feininger, or, to put it more simply, from austerity to astringency. Even in their color preferences the two are opposed; Hartley runs to the reds and purples I suggested a moment ago, and Feininger to cooler blues and yellows. Since, I imagine, it is practically impossible for any one person to really like both artists, I might just as well declare my own predilections at the start.

I'm a Hartley man myself. In my view, Feininger, who I suppose must be classed as an Abstractionist, is something of an anomaly in that field, and his peculiar prismatic designs, made up usually by prolonging and distorting the outlines of the objects represented, seem to show very little understanding of the deeper potentialities of the abstract method. Whatever else one may think about abstract painting, there is no question but that it imposes severe tests on its practitioners. The man who undertakes it finds himself deprived at the outset of one of the mainstays of the conventional painter; that is, the beguilements of subject matter. When that is gone—and with it all the values, sentimental, nostalgic, and otherwise, that surround it—he is left pretty much face to face with his own originality. He is forced to invent. He must find in his imaginative powers some substitute for the appeals that the subject would provide, and if he can't do that—if he hasn't in his equipment that basic quality of inventiveness—then even if he has all the other painterlike attributes in the world, they will not save him.

Feininger does have those attributes. He has a pleasant taste, a fine color sense, and a sometimes superlative feeling for brushwork and paint surface. What he lacks is inventiveness; that is to say, his inventiveness rarely rises above the level of the purely decorative, and too often the "abstract" quality of his work seems more like sheer distortion than anything intrinsic. There are handsome canvases in his show, certainly, from the early "Gothen," which is a kind of kaleidoscope of German village architecture, to the later and really glowing "Church of the Minorites." But their charm, to my mind at least, lies only in pattern. The trouble is that in any deeper sense—of painting as philosophic expression, for example—they just don't mean much.

Hartley never went in for abstraction, though toward the end he had reduced his system of representation to something very close to it in succinctness and compactness. As is the case in the Feininger section, his part of the exhibition has been well arranged to show his development as an artist. It reveals him as somewhat of a dabbler in styles in his earlier years (he went from Impressionism through a Cézanne period and then on through Expressionism in about twelve years, between 1908 and 1920), but that was no more than many another young American at that time was doing, under the impact of French modernism, and there is, moreover, a continuity of feeling behind the styles that speaks well for his sincerity as an artist.

As early as 1909, for example, Hartley had produced "Maine Landscape, No. 30," which, for all its shaggily Impressionist handling, was a clear foreshadowing of the massive effects he was eventually to get with such scenes, and he has a "Valley Road," all blocky reds and violets, that one might date in the late nineteen-thirties if it had not been placed at around 1920 in the catalogue. The latter piece, I am convinced, was a sport, an accident, and one should not make too much of its resemblance to his later works; it was not till more than a decade afterward, with his European experiences behind him (he had travelled a good deal in France and Germany) and his eyes now set firmly on Maine, that he came into full maturity. From then on, till his death a year ago, it was Maine that he painted and nothing else, and the work he produced in those last eight or nine years must place him in the very front rank of contemporary Americans.

His mood grew harsher and bleaker, it is true, until at times, as in his "Log Jam, Penobscot Bay" and the painting of a rock-strewn, rail-fenced field called "The Old Bars, Dogtown," he appeared to be deliberately seeking the rugged, the ragged, the worn-bare side of things to portray. But beneath this surface crustiness there was a richness of feeling that gave his best work enormous value, and in such paintings as "Fishermen's Last Supper," "The Wave," "Lobster Fishermen, Corea, Maine," and the curiously mystical "The Lost Felice," he portrayed something very close to the essence of his chosen subject.

AT the Nierendorf, there is a show of sculpture "montages" by Louise Nevelson, together with a set of gouaches by John Tunnard, the British Abstractionist. The montages, which are compositions made up of odd bits—driftwood, bric-a-brac, things like that—have a kind of conglomerate look and are far from representing Miss Nevelson's best work. The Tunnard abstractions, very cool and pale, very sinuous and sensitive in design, are something else again, and since this is his first real showing in this country, they are especially worth seeing. I liked particularly "Oblique Beginning" and the glitteringly red-and-blue "Gadfly."

—Robert M. Coates

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[*Adv. in the Fredericksburg* (*Va.*) *Free Lance-Star*]

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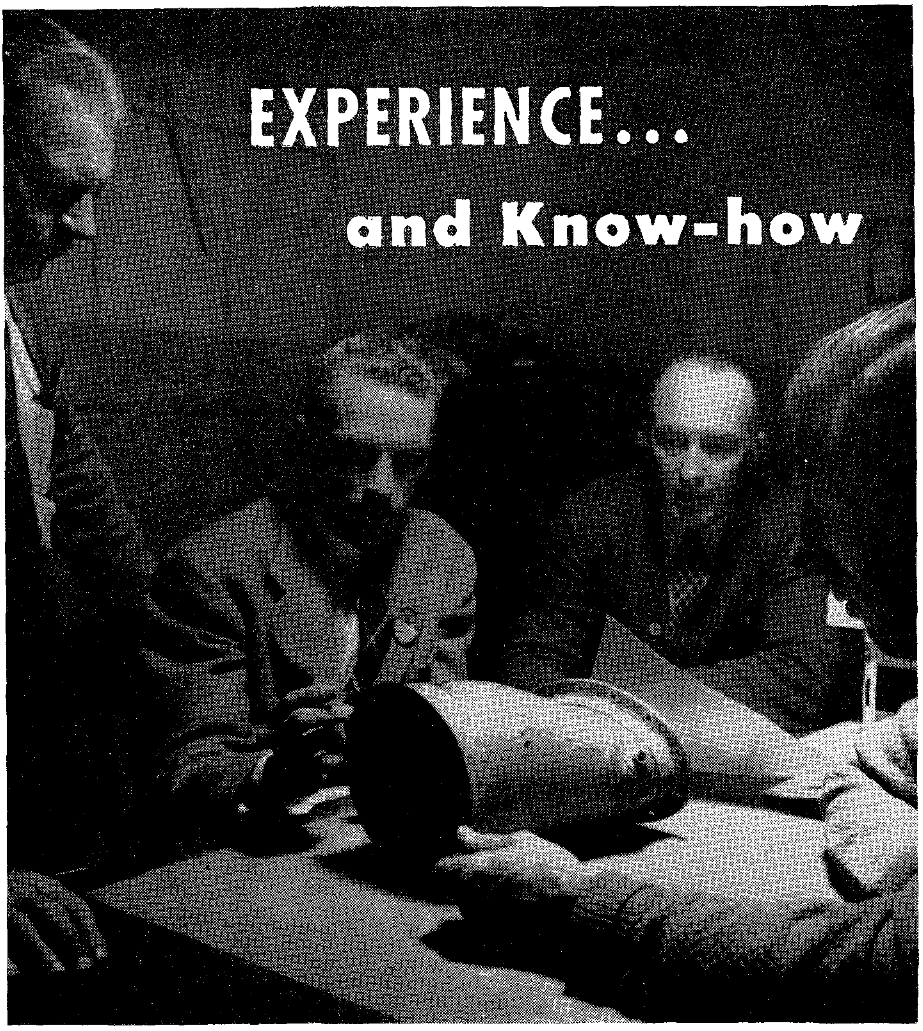

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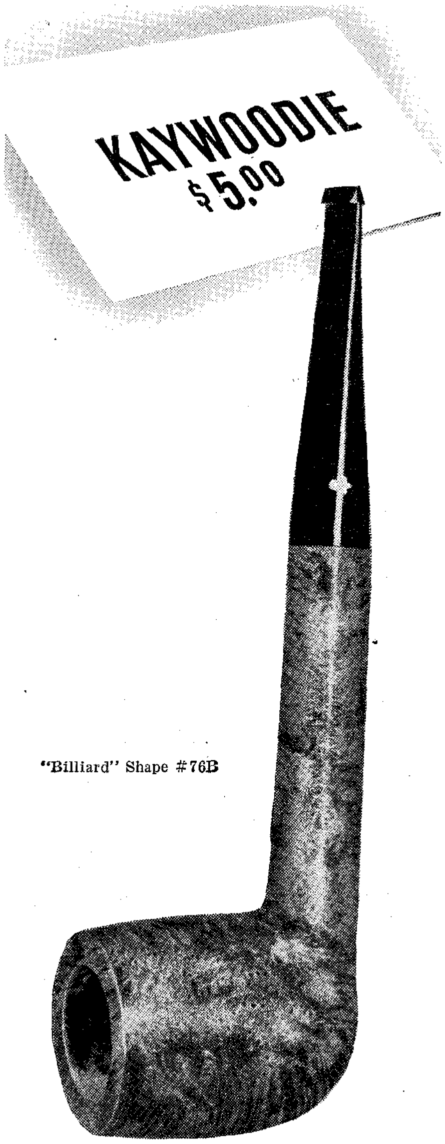

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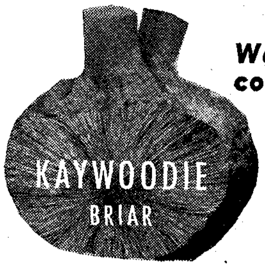


War Bonds come first

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Everybody's Russia

WESTERN THRILLER

THREE films of Russian origin are playing the town at the moment, in three different languages. You can have Pushkin in French, Chekhov in English, or the Soviets describing a phase of the war in Russian. The more or less simultaneous arrival of the three is a coincidence of a sort, but there seems to be no doubt that exhibitors with open schedules and minds are disposed just now to make use of anything that comes under the spectacularly comprehensive heading of Russia, in tribute to our ally. There is bound, in consequence, to be a good deal of barrel-scraping. "La Dame de Pique," the Pushkin item, was made in France before the war. The young officer half crazed by his visions of winning at cards is a not unusual figure in the literature of Czarist days, and the picture, catching something of the poetry of his madness, is vaguely familiar and pleasant.

"Summer Storm," a Hollywood job with George Sanders and Linda Darnell, is fresh-made but hardly less remote from today. I would have said from reality as well, except that certain shreds of psychological power survive from the Chekhov story of a gentleman who lets a peasant go to Siberia for his own crime. There appears to have been an effort here, completely footless, to make the film "timely" by setting its last scenes in the post-revolutionary year 1919, fifteen years after Chekhov's death. Mr. Sanders looks embarrassed in Russian costume, and Miss Darnell looks sulphurous in almost no costume at all. Edward Everett Horton plays himself in the belief, possibly accurate, that it comes to the same thing as playing a decadent Russian nobleman.

The Soviet film, "The Rainbow," is hot from the hands of a Russian studio and a Russian scenarist, but currency is not its only asset. It may not even be precisely current, for its theme—the German occupation of a Ukrainian village—is already part of history. What makes this the best of the three newcomers is a wise and simple impersonality of treatment and the fact that the story did not have to be written; it existed. The German garrison in "The Rainbow"'s village is not as grossly brutal as the records show some such garrisons to have been. It is just ordinarily brutal, and surpassingly bored and stupid, and the hatred the villagers feel for it is the more proud, ingrained, and terrifying as a result. The chief episodes concern the village's one collaborationist, who is the mistress of the German commandant, and the murder of a small boy who tries to bring food to a prisoner. Objectivity subsides somewhat near the end, in a speech by a woman actor which is almost a government directive, but the net effect of "The Rainbow" is of a quiet, controlled study of a national emotion.

"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR," best described as a Lana Turner vehicle, had its world première before a G.I. audience at the Teatro delle Palme in Naples several weeks ago. An Army major sent this magazine the following review of the début, by V-mail: "Miss Turner's fine points are revealed to advantage in a few idyllic sequences which suit the G.I. appetite. However, one scene in which the newlyweds are shown sound asleep in twin beds the morning after the wedding drew some strange noises from the audience. . . . Various trite situations develop and the union seems directly headed for the inevitable rocks. Maybe we have been overseas too long, but it all seems pretty dull, if not absurd." It seemed dull to me, too, and the more absurd in that a fair amount of intelligence and understanding of adult relationships (bar the scene mentioned above) went into the writing of the picture, only to be lacquered over in boudoir pink and trimmed with a thousand clichés. If home audiences are less restless than G.I.s overseas at this kind of dosage, it's probably because the treatment has been continuous. Keenan Wynn, a good, restrained comic, is the best of the men in the cast, but he has not much more than a couple of minutes to work in.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

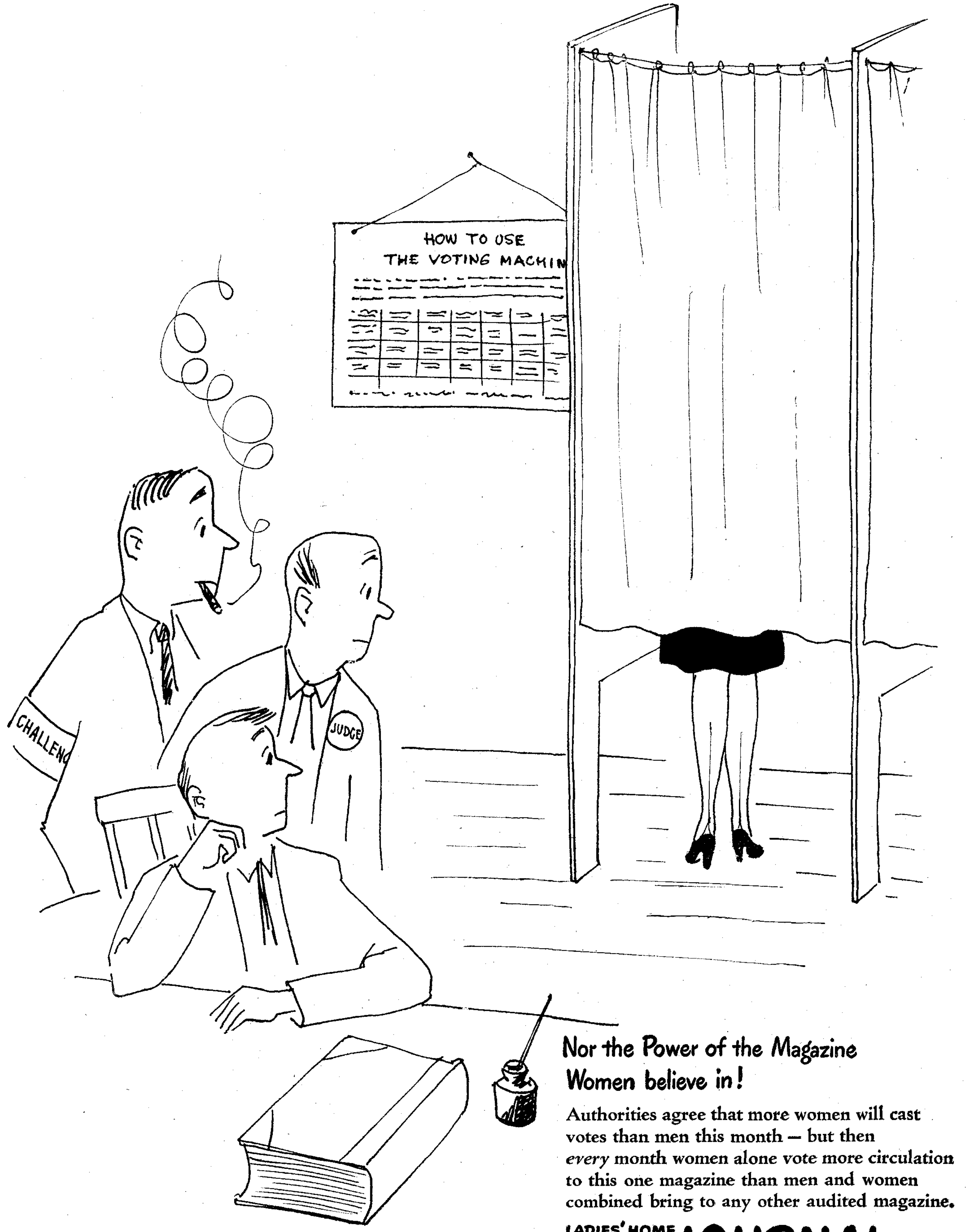
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

OLD DUTCH OPINION OF GERMANS

Quatrain which a Dutch poet of the seventeenth century, Jacob Cats, wrote after careful observation and at a time when his country had never been at war with Germany:

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!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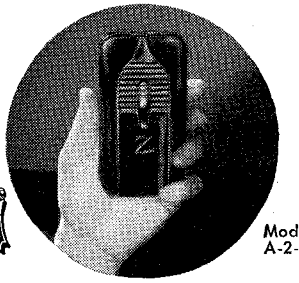

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SOMEBODY HAS TO STAY HOME

CONNERTON went for a long walk in the park Sunday afternoon, leaving his wife, Margaret, at home to take a nap. But when he got back to the apartment, he found that her cousin, Barry King, the one who was a Navy flier, had come to call. It was pleasant to see him, of course. Connerton made some highballs and they all sat around talking for about half an hour. At the end of that time, Connerton was getting rather bored. Barry had been in the South Pacific—not in any fighting, but he had seen a lot of strange places—and he kept talking steadily and enthusiastically. It was probably just that he was excited at being home, Connerton supposed, but even so . . .

"Well, you certainly like being in the Navy then, don't you?" he cut in finally.

"Like it?" Barry smoothed his very short black hair. "I wouldn't be in anything else, Con! Not now!"

Connerton, swishing his drink around until the ice cube whirled, nodded his large head several times and glanced at Margaret. He wondered if she was feeling the way he was.

Margaret was sitting at one end of the little yellow sofa, leaning toward her cousin, at the other end. There was just the faintest family resemblance between them—in the large, dark eyes, the shape and set of the head. "It must make you feel strange, Barry," she said, "coming back here after all those places."

Barry laughed. "No," he said. "This is *home!*" Head thrown back, teeth showing white, he looked very fresh and young. Recalling how young he actually was, Connerton was startled and then a little resentful; he'd forgotten the ten-year difference between Barry and himself. He peered curiously now at the gray-green uniform, the wings, and the bright strip of campaign ribbons.

"But honestly, you'd be surprised," Barry was saying, "how different it is out there, Margaret. The sky is different, the mountains are different, the sea—"

Connerton took a long sip of his highball; it was strong.

"I'll tell you another thing," Barry went on. "It's different at home now, too. Things have changed a lot since I was here last." He gazed solemnly at Margaret.

"Or *you've* changed," she said, smiling at him.

"Possibly both," said Connerton. He disliked the way she glowed at Barry. Of course, they were first cousins, they'd been very close all their lives, and they hadn't seen each other for two years. He pretended not to notice when Barry reached for his glass on the floor beside him, saw that it was empty, and then checked his movement rather abruptly. He's had two drinks already, Connerton thought; give him a third and he'll talk all night.

"I was telling Margaret before you came home, Con," Barry said, "about how I got left behind when my outfit first went out to the islands. For a while I didn't think I ever would get into this war. The day before we were starting, I hurt my elbow playing baseball. Ran, like a damned fool, after a long fly and fell onto a cinder path with my arms sticking out. You know how cinders scratch you up. It wasn't anything, really."

"But the doctors wouldn't let you go!" cried Margaret. She looked at him proudly. "And as a matter of fact, it was very sensible of them," she explained to her husband. "It got infected. He was in the hospital eight days."

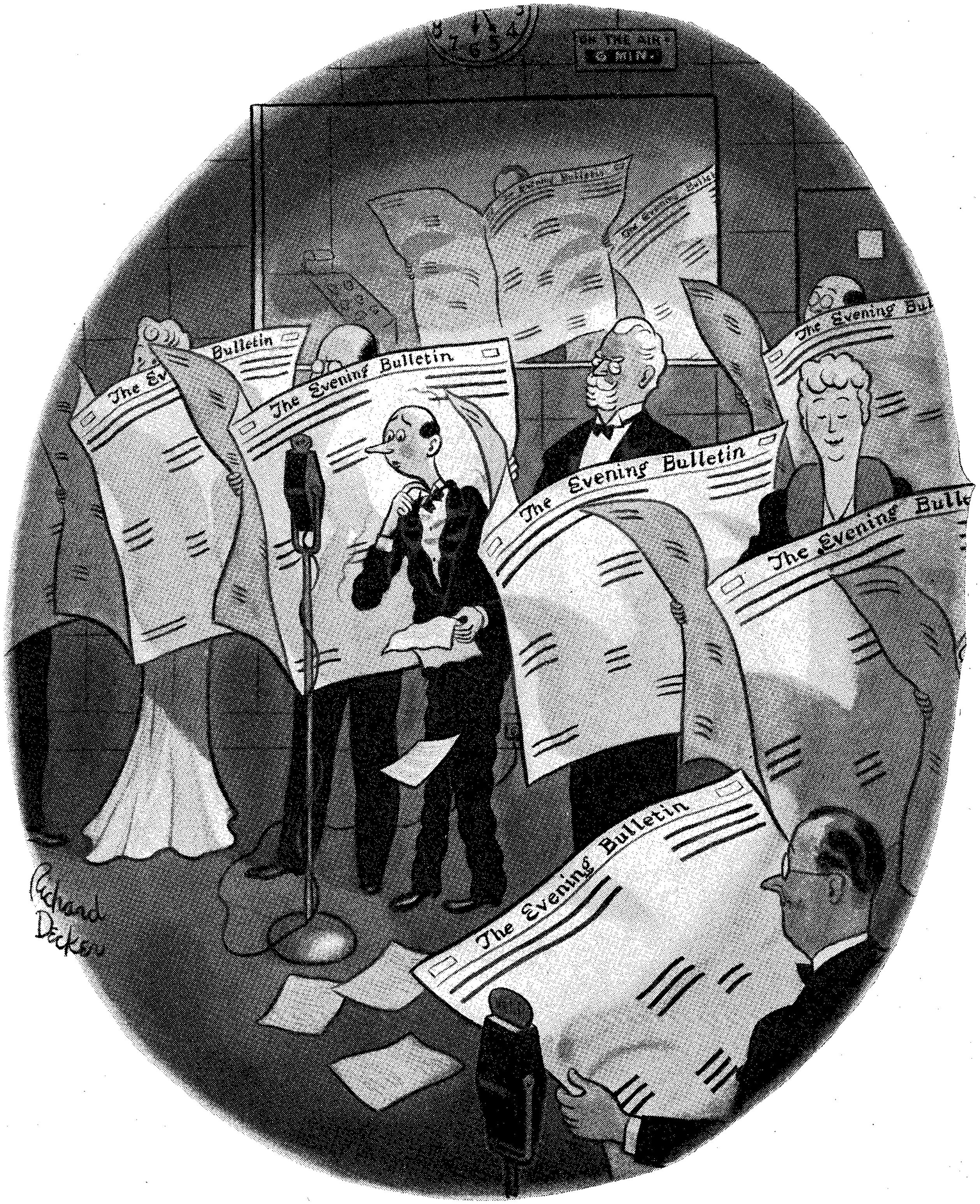
"Did you go out with the next lot?" asked Connerton. He was aware that his voice was brusque.

"Oh, better than that," said Barry. "I caught up with my own gang. I'm not supposed to tell you how, I suppose."

"No," said Connerton, leaning forward suddenly with his hands on his knees. "No, don't tell me how. I don't want to know any secrets!" He snorted, then shook his head. "You know, I suppose I shouldn't say this, Barry, but the honest truth is I envy you."

"Well!" cried Margaret. She didn't seem to know just how to react, and Connerton felt that she was the least bit suspicious of him.

"Yes, Margaret admires you and I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MIN.
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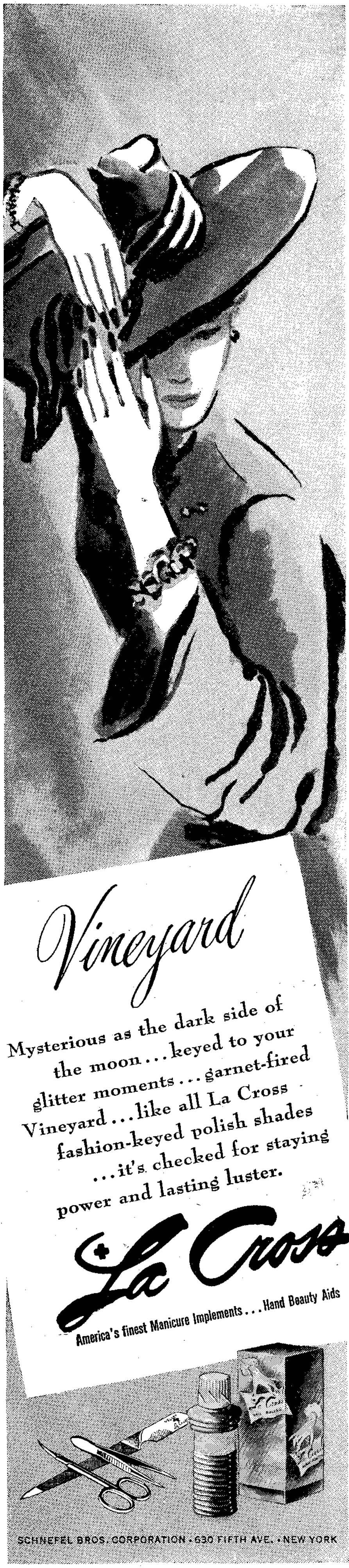

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envy you. That sums up this family's regard, Barry."

"Oh, Con!" said Margaret.

He knew that she was warning him, but he ignored her. "I tried to get a commission myself," he went on to Barry. "That was before we were married, of course."

"Yes, Margaret told me. She said you—"

"I tried the Army first, then the Navy. I didn't go to the Marines. I heard they were the toughest of all, and I figured, you know, if the others wouldn't—"

"That was probably right," said Barry.

"But I thought I could certainly pass if I just enlisted." He stared at the rug and saw Margaret's foot, the heel working nervously in and out of the blue slipper. He peered quickly up at Barry. "Well, they turned me down again. Just the Army. I didn't try the others. We got married then." He hesitated, then spoke quickly when it seemed that Barry was going to break in. "Now, in this job I'm doing, I'd be deferred anyhow, naturally. But, even so, I'm 4-F forever. All the examiners told me that."

"Look, Con," said Barry anxiously, "somebody has to stay home, you know. We all feel that. That's what's good for us, see? It makes us feel—"

"I saw one of those movies of the Army basic training," said Connerton.

"You understand what I'm trying to say, Con?"

"Yes," said Connerton. "You mean it's nice to have somebody at home to fight for. I understand that. Only would you like to have other people fighting for you?" He hunched farther forward. "I was telling you about this movie. As soon as I saw it, I knew I could never—"

"Margaret told me about the baby coming, Con. You have to think of that, too."

Connerton nodded. He sat back, spread his arms, and looked down at his thick body sprawled in the chair. "I think of it," he said. "If I needed anything else to make me feel like an old man—"

"Well, you *are* too old!" cried Margaret sharply. "I keep telling you!"

"You don't have to tell me. I'm thirty-five, I know. Half dead."

"Somebody has to stay home!"

"That's what Barry says."

"Ah-h-h-h!" Barry said. He looked helplessly from one to the other.

"Sure, I'm too old to do all the stuff Barry's been talking about. I know it. Too old and too feeble. That's what I've been saying." Connerton twisted about in his chair. "You understand it's not patriotism, Barry. Not *really* patriotism. It's envy. I'm alive now; this thing is on now. I don't like to be just left out!"

Barry sighed heavily. "But it's no *use* feeling that way, Con."

"It's easy for you to talk," said Connerton.

"Con," said Margaret, "why don't you make you and Barry another drink? I'd better not have any more, but you both ought to." She held out one hand toward Barry, wriggling her fingers, until he handed her his glass.

"Ten years ago," said Connerton, without looking at either of them, "I was a pacifist. I said if there was ever a war, they could all go to hell with it. I said I wasn't going to be a lamb led to slaughter. Margaret remembers that kind of talk. Everybody did some of it. All flags and drums, we thought." He paused, frowning. "Of course, part of it still is. I can see that even now. But I never realized then how a man might feel if he was just left out when everybody else was involved."

"*Con!*" said Margaret urgently.

"All right, I'll make us another drink." He stood up. "I just wanted the Lieutenant here to know how it was."

"Con"—Barry seemed rather desperate—"you said something about being involved. Well, you're involved too, don't you see? Margaret and the baby are your—"

"You don't need to draw a blueprint," said Connerton quietly.

He picked up the empty glasses and started toward the door. He saw Margaret give Barry a look, and then, standing, make a hurried little gesture, as if to persuade him to wait, or not to worry.

CONNERTON went into the kitchen. He was at the kitchen table pouring whiskey when Margaret came out to him.

"You had to put on your big act, didn't you?" she whispered furiously.

He stared at her over his shoulder, noting the way her lips moved. Then he slowly dropped ice cubes into the glasses.

"You won't need to finish those," she said. "Barry's going."

Connerton reached for a towel. "Well," he said, drying his hands, "I'll have to tell him goodbye, won't I?"

He walked ahead of her into the living room, where Barry stood waiting by the front door. "It's been nice seeing you, Barry." They shook hands.

Barry seemed embarrassed. "Con, if I said anything that made you think—"

"You didn't say anything."

"I didn't mean to."

Margaret came up. "Goodbye, Barry." She kissed him on the cheek. "Maybe before you go back we can get together again."

"Sure," said Barry. "You bet." He opened the door and walked into the hall, then he turned, bowed, started to salute, but broke off confusedly, with a glance at Connerton. "Bye!" he said.

"Good luck!" said Connerton.

"God bless you!" called Margaret. She shut the door and, without looking at her husband, walked swiftly out to the kitchen.

He followed her. "I don't know how you took all that stuff I said, Margaret," he began. "If I said anything that made you think—"

"You said quite a bit that made me think!"

"I didn't mean—" It occurred to him that he was using the very words Barry had used to him. He put his hand out toward her, but she jerked away.

"I don't want to talk about it now. No, go on in the other room. Leave me alone."

"Will we talk about it after a while?" he asked, and when she didn't answer he went on, "I couldn't let him think I was just ignoring the whole war, could I? Would you like him to think you married a draft dodger?" She still didn't answer, so he whirled about and stamped out into the front room. "My God!" he yelled. "Why did he have to come here, anyhow? Why does everybody have to keep rubbing it in?" —RICHARD SULLIVAN

•

W. L. White, who accompanied Eric Johnston on his recent trip to Russia, reports that they were allowed to see absolutely everything they wanted to see in Russia and that they were entertained lavishly. For instance, every day for breakfast they were served red wine, white wine, vodka, and champagne.—*Book note in the Times.*

What they failed to see after that didn't hurt them any.

•

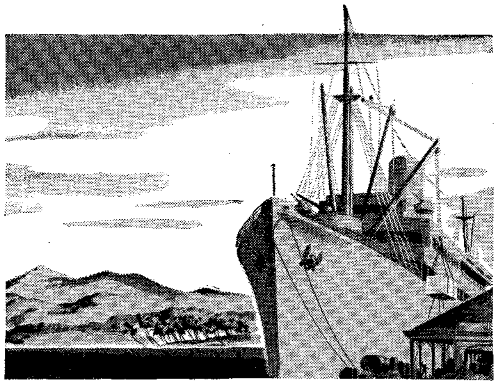
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Oyster Bay* (*N.Y.*) *Guardian*]

Out of the Democratic National Convention—where supposedly men of independent thought were controlled like puppets—there came three strange bedfellows; perhaps the strangest bedfellows ever spawned in a political nest.

MYSTERY SHIP?

Not exactly—but she's a very different lady from most 10,000-ton steamers!



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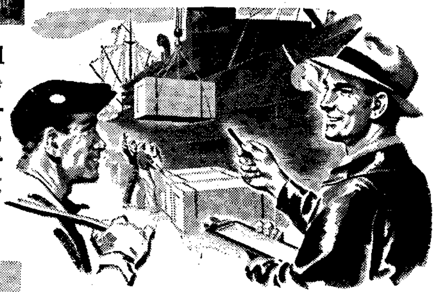

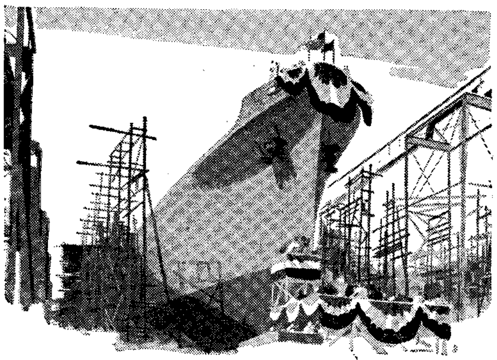

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Great White Fleet

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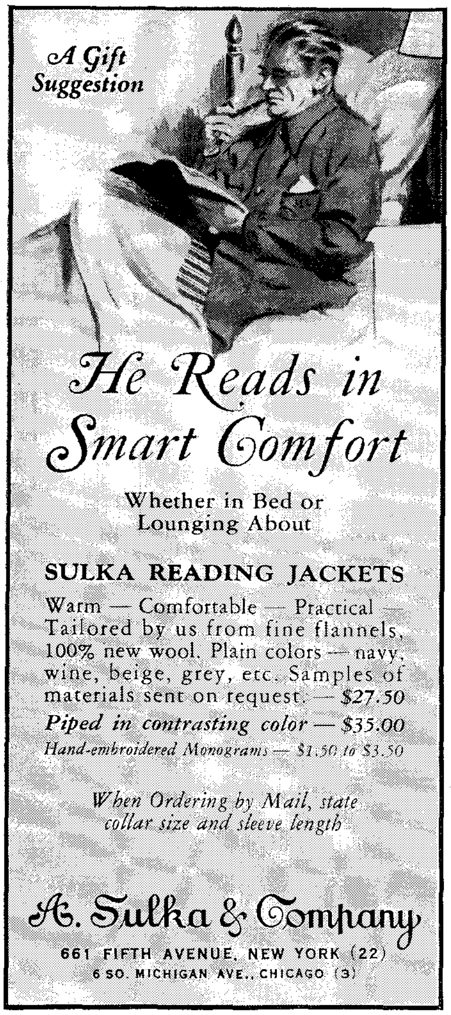

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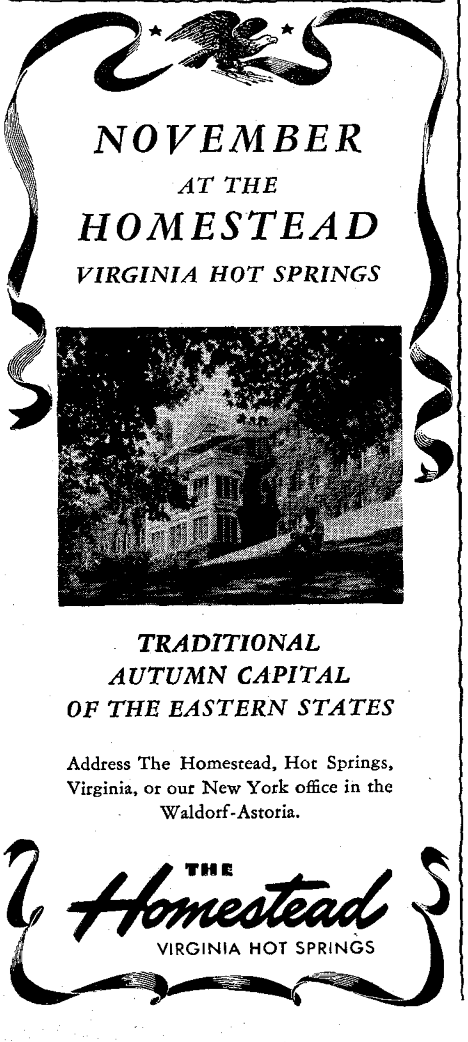

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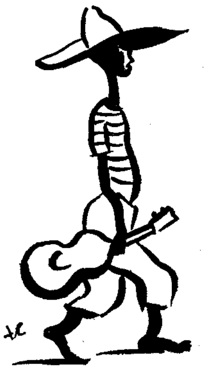
CIUDAD TRUJILLO, OCT. 20

VISITORS to the Dominican Republic are assured by the citizens that there is no truth in the occasional rumors that the country will be renamed in honor of its leader, Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina. Such rumors, it is pointed out, are painful to Trujillo, a man whose sense of propriety is so acute that in 1938 he refused a third four-year term as President and announced, with characteristic humility, that instead he would thereafter rule the country merely as a simple military man. He was able, however, to persuade himself, for sentimental reasons, if no others, to retain his official titles of Benefactor of the Fatherland, Founder and Supreme Chief of the Partido Dominicana, Restorer of Financial Independence, First Journalist of the Republic, and Doctor Honoris Causa in the Economic Political Sciences. Two years ago, when it became evident that the people felt uneasy about his not being a president, he graciously allowed himself to be elected to office again (he was the only candidate), after extending the term to five years. Trujillo's excessive modesty is not instantly apparent to newcomers to this, the capital city of the republic. It often happens that several days go by before they understand the agony of embarrassment that he felt when, eight years ago, somebody or other changed the name of the city from Santo Domingo to Ciudad Trujillo. Visitors are reminded about how he suffered when the members of his senate and his chamber of deputies voted unanimously to give his name to a mountain, to a province, to several bridges, to a new coliseum, and to numerous schools, and when an impulsive adjustment in the calendar was made some years ago. On all official documents, 1944 is the Fourteenth Year of the Era of Trujillo and the Eighty-first Year of the Restoration of Independence.



There is abundant proof that Trujillo is a popular leader. His photograph, which reveals him as a dark man with hot eyes and a short, graying mustache, hangs in all business and government offices and in most homes. Some of the more enthusiastic businessmen have several photographs of the Generalissimo on their office walls. The admiration that most Dominicans feel for Trujillo is so intense that they hesitate to speak of him by name. They find it more comfortable to refer to him simply as "he." This custom is said to annoy Trujillo, who dislikes indirection. Nevertheless, in general he attempts to humor the citizens; he even goes so far as to allow his admirers to post signs and placards around the country which say, "God and Trujillo" and "Trujillo will not abandon the people; the people will not abandon Trujillo."

CIUDAD TRUJILLO, which was founded by Columbus's brother, Bartolomé, is clean and new and handsome. Its glittering buildings—pink, blue, and white—some of which seem to have been influenced by the architecture of the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition, are generally regarded as monuments to Trujillo's genius as an administrator. Three weeks after he was elected President, in 1930, the city was almost entirely destroyed by a hurricane. Trujillo directed the work of relief and rehabilitation with vigor and dispatch and then went on to bring the entire nation up to his own high standards of beauty and efficiency. Begging is permitted only on Saturdays. No one who is coatless or who is carrying a package is allowed to walk through the little park in which stands a stone altar dedicated to Bartolomé Columbus. Traffic moves smoothly in the capital under the direction of Trujillo's police, whose uniform includes gray plastic sun helmets and blue shirts with black collars and cuffs. Laborers are awakened at seven every morning by a paternal siren; there is also an eight-o'clock siren for office workers and, possibly, for visitors as well. All citizens must carry identity cards, which have to be shown whenever they wish to pass from one province to another. The cards cost from fifty cents to fifty dollars (American money is in general use here), depending on the income of the individual, and must be renewed every year. The Dominican Republic is largely an agricultural country, and part of Trujillo's popularity is attributed to his discouragement of big landholdings. Most of the cultivated land is owned by the *campesinos*, the peasants. Trujillo, who is as sensitive to adverse criticism as he is to praise, has limited his own holdings to a tobacco farm, a few trivial rice fields, and a three-thousand-acre *rancho*.

The economy of the Dominican Republic leans heavily on the National Lottery. Drawings are made every Sunday morning, shortly after seven, in the elegant National Lottery building in Ciudad Trujillo. A rumba band is always on hand to entertain the crowd that gathers ahead of time beneath a big sign (in Spanish, the language of the country) which says, "National Lottery—Buy Your Ticket—Trujillo Forever." The photographs of happy winners smile from the walls of the foyer, and elsewhere another sign says, "It's a mistake to count on a crystal ball. Resolve the problems of your life yourself." The room in which the drawing is made is dominated by an immense mural on one of the walls. One panel depicts in sordid detail the grubby home of a citizen who has refused to let the lottery resolve the problems of his life. Another panel pictures the loyal and triumphant lottery player, standing proudly at the entrance to his estate, against a background of luxurious automobiles, thoroughbred horses, eager servants, and beautiful children. Between these two panels is a portrait of Fortune, a nude lady with long, golden hair. Beneath the mural is the inscription: "A good idea came to me and I passed through the doorway to fortune." The other walls bear eleven photographs and an oil portrait of the Generalissimo, with his name mounted on the frame in neon letters. One of his most celebrated statements is painted above the portrait: "My best friends are the workers."

TRUJILLO's enthusiasm for the war is intense. The Dominican Navy works with our Coast Guard in patrolling the Caribbean. About twenty per cent of the five hundred thousand dollars collected by the American War Relief organization in the first year of its drive in the Latin-American countries came from the Dominican Republic. Trujillo has found it useful, during the war emergency, to rule by decree, and his congress and his courts have given him the fullest possible coöperation. One decree raised the retail price of rice, a staple food, from two or three cents a pound to sixteen cents a pound. It has also been necessary for him to increase rents by about two hundred per cent. On the other hand, knowing the Dominicans' fondness for sweets, Trujillo has seen to it that the capital's shops are still abundantly stocked with lemon, lime, and orange Life Savers.

—OWEN and OLIVIA MEEKER

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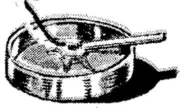

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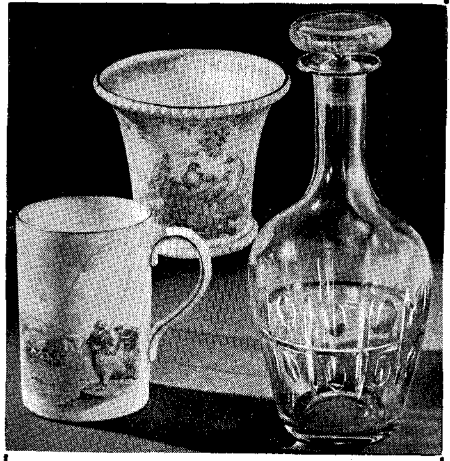

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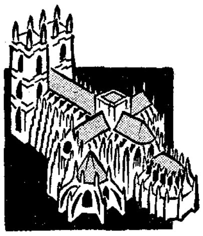
LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 29 (BY CABLE)

THE small minority of rugged individualists who hold that the war in the East may be won before the war in the West were cheerfully increasing their bets last week. Indeed, the resounding American naval victory was the biggest spirits-raiser that Londoners, whose habitual chirpiness has been, like the Allied armies, bogged down in the mud of the Low Countries, have had in a long time. To civilians, who must live patiently by news dispatches alone, the recent assortment of news had seemed something like the dimout—a compound of gloom and light. Politically minded Britons, for instance, were heartened by the recognition of de Gaulle, tardy as it was, but they were depressed by the fact that no definite solution to the Polish problem appears to have been reached in the Moscow conversations. The multitude of non-political British, glumly suspecting that this Christmas might not bring peace on earth after all, brightened up slightly when Colonel Llewellin, the Food Minister, announced that at least there would be a little more food for the holidays. To the accompaniment of a good deal of public hurrahing—which Lord Woolton, his predecessor, probably listened to rather wistfully from his thorny new perch in the Ministry of Reconstruction—Colonel Llewellin promised a Christmas bonus of fats and meat for everyone, extra sweets for the children, and an extra allotment of tea for people over seventy.



Lots of Londoners felt that the prospect of better Christmas dinners was hardly enough to make up for Lord Woolton's coincident announcement that many of the eight hundred thousand houses that were damaged by flying bombs will not be completely repaired until spring. Shortage of materials, labor difficulties, and good old departmental muddle are blamed for the disappointing showing of the housing program in its first real test. Building reconstruction is the biggest domestic issue for this government, and possibly for many a government to come. Angry questions were asked in Parliament last week. Meanwhile, autumn winds are beginning to moan through countless windows and roofs still only temporarily patched up after two or three months. The authorities are trying to cope with this situation, which in many districts of the city is desperate. The armies of workmen who were recruited from the provinces to do these rush jobs have created a housing problem themselves. They are being lodged in rest centres and air-raid shelters and fed from canteens that were hastily set up in such queer places as the Chinese section of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THE flying bombs still come over almost every night, but the alerts don't last long and nobody at the cinemas and theatres bothers to move when the sirens sound. The theatres, which had a poor time of it when the robots were at their worst, are having a boom. One reason for the packed houses is the blitz curtain time of six-thirty, which enables suburbanites to take in a play right after business and then get home at a comfortable hour. It is difficult to get seats for the Old Vic repertory of Shaw, Shakespeare, and Ibsen or for John Gielgud's company, at the Haymarket, which is alternating "Hamlet," Maugham's "The Circle," and Congreve's "Love for Love." The most interesting new play is "The Banbury Nose," by Peter Ustinov, a twenty-three-year-old Russian who has done a both funny and touching job of taking apart the British military caste and upper-class British family life.

Another result of the present comparatively quiet nights, it is expected, will be an early statement from Herbert Morrison announcing a lessening of fire-guard duties. This will be yet another short step back toward normality. Most people will be very pleased if Mr. Morrison lets them out of a bit of fire-watching, but there will be some regret among convivial husbands who will thereby lose their best excuse for a night in town.

THE sudden death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of course, was profoundly saddening to the many people who regarded him with admiration and affection. Dr. Temple had been distrusted by the rich and privileged, and trusted by the poor, because of his outspoken denunciation of private property and his championship of a vigorous Christian socialism. A lot of intelligent British feel that the loss of such a man is a really great catastrophe, coming when the Church appears to be in need of all the vigor it can muster. Religion in England is in a bad way. Millions of men and women would be sincerely glad of something noble to cling to in a frightening, ignoble world, but the Church seems either not to offer it or to offer it only in an outmoded formula which doesn't appeal to the young people. The *Times* is so troubled about the situation that it recently reprinted, in leaflet form, an article entitled "The Empty Pews." The harsher critics say that the Church has failed when it was most needed, but they don't seem ready to provide any answer to the question of what to do about it. Idealists speak vaguely of the change of heart that must take place, without specifying how this desirable transformation is to be brought about. The loss of the leader who, ordinary Britons felt, was trying to infuse life into an institution which only too clearly lacks it is a national disaster that is hard to measure. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

ASTRONOMICAL NOTE IN THE GRAND CENTRAL

Sadly we saw the heavens blur,
The man-made stars fade day by day,
While many a good astronomer
Lost sight of even the Milky Way.

Here was our special patch of sky.
Such fine, celestial handiwork
We thought could certainly defy
Manhattan dust and soot and murk.

And yet Orion and the Wain
Have gone, with Cassiopeia's Chair;
The Archer draws his bow in vain,
No longer can we spot the Bear.

But thank whatever gods arrange
Our private firmament. They know
How constellations never change,
In spite of doubters down below.

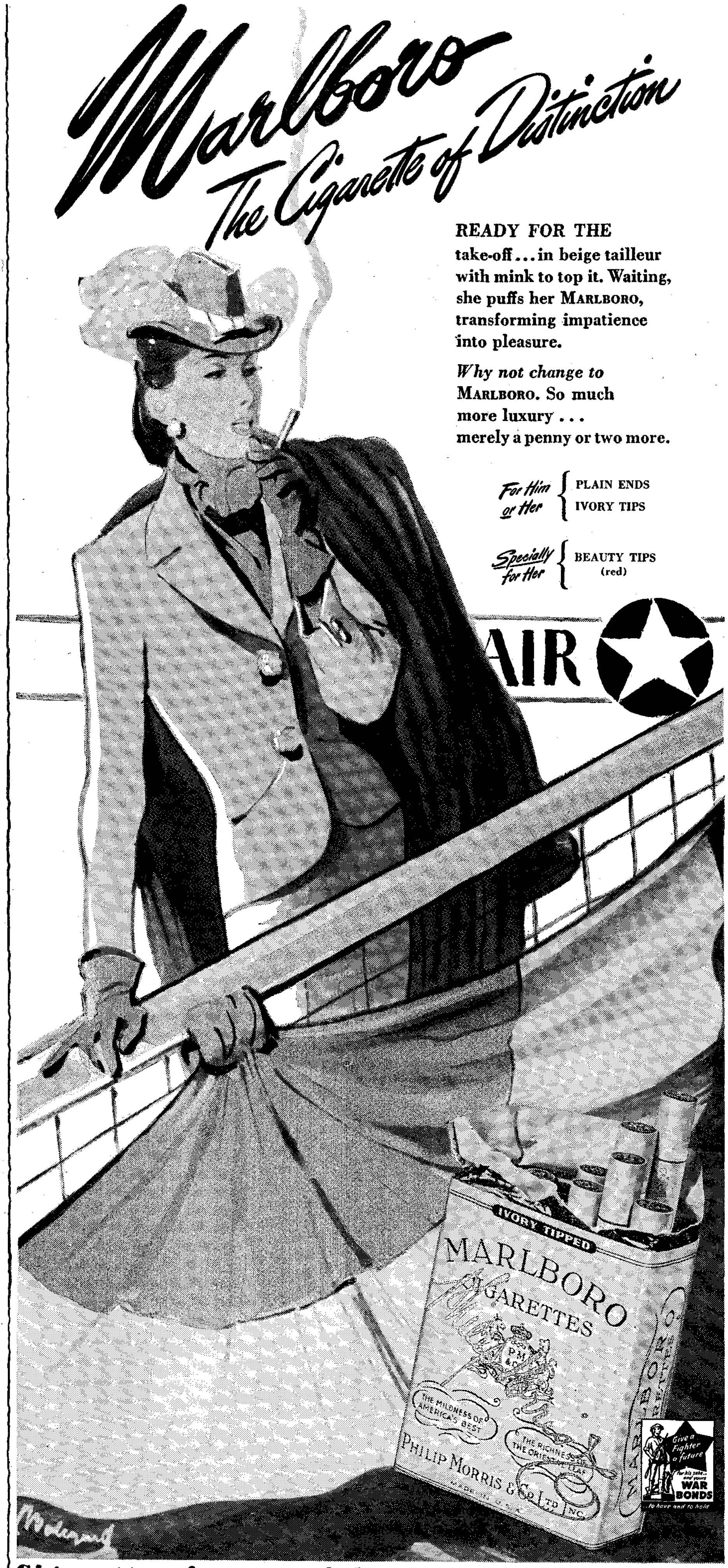
And I, for one, am glad to see
Scaffolding span Grand Central's dome,
If stars again shine cheerfully
On the commuter heading home.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

•

Eddie Herr just purchased a black and white trick rodeo horse that has been used the last two years in the rodeo at Madison Square Garden, New York. His registered name is "Topsy Turvy." He does 51 different tricks and is the only horse known that can brush his own teeth and play the piano. He does many of his tricks in the living room of Mr. Herr's home.—*York (Pa.) Dispatch.*

Well, he'd better go in the bathroom if he's going to brush his teeth.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to have and to hold

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THIS year we again approach the question of Christmas gifts without the old, spendthrift enthusiasm, for we feel that the adult civilian holiday is of less importance than ever. We believe that this is a Christmas that can best be celebrated with a few token gifts and a toddy or two in front of the fireplace. That should be enough to content those of us who are so fortunate as to have our Christmas at home. Christmas is, as always, for children, and this year, as perhaps never before, it should be a day on which to remember the men and women of the armed forces. (For suitable gifts to military men and women in this country, we refer you to the September 16th issue.) You will find, therefore, in this department and in those of succeeding weeks, no tips on where to find sable capes or $150 handbags or magnificent objets d'art. We have no intention, though, of skimping on ideas for gifts for children, and we have rounded up a list of nice but modest things to cheer adults on a Christmas that may be lonelier and more anxious than any they have ever known.

In case the excitement of sending Christmas packages overseas has not already persuaded you that Christmas is just around the corner, it is our duty to warn you that this is one year in which nothing but trouble can come from delaying your Christmas buying and mailing. For another thing, there is little use in shopping around for Christmas wrappings, tags, and trimmings. You may as well take what you can get, because the supply and the variety are not enormous. This, of course, goes for a lot of things these days. As far as we know, there is an adequate supply of whatever we have chosen to suggest as gifts, but we naturally can't promise that everything will stay in stock. And we must remind you that, much as we'd like to, we cannot undertake to do anyone's shopping.

We are going to start off by telling you all we know about Christmas cards. Next week, we will have nothing to say about Christmas, but after that you may expect plenty of news.

Christmas Cards

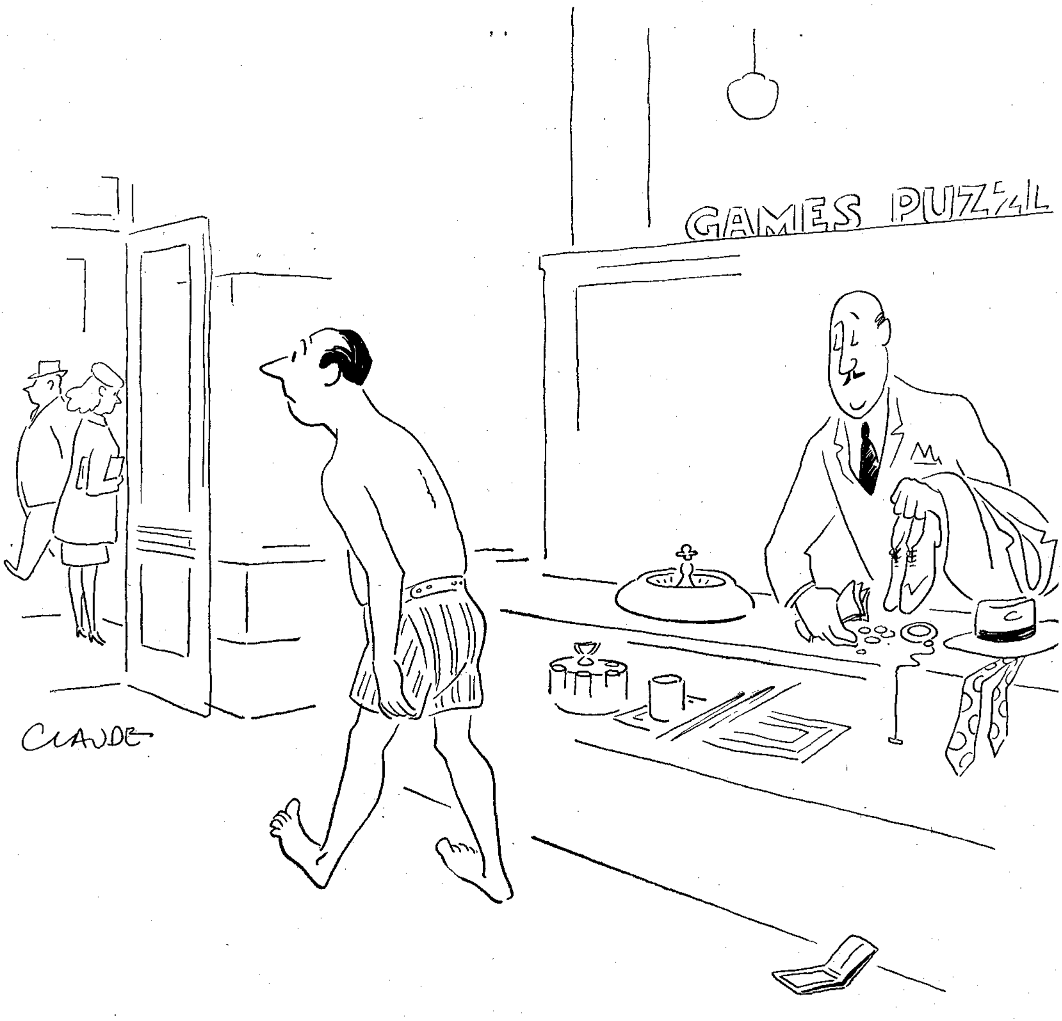
THERE are, happily, good Christmas cards everywhere. They range from the quaint and comic through the traditional sleighing scenes and religious subjects. The American Artists Group, celebrating its tenth anniversary, has excellent cards, which you will find in almost any shop. Among them is a flower-wreathed Madonna and Child by Stark Young, who seems to paint as well as he writes. The Designers and Illustrators collection is, as always, more frivolous. The prices in both groups run from five to twenty-five cents apiece. For further highlights:

ALTMAN: Little angels tramping down fire escapes and peering into a window at a Christmas tree (five cents) and little angels trudging up the snowy steps of cathedrals (ten cents). Designs by Bridget, such as a deer proudly carrying an angel in red-checked robe who is holding a star on a string; twenty-five for $6, including name. Unusual hand-painted cards, among them a peasant boy and girl under a tree surrounded by bleeding hearts and a message; $1.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: The message cards here are particularly imaginative. One is a large green affair printed with two white Christmas-tree balls; with it comes a red pencil with which to write your greeting; fifty for $6. A Christmas message engraved in green script forms the border of a square white card on which you may add your own sentiments; fifty for $6.50. Ten-inch squares of thin blue paper printed with a huge white snowflake, on which you write a brief message; fifty for $9. A heavier gray sheet bears red angels and Christmas-tree decorations; there's room on this one for a long Christmas note. The sheet folds to form its own envelope; fifty for $4.25.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM: Beautiful cards printed on silk—fir trees casting their shadows on snowy ground or a view of the Cathedral of Notre Dame; twenty-five for $16, including printing. Traditional English coaching and hunting scenes, colored by hand. One shows horses plunging through a brook, for a change; twenty-five for $12.75, including printing.

CARTIER: This shop's English cards include



If your radio belies the Tuba as a grumbling bass, wait till you hear its majestic voice on a Scott

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The sole purpose of the Scott is to bring to your unbelieving ears all the music that's played—undimmed and undistorted. The long roster of musicians who choose the Scott for their listening pleasure, and to check their own recordings by, attests the Scott's amazing veracity. But until you have heard it for yourself, revealing new beauties in a familiar score, you will not easily believe how much a Scott can enrich your life.

Plans are in the making for a Scott whose talents will be even more memorable than the Scotts-before-the-war. A leading department or music store near you will soon, we hope, be displaying the Scott with considerable pride. See it and *hear* it for yourself!

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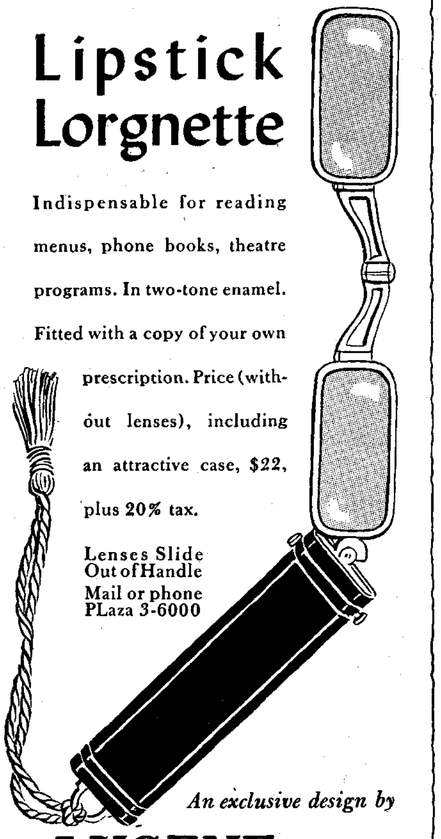


lovely reproductions of water colors depicting the Mayflower, the Glorious (a clipper of 1855), the Constitution, and so on; $1.10 each. Fine hunting and coaching scenes, and English cathedrals, such as Exeter and Canterbury; $1.25 each. Other cards start at fifteen cents; Cartier's favorite among these is a reproduction of an old etching of the Arc de Triomphe; thirty-five cents.

Dempsey & Carroll, 556 Madison Avenue (56th): English cards here too, including some exceptional Madonnas by Raphael; twenty-five for $5.50, including your name. Waits singing in the moonlight in the snow, English gardens in bloom, London Bridge and river traffic, and (a 1944 note) a convoy running a zigzag course; twenty-five for $6.75, name included.

Dutton, 270 Park Avenue (48th): Wonderful five-cent cards. A boy and girl angel sitting among pine cones and mistletoe is one of the nicest. Lots of cats. One card shows three of them sitting in a fisherman's basket; fifteen cents. And quantities of calendars, which are as traditional at Christmas as cards. They are decorated with American, Scottish, or English scenes ($1), colored Swiss landscapes ($2.50 and $3.25), or flowers ($2.25). Combination calendar and engagement pads offer fifty-two Paris scenes or pictures of life in Latin America; all $2. Victoriana, too—Santas with lace-paper backgrounds on bright cardboard; fifty cents up.

Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53d): Gay cards of this shop's own design. For example, a tiny angel showing Santa how to skate on an icy cloud and white-haired angels knitting with peppermint-stick needles; twenty-five for $5.75 and $4.50, respectively, including name. One of the few metal cards extant: a Christmas tree decorated with appliquéd gold, silver, and red-metal stars and a red-and-white cornucopia; twenty-five for $11.25, including name.

Lord & Taylor: Sixteen exclusive Dorothy Simmons designs; twenty-five for $5.50, including marking. Many subjects, but a predilection for birds and cherubs. Among the group, Madonnas surrounded by star-studded clouds, wide-eyed angels and bluebirds, Christmas-tree branches trimmed with colored Christmas-tree balls as well as with a canary, and yellow-haired lassies looking at baby robins and squirrels. Charming, all of them.

Macy: For one thing, exclusive Peter Hunt designs, somewhat odd: musicians playing everything from horns to harps, smirking cats with shamrock-trimmed bodies and green gnome caps and red neckties, Santa in a *black* curly beard riding a deer, angels with blue corkscrew curls delivering plants in strawberry-shaped containers; forty-seven cents each.

Metropolitan Museum of Art: As is the custom here, a large and splendid collection of cards on which are reproduced the Museum's treasures, from the old masters up through the Renoirs. Also, beautiful flowers of the Ming and Sung dynasties done on delicately colored folders; five to thirty-five cents each.

Putnam, 2 West 45th: They still take orders for cards made from your negatives or prints, but you had better order them now; $12 a hundred and up. Good five-cent cards involving animals, gnomes, or religious themes. Cheery red folders with room for a message and decorated with angels standing beside tulip trees or with cherubs holding a holly branch; ten cents. Swiss postcards, including one with an apple-cheeked girl holding an umbrella in one hand and a basket of long-stemmed shamrocks in the other; ten cents, and worth framing for a child's room.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Sixteen Ruth Reeves designs, some of them showing a Latin American influence. Her things include Madonnas, modernistic angels, unusual designs of Christmas candles in Persian-print colors, and such nonsense as Santa, with a full pack, preparing to descend an impossibly narrow chimney or Prometheus flying over Radio City to deliver a letter; twenty-five for $8.50, name included.

Scribner, 597 Fifth Avenue (48th): Noted for Currier & Ives reproductions, at from five to fifteen cents; they couldn't be nicer. Cards by Polish artists who are now in this country have angels with colored wings playing musical instruments and Madonnas with candlelit crowns, and there are sprightly sleighing scenes by Russian artists; fifteen cents each. English calendars, small enough for busy ladies to carry in their purses, have flower, bird, or landscape covers; five cents each.

Tiffany: Madonnas, modern or old-master, all in the Tiffany tradition and $27 a hundred. In lighter vein, animated red-robed choirboy angels carrying green hymnals; $25 a hundred.

United China Relief, 1790 Broadway (57th) and 444 Madison Avenue (50th): Delicately tinted reproductions of Chinese paintings—Madonnas, landscapes, and floral designs, with greetings in English and Chinese and room for your own message; $1 a dozen.

Washington Square Book Shop, 27 West 8th Street: Excellent assortment of cards, ranging in price from five to fifteen cents. A wide variety of subjects, too—pig-tailed angels, jolly friars, and rabbits, deer, raccoons, and chipmunks trimming Christmas trees.

Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (65th): For nautical people, a Victorian sailor paper doll appliquéd on colored paper; fifty cents. Another nice card has a straggly-haired angel sheltering a squirrel, a bird, and a rabbit beneath her robe; ten cents.

•

Portland, Ore. (INS)—Three little kittens have lost their tails instead of their mittens. The kittens are as bare as a Manx cat though they come from pure alley-cat stock. They have one brother who can wave a fully-equipped tail. Since their mother slaughtered her last litter before they opened their eyes, the three possibly can attribute their nude state to unmotherly behavior.

Texas had eight capitals before it was admitted to the Union as a state.—*Albany Times-Union.*

Somebody probably bit off seven of them.

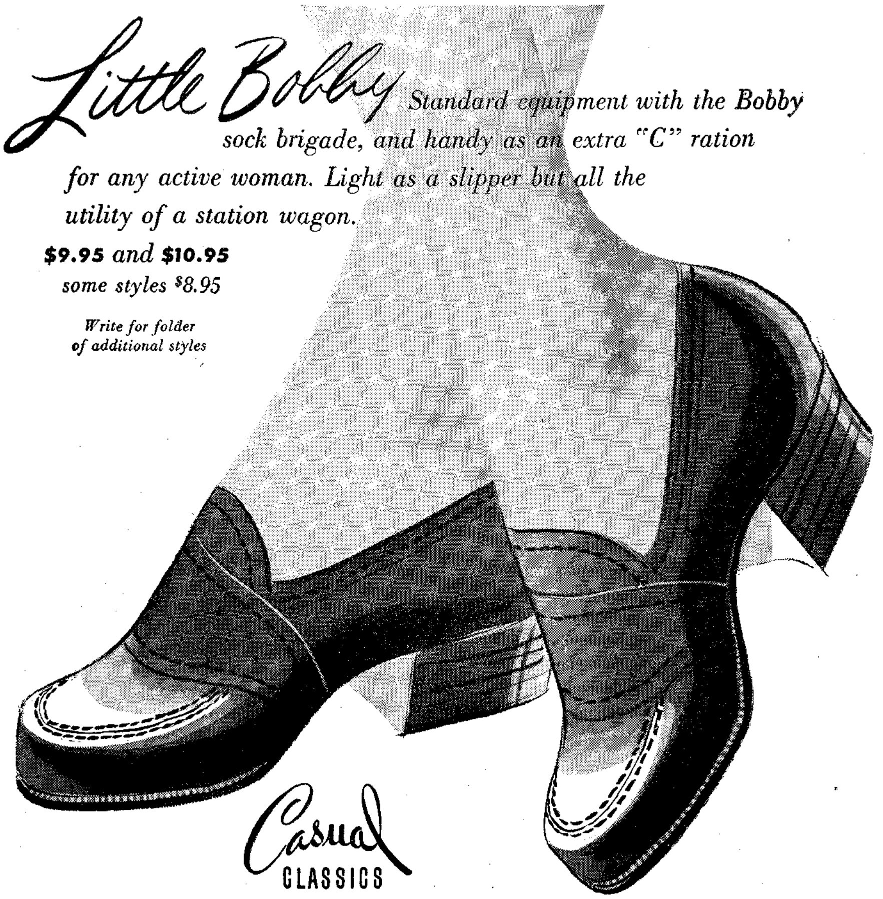
MUSICAL EVENTS

Audiences

I HAD heard that one of the interesting things about the New York City Symphony's biweekly series of Monday and Tuesday concerts at the City Center was the earnest audience at the Tuesday performances, which begin at six o'clock. The audience lived up to the prospectus, all right. It consisted largely of young people who arrived on time, listened without chatting, wriggling, or napping, and applauded decisively but not hysterically. The relation of an audience to a performance is a matter for an extensive study rather than for a short report on a concert, but I might at least say that I suspect that this intelligently receptive crowd may have had something to do with the impressive playing of the orchestra that day. It wasn't the only reason, of course. Leopold Stokowski, the conductor, had made about a dozen personnel changes since the opening concert of the season and changed the seating arrangements on the stage. Furthermore, a second performance of an orchestral program usually is smoother than a first. In a few spots the tone was not exactly ideal, but on the whole the concert was a good demonstration of achievement as well as of possibilities.

Stokowski, one of the earliest Shostakovich exponents, included in his program, which was an all-Russian one, a truncated version of that composer's eighth symphony. (The trimming down was a Stokowski, not a Shostakovich, job.) The symphony has brilliant passages and is remarkably scored, but it is a long session and may always seem to be long to a number of us, even if some other conductor should out-cut Mr. Stokowski.

A RATHER larky assembly met on Wednesday evening last week to hear Florence Foster Jenkins' song recital in Carnegie Hall. In fact, this audience participated in the performance almost as frequently as and generally more loudly than the singer. Mrs. Jenkins, who is in her seventies, took on a taxing list of music, to which her listeners responded with laughter, cheers, and applause. Obviously, a good time was had by most of those present, including the coloratura soprano her-



Little Bobby *Standard equipment with the Bobby sock brigade, and handy as an extra "C" ration for any active woman. Light as a slipper but all the utility of a station wagon.*

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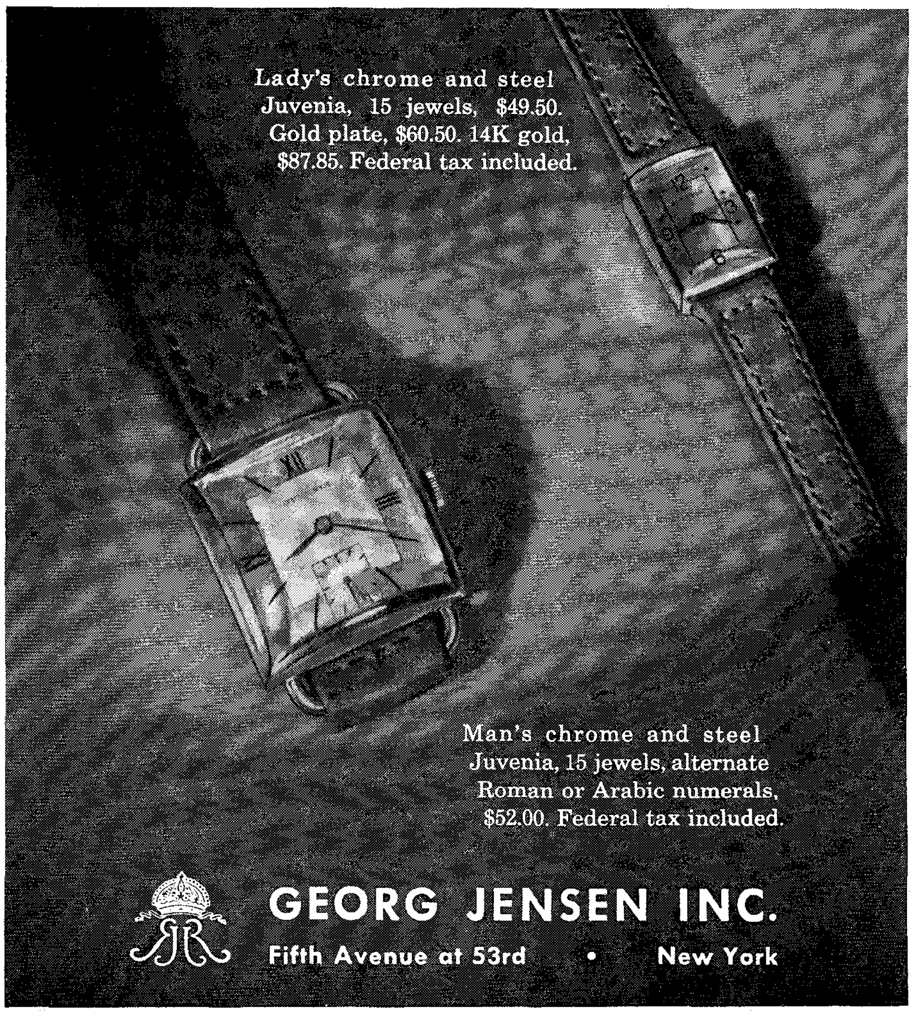

Lady's chrome and steel
Juvenia, 15 jewels, $49.50.
Gold plate, $60.50. 14K gold,
$87.85. Federal tax included.

Man's chrome and steel
Juvenia, 15 jewels, alternate
Roman or Arabic numerals,
$52.00. Federal tax included.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd • New York

self, and I'll leave the matter at that.

I had to depart from the Jenkins recital before it was over, to look in on the concert by the New York Chamber Orchestra, conducted by F. Charles Adler, in Town Hall, where another audience seemed to be finding considerable pleasure in several novelties that were being introduced. Among the evening's first times was a "Divertimento," consisting of a prelude, aria, and fugue, by Anis Fuleihan—a well-written work that would be more effective, I suspect, if it consisted only of the prelude and fugue. Another new entry was "Schubertiana," arranged by Felix Guenther, who converted a series of Schubert melodies into a sort of orchestral story about some amiable folk going home from a winehouse to orchestral accompaniment. It was a pleasant enough story but a little extended. There was neat workmanship and good scoring in Joseph Wagner's "Dance Divertissement," a bright if not memorable entry in the list of novelties. The ensemble—the largest "chamber orchestra" in the business, by the way—was composed of forty Philharmonic-Symphony musicians, who went about their activities with knowing teamwork under the experienced leadership of Mr. Adler.

AN audience that helped to make up part of the program attended the Town Hall piano recital of the accomplished Grace Castagnetta, who invited visitors to suggest themes for improvisations. The ticket holders first called out the names of musical notes, which she shaped into impromptus, among them a charming nocturne built on what had seemed a dismaying sequence of suggested tones. After that the audience asked for improvisations on various symphonic motifs and "Anchors Aweigh," all of which the pianist performed ingeniously and musically. It was swell stuff, and my only regret was that Miss Castagnetta didn't hear the rather subdued pleas of the gentleman who wanted her to work out something with "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep."

—Robert A. Simon

•

MR. CARLYLE, MEET MR. EMERSON

[*From "On Living in a Revolution," by Julian Huxley*]

When Margaret Fuller made her pronouncement "I accept the universe," Emerson said "Gad, she'd better!"

—*Page xiii.*

When Margaret Fuller was reported as saying "I accept the universe," Carlyle remarked "Gad, she'd better!"

—*Page 43.*

LE CAMPING

NOT long ago I had dinner with my friend Gaby Roussel, who has been teaching in a girls' school here ever since she managed to get out of Paris in 1940 and came here to live with an aunt and uncle. She was excited, for, just the day before, at a Trans-Lux, she had seen her young brother Pierre on the screen, in one of the newsreels about the Maquis. It was the first news she had had of any of her immediate family in almost two years. "He was in front of the camera for at least a minute," she told me proudly. "His hair was long and he was carrying a revolver and a rifle, and later in the film they showed the cave where he and some other men had been living before they came out to chase the Germans." Gaby shook her head and smiled. "Pierre living in a cave! In the old days such an idea would have seemed to my mother like some wild nightmare out of Gustave Doré. I wonder if she feels any differently today.

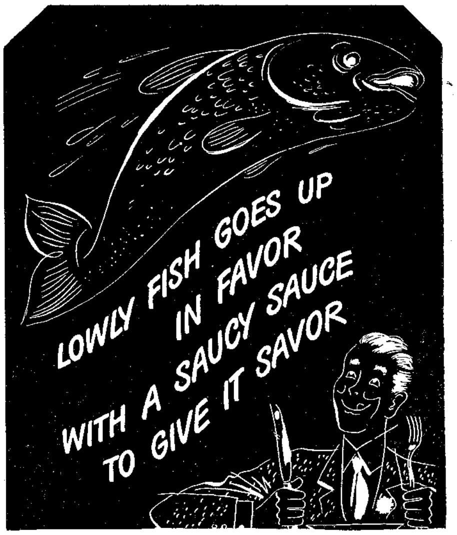
"Pierre was always a quiet boy," she went on, "very neat and *bien élevé*. But when he was fifteen, the year before the war, he suddenly developed a passion for *le camping*. Camping never used to be a part of French life, you know; it didn't occur to French people to pack up and go live in the woods for a while, the way Americans have always done. Only quite recently did it begin to be one of the ways of spending a vacation, and lots of older French people simply couldn't understand it.

"I'll never forget how upset my mother was the day Pierre told her that he and one of the boys at school had saved up their allowances and had bought a tent and full camping equipment and a book about life in the woods, and said they wanted to spend part of the summer off by themselves. '*Mais ce n'est pas civilisé!*' my mother exclaimed. '*Le camping, ce n'est pas français!*' And then she burst into tears and talked about wild animals and *les éléments*. 'You know we have rooms reserved in a very nice hotel at La Baule!' she cried. 'Can't you come and live decently with your sister and your father and me instead of taking your life in your hands and killing me with worry?'

"Of course, my father could have forbidden Pierre to go ahead with his plans, but, much to my mother's indignation, he didn't, though he did promise her to make the boys take every precaution. This gave Pierre the courage to say that he and his friend had been studying their camping book for several weeks and thought the time had come for some actual practice. They asked permission to set up their tent in one of the forests just outside Paris the next Saturday night and see how things would go. My father wouldn't hear of it. 'You are going much too fast,' he told them. 'You must train yourselves much more minutely before you take any such risks as that. You may spend Saturday night in your tent if you wish, but only if the tent is pitched here at home. The *salon* is a good place. There's plenty of room there. Make that your first camping ground.'

"I think French boys are apt to be a lot more submissive in such matters than American boys would be. Anyway, Pierre and his friend agreed readily enough. My mother had some ladies in for *goûter* that afternoon, I remember, and the boys hung around waiting for them to go. Then they pushed all the Louis XV furniture against the walls, while my mother and the maids looked on disapprovingly. The boys wanted to roll up the carpet, but my father arrived in time to point out that its softness approximated natural conditions, so they pitched the tent right on the rug and got their cots ready, all the time referring to the book for directions. Then, also with the aid of the book, they cooked some kind of a mess for themselves in the marble fireplace, and after dinner they retired to their cots inside the tent and read by the light of an electric lantern. I remember the consternation when we came in to bid them good night and found they had opened all the *salon* windows. My mother gave a little scream. '*Ça, c'est trop fort!*' she declared indignantly, and there was a heated argument about *l'humidité* and *la bronchite*. The boys won. She expected them both to have colds and headaches in the morning and was quite put out to find them as well as ever.

"The next weekend was even worse for my mother, because my father allowed the boys to move to their second camp ground—the front lawn. Our



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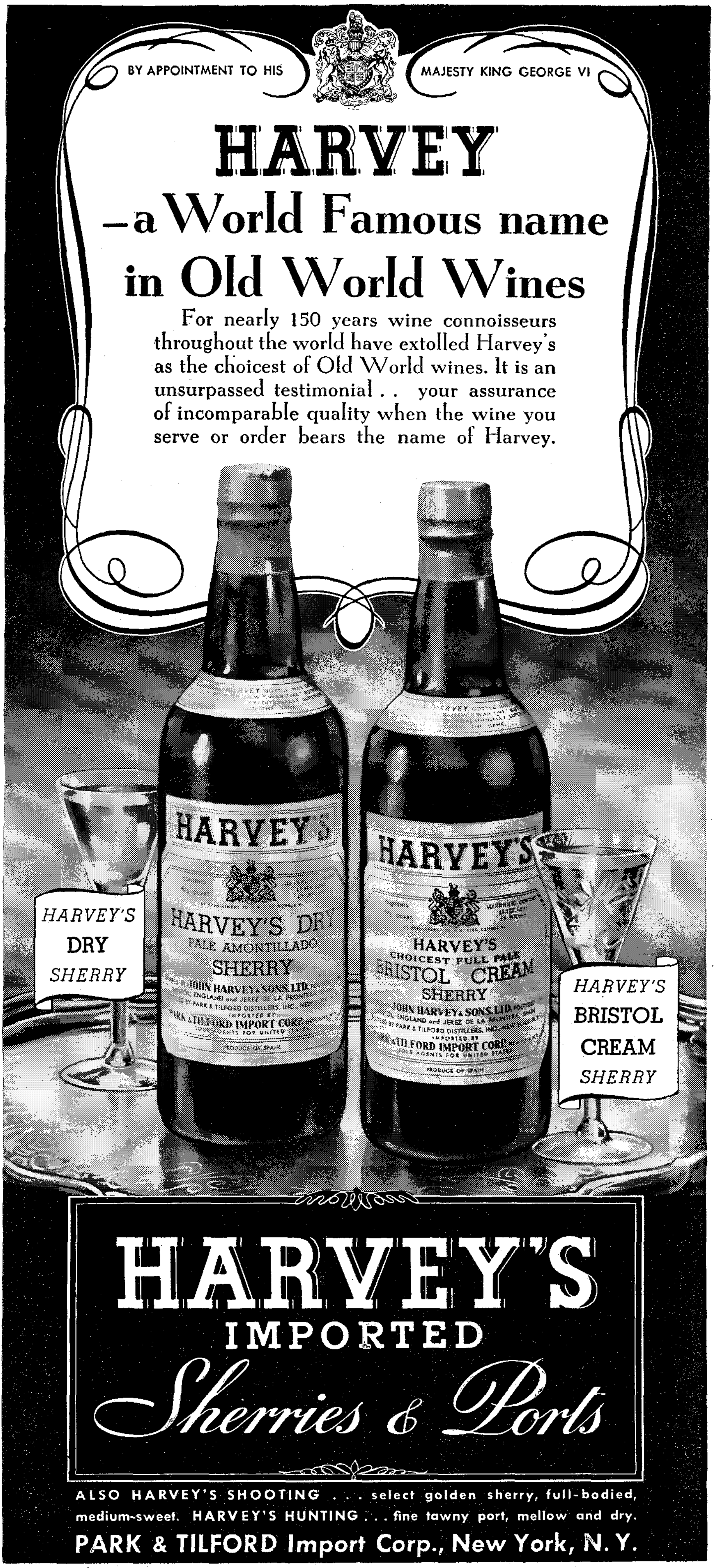

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house in Neuilly has quite an American-looking stretch of lawn between the front door and the street, or at least it used to. There was no wall to hide it from the street, so of course the neighbors were fascinated to see the tent being set up that Saturday afternoon. Several of them telephoned to ask what it meant, others called at the house, and everyone who passed stopped to stare. My mother was humiliated. '*Quel supplice!*' she groaned. 'What have I done to deserve that my *pelouse* should be turned into a *foire?*' The boys spent another happy night, and the tent was allowed to remain on the lawn for several days. It was quite the talk of the neighborhood. Finally, my mother could stand it no longer and begged my father to let the boys camp anywhere they wanted, except where they were then.

"That was what my father was waiting for, I suppose. After that the boys were allowed to take their tent outside of Paris almost every weekend, and in August they made a trip to a national-forest camp in the Vosges. Pierre spent only a couple of weeks with us that summer, in our nice hotel in La Baule. How I envied him!

"I'm sure my father must be very satisfied with himself these days," Gaby said, "for the way he let Pierre go ahead with *le camping*. But I can't help wondering how my mother feels about it now. Of course, she's bound to be proud of Pierre. But—living in a cave! '*Le camping, ce n'est pas français,*' you know. I'm not sure she'd ever change her mind about that."

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

Beside her in the bed there was a stir, and, wide awake now, she chuckled. The strange element in that girlish room was a man in the bed beside her. Under the virginal white bedspread, lay for the first time six goodlooking feet of Book Eaton. She wasn't the Margaret Mallon of that room anymore; not since last June. She was Mrs. Book Travers Eaton; one of the Eatons of Pittsburgh, Watch Hill and Palm Beach. Imagine it!—*From a story in Coronet.*

We can't. It's incredible.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Admiral Doenitz, in a message to the Japanese Navy, May 26, 1943:

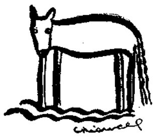
The German Navy is proud to stand side by side at sea with the Japanese Navy. . . . The successes gained so far against the enemy navies and merchant fleets, and my rock-like confidence in the soldierly efficiency and fighting spirit of our navies, make me certain of final victory.

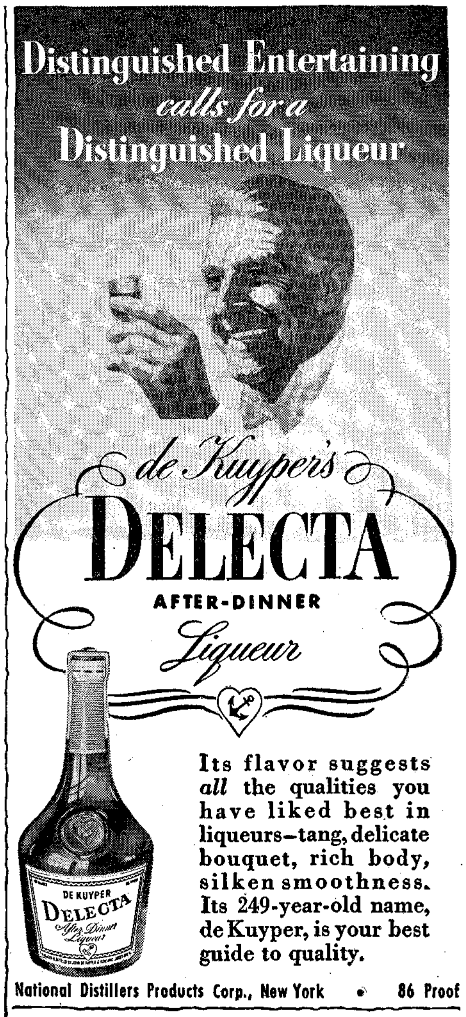
THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF LST 169—VI

THE LST 169, a new Landing Ship, Tanks, on which I was gunnery officer, put in one morning in the summer of 1943 at a harbor on Kodiak Island, just south of the Alaskan peninsula—another way station on a curiously tranquil maiden voyage that had already taken us over eight thousand miles. The other members of the Coast Guard crew and I had boarded our LST in Evansville, Indiana; we had sailed her down the Mississippi, across the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, through the Panama Canal, and up the Pacific coast of North America, and now we had only seven hundred miles more to go to reach Kiska Island, in the Aleutians, where the 169 and the other LSTs in the squadron to which we belonged would be put to the use for which they were built. After three months, we were in surroundings and in a climate approximating those which we might expect to find in our combat zone, and we began to feel that action was not far off. We were part of a large amphibious force, under the escort of patrol craft, and every LST in the squadron was crowded and heavily laden. Since leaving New Orleans, we had been carrying on deck a hundred-and-ninety-two-foot LCT (Landing Craft, Tanks), and at our last port, in the United States, we had taken on tons of material, ranging from reconnaissance trucks to machine-gun bullets, as well as some two hundred and seventy passengers. Our vessel was a Landing Ship, Tanks, beyond any doubt, but the one thing we didn't have aboard was tanks. The new passengers—we already had the LCT's crew of one officer and twelve men, in addition to our own crew of seven officers and sixty-six men—were the convoy commander, a Navy lieutenant; his staff of four lieutenants (j.g.); and more than two hundred and fifty Army officers and soldiers, of several branches of the service. The convoy commander's job was to transmit to all the LSTs the orders of the patrol commander. We soon got used to the idea, which was at first disappointing, of not carrying tanks, and though the vessel was incredibly overcrowded, almost everyone aboard was in a cheerful and friendly mood, quite possibly because we felt we were finally getting into things.

WHILE we were at anchor the morning we arrived in Alaska, Ensign Caplan, our supply officer; Peanuts, the small, bouncing ensign in charge of the LCT; and I stood at the rail and studied the shore, trying to decide what the country reminded us of. After some talk, we agreed that it was Norway, which all three of us happened to know something about. Fiords ran into the rocky shore, and in the background were dark mountains, their peaks hidden in fog, their slopes covered with evergreens. The port appeared to be a busy settlement, about two miles square, with numerous docks. We could see cantonments, airfields, supply dumps, and many buildings obviously of a military nature. Our skipper told us that before the war the place was just a small submarine base near a fishing village of some three hundred people, a third of whom were Caucasians, mostly of Russian stock, and the rest Aleuts. The Russians had converted the Aleuts to the Greek Orthodox Church. We could see on the shore a couple of buildings with the conventional bulbous spires of Oriental churches.

At noon we were given shore leave, and Peanuts, Ensign Mortimer (the ship's communications officer), Caplan, and I went ashore together. The town, at close range, looked like a standard Hollywood set in a Western, with worn frame buildings and dirt streets. Incongruously, it was filled with speeding, swerving, honking taxicabs, which were not easy to dodge. To escape an especially demented driver, we ducked into the churchyard of one of the Orthodox churches, where we looked at the weathered tombstones, on which there were names like Petrovsky, Ivanovitch, and Konev. After a while we resumed our walk and at length came to the air-base administrative headquarters, the largest building in the town. Inside we found a number of offices, a gymnasium, and a big canteen. Some men were playing basketball and handball in the gymnasium, which at night, they said, was turned into a movie theatre. In the canteen were a number of soldiers, all of whom seemed to be eating ice cream. "No milk and no women here, and so we get ice cream sent from the States," the soda-fountain attendant told me. "Takes their mind off women." We left the canteen and went out into the dusty, perilous streets again. In front of a barbershop we struck up an acquaintance with an Aleut who said that although he didn't *mind* soldiers, he was pleased

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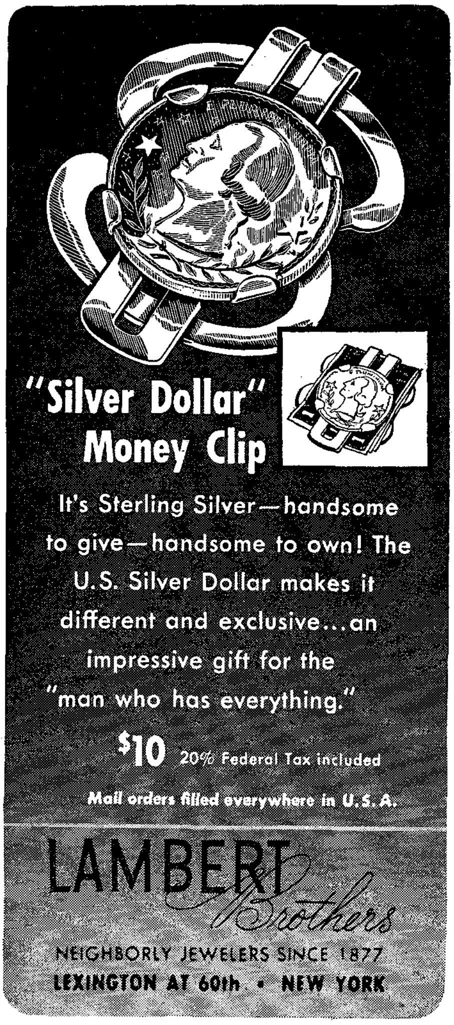
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that the military police were around. The soldiers, he said, were always giving one another hotfoots, which he thought must be an American custom. "Why do they do it?" he asked us. We said we didn't know, and we didn't.

TOWARD evening we encountered a young Quartermaster Corps lieutenant, who had a staff car and not much to do, so we commandeered him and his automobile. He took us out of town on a rough dirt road leading to what he said were the two best eating and drinking places on the island—the Montmartre and the Chicken Dinner. They were in almost identical big frame buildings set among evergreens. We chose the Montmartre. It was just one large room, with a bar, a few booths, a juke box, a dance floor, and a lot of hunting trophies on the walls. A big bearskin, head and all, jaws realistically agape, was draped at the back of one booth. The five of us ordered highballs, which were seventy-five cents, and steaks, which were two dollars. The steaks were good and the drinks weak.

We were on our second drink after dinner when Peanuts unexpectedly became the victim of an Aleut lady named Helen, a stocky, forthright woman who liked to dance. She got her partners simply by going up and asking men to dance, for she was so formidable that she was seldom refused. Something about Peanuts apparently appealed to her. She came over to him, demanded a dance, and then, pinning him with a sort of wrestling hold, wheeled him around the floor for nearly an hour. Finally he told her, limply but firmly, that he couldn't dance any more. Helen hit him four times—sweeping body blows that could be heard all over the room. Peanuts ran outside, and Helen, after looking for a moment as if she might pursue him, spotted an artillery officer at the bar and turned her attention to him. Mortimer, Caplan, the lieutenant, and I quickly paid our checks and joined Peanuts outside. He was a miserable man. He said he'd rather fight a Jap hand-to-hand than dance with another Aleut.

OUR convoy sailed the next afternoon. Our skipper told us we were heading west for an advance Aleutian base, from which an attack on Kiska would be launched. We had taken on some new passengers at the island—a young Army doctor, six enlisted Army specialists, and a big black Eski-

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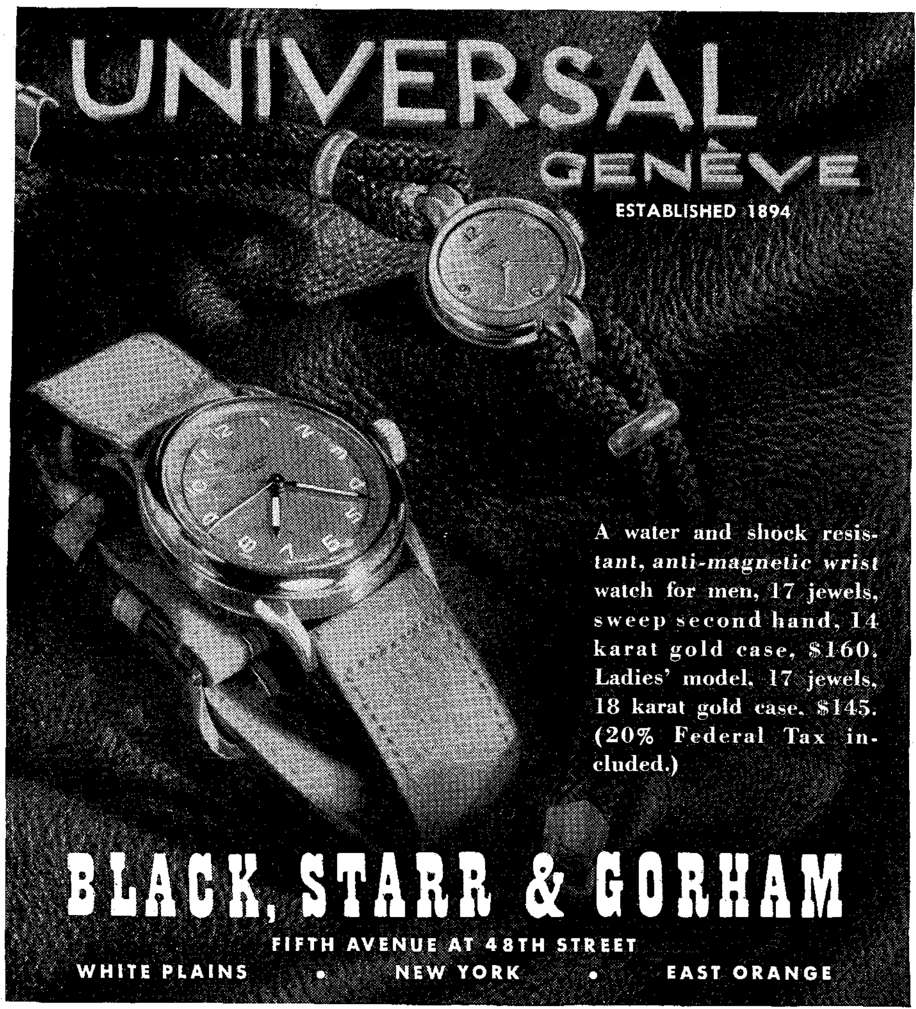

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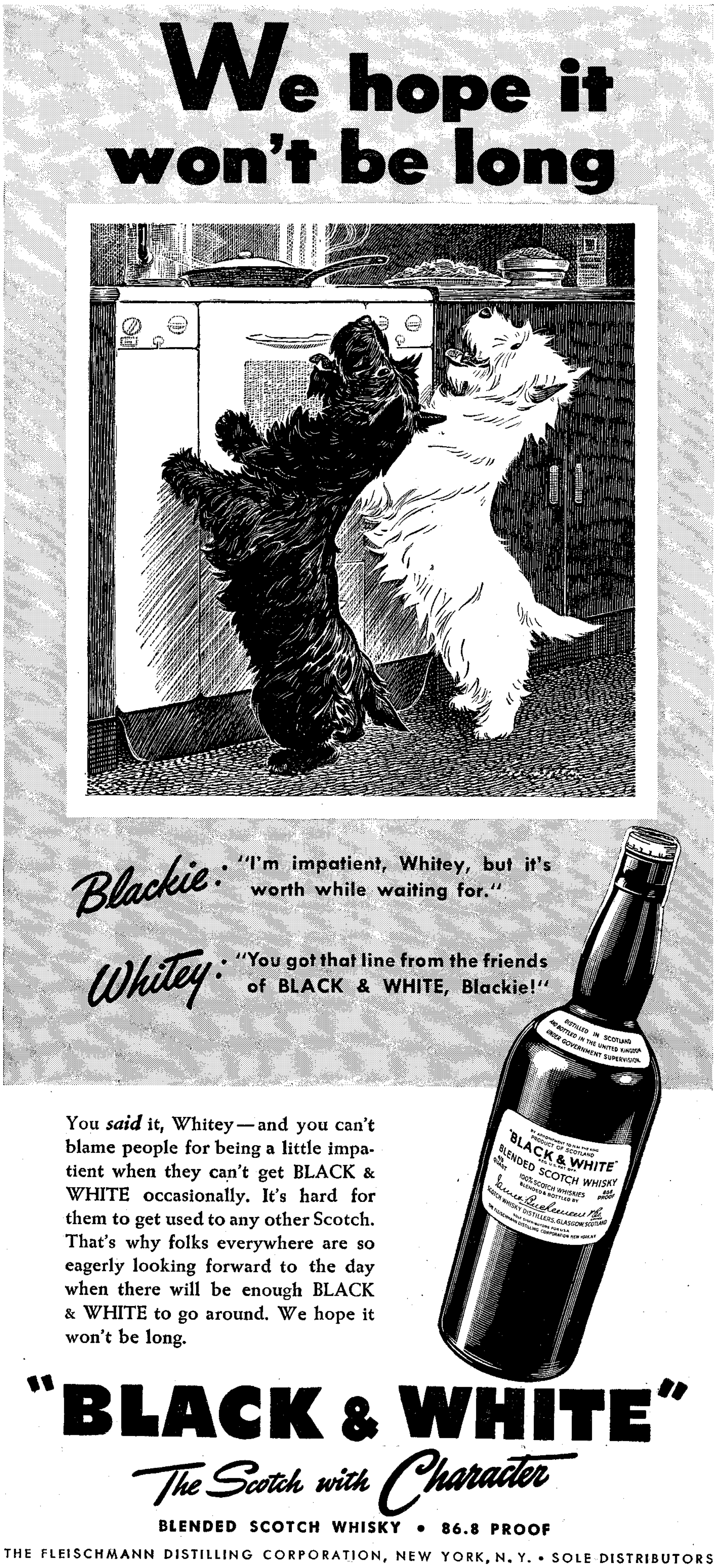
mo puppy named Kodiak. These additions were too much for us to accommodate in the ordinary way, so Peanuts and his crew had to live in their LCT, at dry anchor on our deck. This wasn't uncomfortable, but it was disturbingly unnatural. They ate and slept on their craft, but, since their water system was not in working order, they used our showers. The puppy was not on the roster; he had been smuggled aboard by one of the enlisted men. We didn't try very hard to find out who was responsible, even though it was an infraction of regulations. Kodiak slept where he pleased and got about easily on the rolling, pitching ship.

The Army ran itself, maintaining watch and daily inspection of quarters and occasionally having rifle practice, shooting at cans tossed overboard. The Army personnel coöperated with ours in many ways, though. Its cooks and helpers helped out in the galleys and the other enlisted men washed down decks and did other nautical chores. When the men had no work to do, they lay in their bunks or gambled, hazardous occupations aboard an LST when the seas are running high, since dice take freakish rolls and bunks tilt at steep angles.

A few days after we put to sea from Kodiak, one of the officers on the convoy commander's staff began turning out a daily eight-by-eleven-inch typewritten newspaper, the *Northern Light*, dealing mostly with sports news, war news, and the de Marigny trial. Another and less popular innovation, introduced at about the same time, was a before-dawn general-quarters drill. Our skipper called it at the worst hours he could think of, and whenever he did the ship would suddenly become alive with sleepy and ill-tempered men. My roommate's feet were smaller than mine, and in the dark he invariably got into my shoes. That was all right for him but painful for me. Finally, I began going to my battle station in bedroom slippers—not strictly Navy, but comfortable.

Probably the most unexpected little change in our lives on this leg of our trip was that we all became accomplished seamstresses. In New Orleans the Red Cross had given each of us a small ditty bag containing thread, needles, a thimble, and other materials for repairing our clothes, and as the days went by we spent more and more of our time sewing, completely absorbed, thimbles on our thumbs. It's one of the ways a man spends his time in a war.

—RICHARD J. THEOBALD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FOOTBALL

Fun in Philadelphia

ONE of the worst cases of wholesale nervous breakdown ever exhibited on a playing field threatened, before it ended, to drive the seventy-three thousand spectators at the match between Navy and Penn in Philadelphia last Saturday into the warmth and sanity of the nearest newsreel theatre. (Newsreel football is edited down to such a fine point that no one ever makes a mistake and every play is a spectacular one gaining a minimum of sixty-five yards.) It is not unheard of for two good teams to get the trembles when they come up against each other, but it is unusual for the disorder to infect the officials, to whom not so much is at stake. Well, Penn kicked off, not too successfully, into a high wind, giving Navy a chance to start something. On the first play, Navy tried a pass, but one of the officials, galloping down the field, knocked Duden, the intended receiver, flat on his back. On the second play, Navy almost lost the ball on a fumble. On the next play, Navy did lose the ball, twenty yards behind its line, when a pass from centre went astray. This gave Penn a chance to start something. On the first play, the Penn interference fell all over itself and the ball-carrier got nowhere. On the next play, Penn was penalized five yards for taking too much time calling signals. On the next play, Penn was penalized fifteen yards for holding, and people began to wonder whether they shouldn't have just stayed at home that afternoon. It was Scott, one of Navy's newest backs, who finally pulled things together, with the first of a number of good plays he contributed. Taking advantage of the fact that he had that high wind at his back and the strongest line in the East in front of him, he stood only half the conventional distance behind his teammates and got off a punt that looked as if it would never stop rolling. That put Penn in a spot, a spot it didn't get out of without giving Navy the first of its four touchdowns.

Navy beat Penn, 26–0, which sounds a lot worse than it was, for Penn died hard, and Navy didn't really start rolling over it until late in the game. Football is far from an exact science, but in general certain causes can be counted upon to produce certain effects. Penn is a stout little team, as teams go this year, but Navy is a stout big team, with two or three players for Penn's one in every position. Take Savitsky, who is Penn's left tackle, and a good one. Navy wore him down by the expedient known to the trade as double-teaming. In double-teaming, you assign two linemen to bump an opposing lineman out of every play. Accordingly, Savitsky spent most of the afternoon being hit simultaneously by two Navy linemen, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. The men who hit him were not always the same men, either, for Navy sent in fresh players every so often. Somewhere in the third quarter, for all his two hundred and fifty pounds, Savitsky began to tire, along with the rest of his not quite so husky teammates. At that point, Navy's running attack, which is a pretty thing to watch under any circumstances, came into full bloom.

Ambrogi, one of Penn's better backs last year, made his first appearance in Philadelphia this season in the closing moments of the game, in a Navy football uniform. At the Academy, which is overflowing with riches, he is just another football player. This brings up the subject of another Penn back, Minisi, who seems to me the finest civilian performer in this part of the country. Minisi, a quiet, well-spoken youngster who was quite a player at Newark Academy before he got to college, will play in next year's Navy-Penn game, but he'll be on Ambrogi's side of the fence, for he has been appointed to Annapolis.

ARMY, which has a nice collection of Navy-type backs, hasn't a Navy-type line, so it had more trouble beating Duke on Saturday than Navy had beating Penn. Army was, in fact, a point behind at one time. You may be sorry if you missed the chance to see Army play in town. Next time Army is here—the Notre Dame game—you won't find it so easy to get a ticket. . . . Columbia played Colgate up at Baker Field, as it has been doing off and on for years, and once again got itself beaten for its pains. . . . Yale, having trounced Rochester, 32–0, is beginning to mumble about the possibility of not losing a game this season. In a fall seething with uncertainties, five dollars on Yale looks like the best bet around.

—J. W. L.

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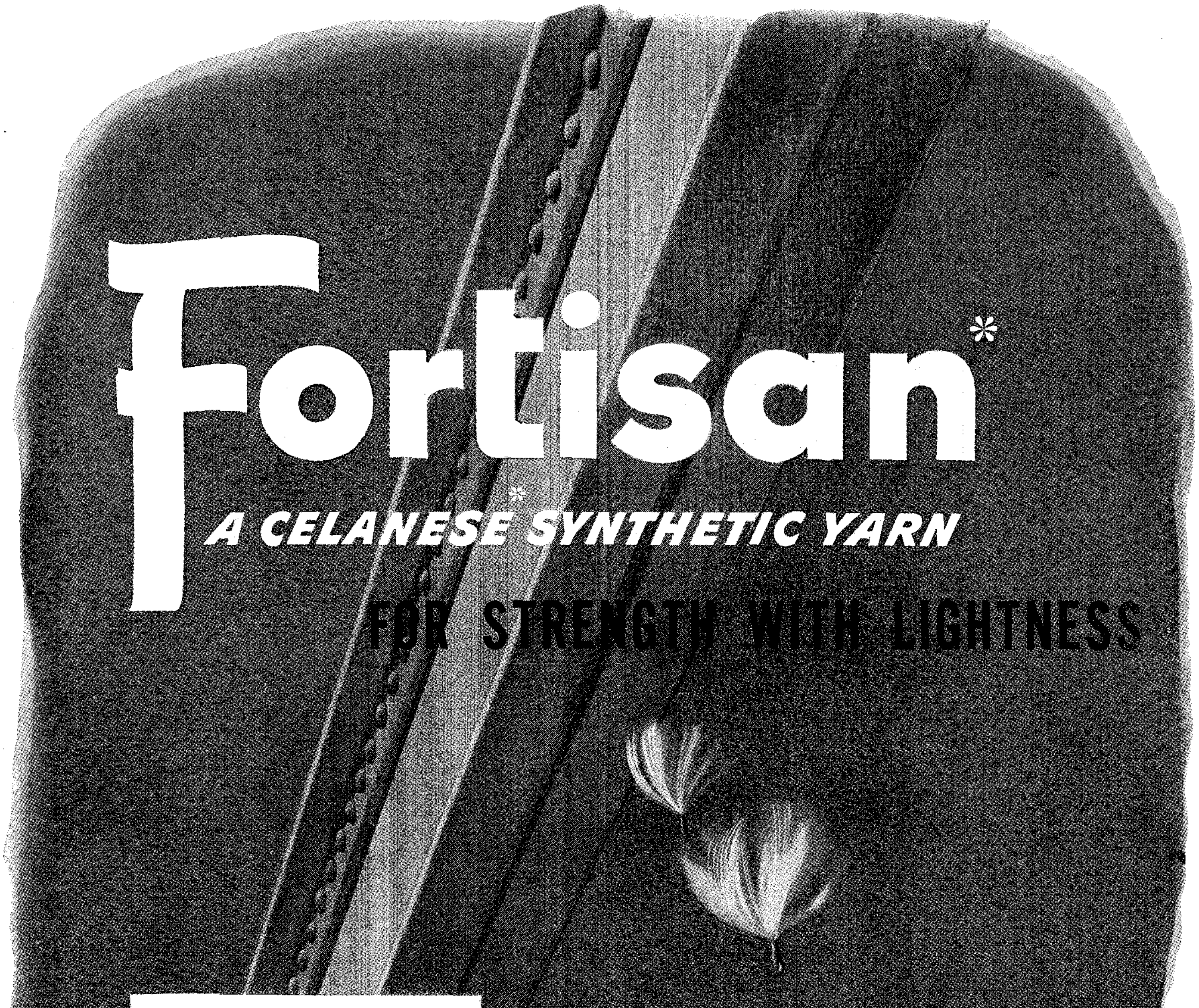

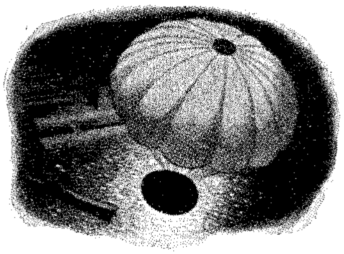

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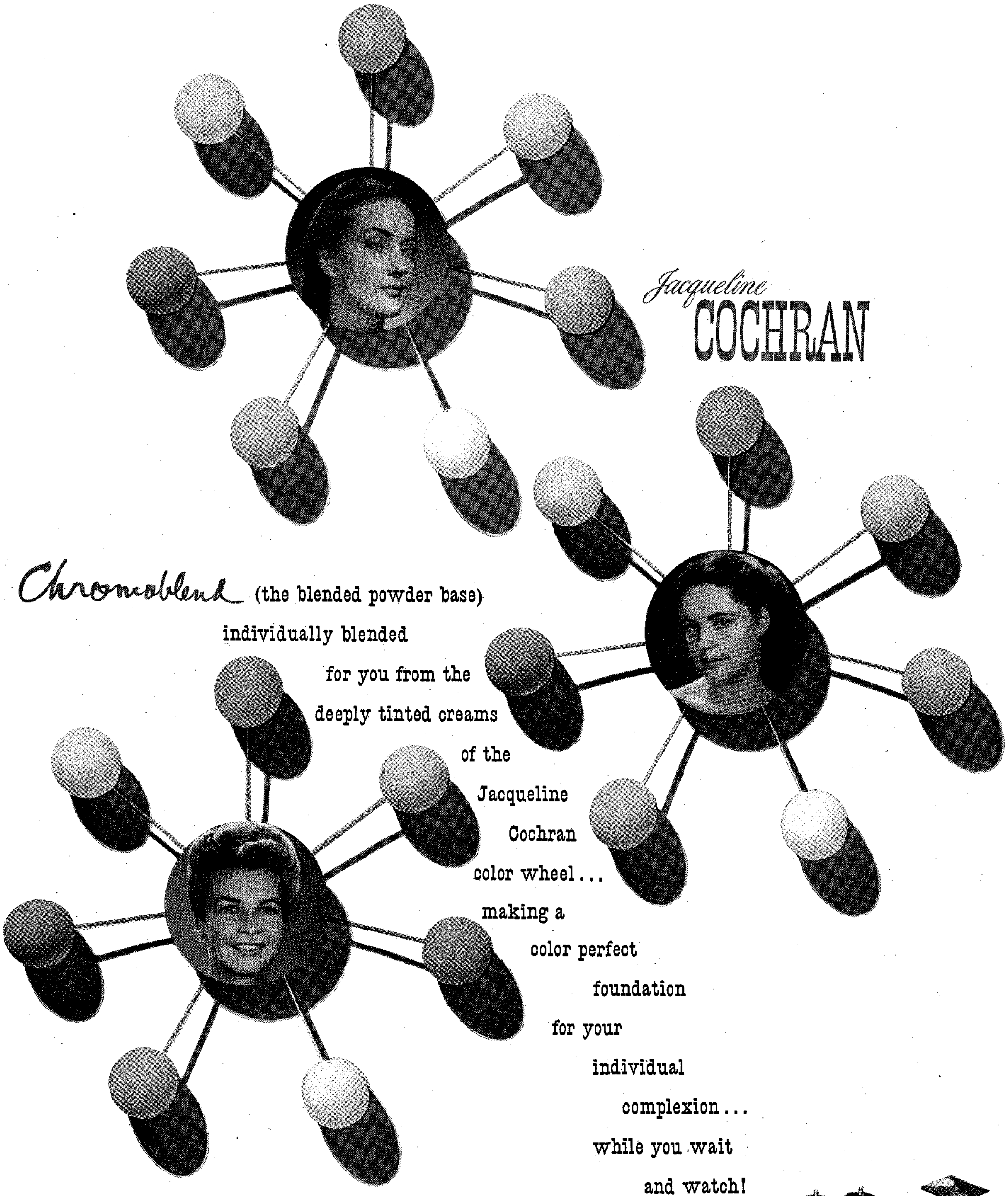

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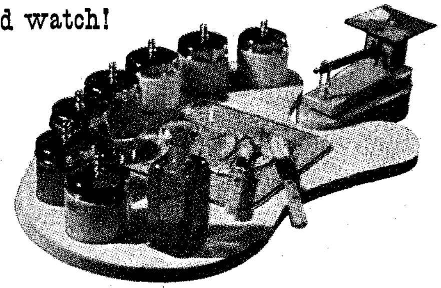


THE RACE TRACK

They All Ran Well

A FEW words should be enough to sum up the races at Jamaica last week that were worth remembering. Price Level started things off gaily by winning the Autumn Day Stakes. Almost immediately, people who had tickets on her, and you know how genial winning horseplayers can be, wanted her tapped for Best Two-Year-Old Filly of the Season. They will have to get along without my vote, I'm afraid. Although Price Level, who is a cousin of my old pet Level Best, is an attractive young lady, my choice is still Busher. After all, Busher beat Price Level convincingly enough in the Matron Stakes at Belmont not long ago. Next in the order of my fancy was Seven Hearts, who won the Scarsdale Handicap. As a rule, horses that come from the Middle West with big reputations, as he did, do not live up to them. Seven Hearts, however, carried 120 pounds, gave weight to everything else in the race, set a fast pace, and won by lengths. He's a big chestnut colt by Grand Slam (that should explain how he got his name) and looks like a welcome addition to the handicap division.

I wasn't especially excited about the two-year-olds in the Ardsley Handicap, which was won by Sir Francis. Someone remarked at saddling time that the field was a rather poor lot to be running for a $10,000 purse, common as $10,000 purses are these days. One of the starters was Baron Jack, the colt that Longchamps Farms paid $33,000 for a year ago. Baron Jack is a strapping, handsome fellow, but not much of a runner; he finished seventh in the field of nine. For all that, the Ardsley was a lively affair, in which Sir Francis took the lead in the stretch and won by no more than a neck from Wildlife. There was a small wave of indignation when Atkinson, who rode Wildlife, went before the stewards and complained that Wright, who rode Sir Francis, had interfered with him a furlong from home. The stewards didn't agree with Atkinson. As a matter of fact, Sir Francis, the favorite, did bear out in the stretch, but he was well in front of Wildlife at the time. Several claims of foul were made against winners at Jamaica last week, but none were allowed. A betting man I know, who occasionally makes a modest wager on such things, says that it's ten to one that a horse will not be disqualified after an objection is lodged against him.

AS for the other races, all you needed was plenty of blank checks and a rabbit's foot. That is, unless you bet on Permane. Of course, the business of betting on everything a favorite jockey rides is unrewarding unless a boy brings in several long shots. For example, Permane had forty mounts last week and won on only nine of them, but among his winners were such useful little numbers as No Call, who paid $46.50; Crazy Horse, who paid $28.40; and Brookfields, who paid $17.20. That made it a profitable week for Permane fans. Horsemen like Permane because he admits that he makes mistakes and tries to correct them. Popular young riders don't usually do such things.

The neatest bit of work I saw last week was the way Meade beat the barrier one afternoon with Admiral's Lady. Inasmuch as all the stall doors of the starting gate open simultaneously, that's quite a trick. All I can think of is that Meade must have had his horse in motion when the start came. To show his versatility, Meade won two more races at Jamaica that afternoon without beating the barrier.

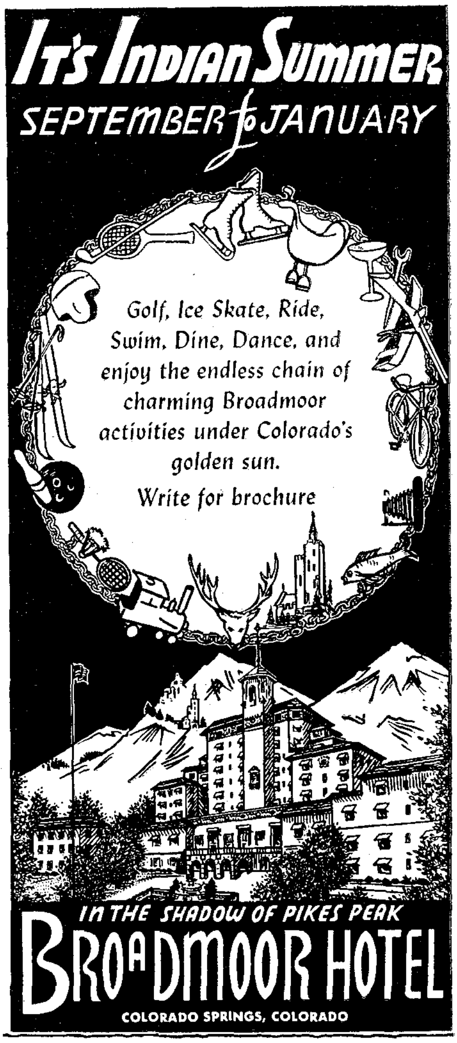
A HORSE cannot be expected to go on winning forever, yet it is always something of a shock when a winning streak is broken. I am thinking of Bon Jour, who, after ticking off six races in a row, couldn't stretch his string to seven the other day in the Washington Handicap, Laurel's last important sweepstakes this season. A roving outside man reports that Megogo, who won, simply ran too fast for him.

COLONEL MARTINGALE's own gazetteer: Horse Heaven, Wash.; Horseheads, N. Y.; Colts Neck, N. J.; Four Horse, Wyo.; Bay Horse, Mont.; Nags Head, N. C. —AUDAX MINOR

•

He circled her waist with his arms, drew her close to him. She raised half-parted lips. His other arm circled her shoulder.—*From "The Case of the Careless Kitten," by Erle Stanley Gardner.*

No wonder those lips were half parted.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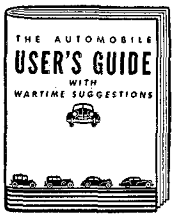

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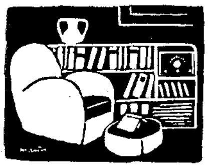
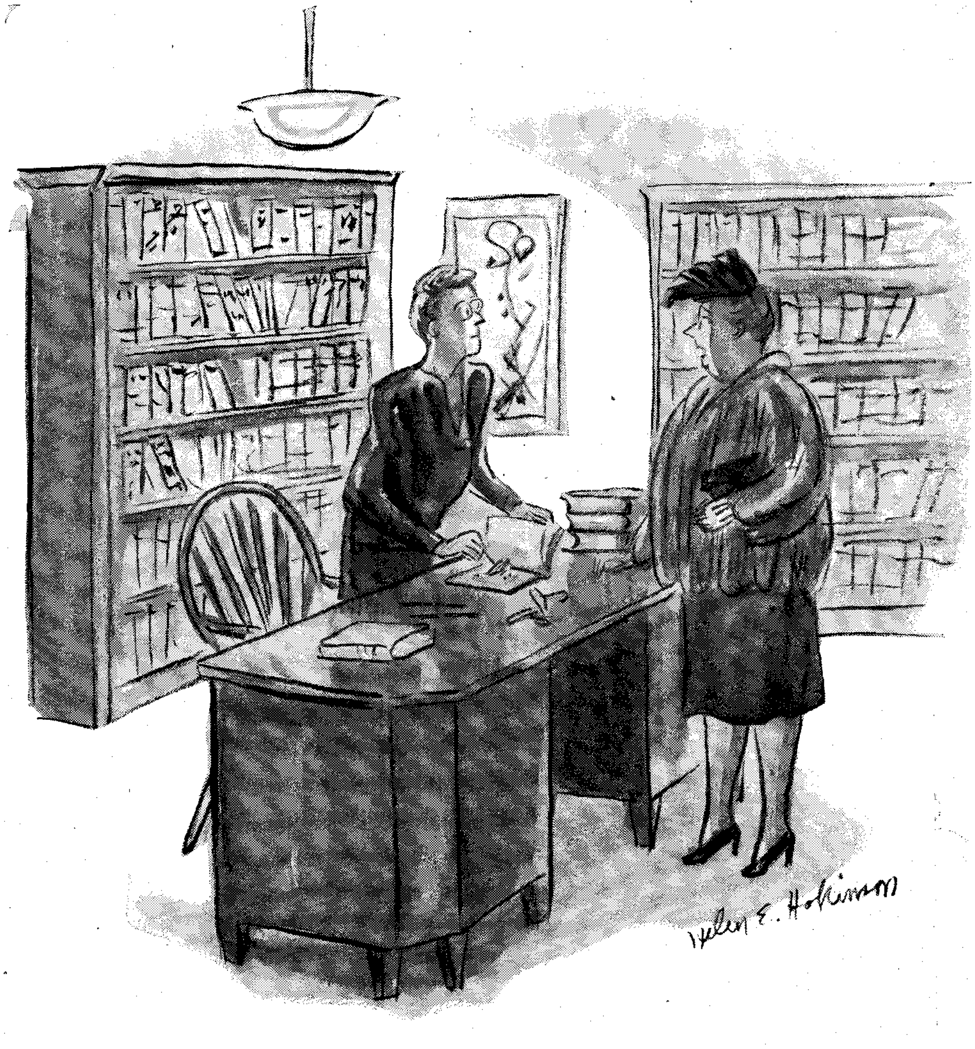
Jeeter Lester in Wartime, André Gide in Half-Eclipse



ERSKINE CALDWELL has visited Russia and for a time he seemed, in his writing, to be trying to follow Communist "directives," but he has now returned to Tobacco Road and his point of view on Jeeter Lester has changed less than you might expect. "Tragic Ground" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), in spite of its sombre title, exploits the comedy of the Georgia cracker very much as his early work did. The central character, Spence Douthit, is Jeeter again with only the background slightly changed. Spence had brought down his family from the country to work in a powder plant, where he was able to make wartime wages, but then the plant was moved away; for reasons incomprehensible to the workers, and the hillbillies were all left stranded, with no jobs to pay their rent and no money to get back home. Their daughters from the age of twelve have taken readily to prostitution, and welfare workers have begun to appear and attempt to do something helpful. But Spence simply accepts the money which these philanthropic ladies give him and spends it on liquor for himself and alcoholic patent medicine for his wife, and when he goes to a brothel to rescue his daughter, he easily falls a victim to one of the other girls. There is, to be sure, a passing suggestion that something should have been done by the authorities about clearing up the squalid community created by the plant's closing down, and certainly Spence with a steady job was better off than he is without one; but it is impossible, on the evidence of the story, to draw the conclusion that the Douthits would be improved to any very great extent by either paternalistic provisions or economic opportunities. Spence Douthit does not really mind his poverty and he does not really care about his daughter. When his son-in-law does finally succeed in dislodging him from his miserable slum, he is wistfully sorry to go, simply because he has got used to living there.

"Tragic Ground" is a little less poetic and a little more sociological than Erskine Caldwell's earlier fiction, but it is funny in just the same way and remarkable for just the same reasons: the combination of sympathy for the hillbilly with willingness to accept him as he is. These novels, which appeared with the depression, do have a contemporary meaning, but this meaning does not easily accommodate itself to the formulas of Communist doctrine. Like Spence Douthit and Jeeter Lester themselves, the writing of Erskine Caldwell tends instinctively to resist social coercion and to remain impervious to moral pressures, yet the picture of poor white trash it gives is one symptom of a change in attitude which Western man is in our time undergoing in regard to his rôle on the earth. Even thirty-five years ago such books would hardly have been written, and if they had been and had found a publisher, they would have caused a much more serious scandal than that created by the frustrated efforts on the part of the Society for the Suppression of Vice to prevent the circulation of "God's Little Acre." Today we read them for their humor and charm, accepting incest and murder as quite innocent, and undisturbed by such casual cruelty as that of the hero of the present novel when he decides to go home by himself and leave his ailing wife alone, because it is made to seem as unconscious and natural as the self-preserving egoism of animals. The point is that we can read about all this today without anything more than a smile or a qualm because we are prepared, as our grandfathers were not, to study human behavior on the animal level. Such novels as these represent the same tendencies in current thought that are developed in the field of science by the researches into the psychology of anthropoids. The characters in Erskine Caldwell do not horrify us any more than do the apes of Professor Yerkes, and we can learn from them in the same way: they are the primary material of humanity.

"IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS," by André Gide (Knopf), consists of a series of dialogues contributed to *Figaro* between November, 1941, and the late spring of 1942, together with a preface



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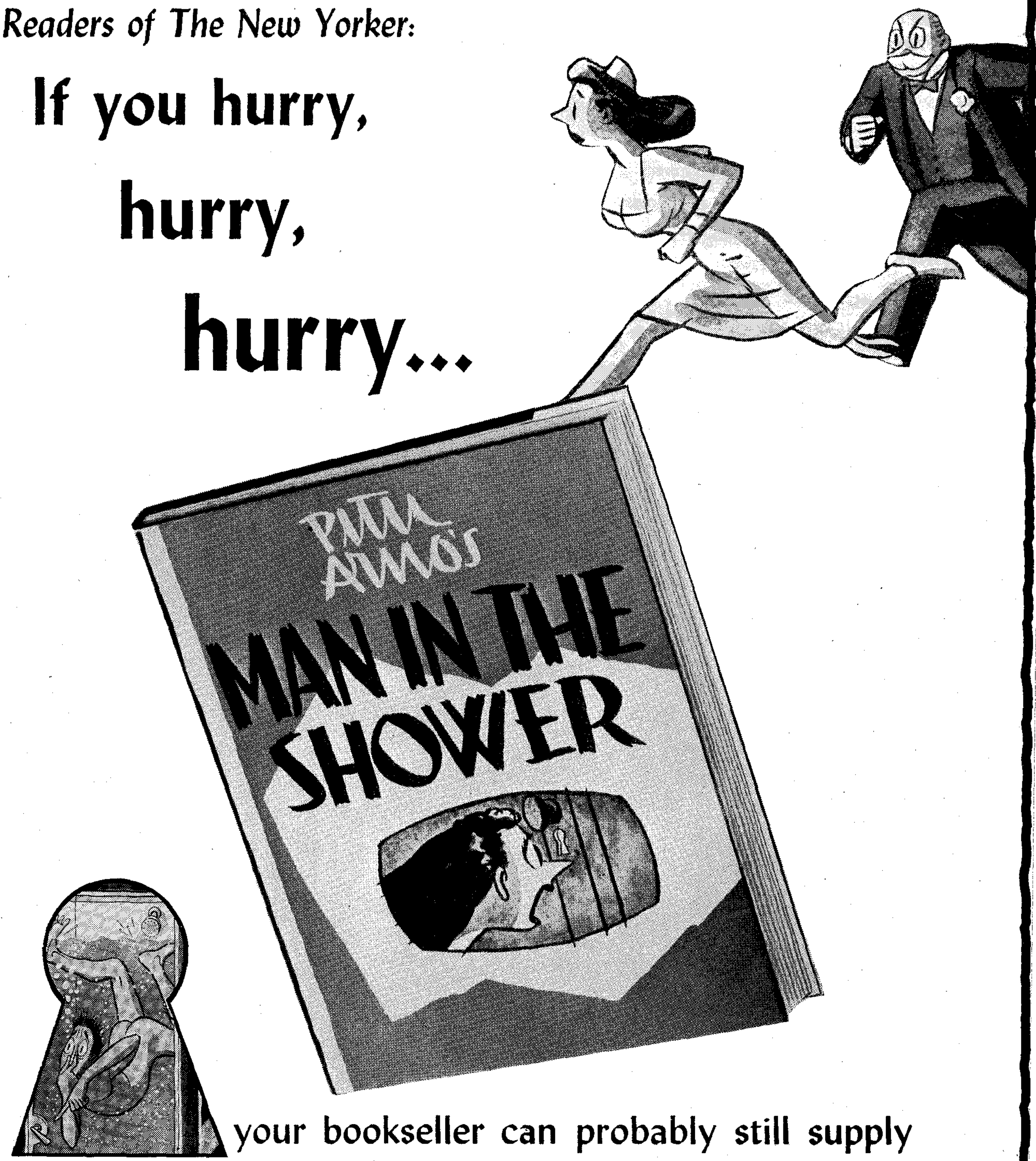

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to Goethe's plays, an article on a book by a pro-Nazi French writer, and a section of Gide's journal, written after he had gone to Algiers and dealing with "the deliverance of Tunis." The book contains two dialogues which did not reach this country in time to be included in the French edition published last year by Schiffrin (one of them gives Gide's impressions of contemporary American fiction), so that this text is more complete than the French; and the translation and editing by Malcolm Cowley are topnotch achievements in their line. Gide's clear but compressed writing is hard to get over to English in such a way as to preserve its distinction, and the technical questions he discusses in connection with French verse need careful elucidation for readers not acquainted with the subject. These pieces were sometimes handled so abominably when they appeared in American and British magazines that it was impossible to tell what Gide was saying, but Mr. Cowley has now rescued them and presented them in a form that reproduces the crispness of style and the sharpness of thought of the original.

These interviews deal mainly with literary matters, but, by various unobtrusive devices, they conceal, as the editor points out, the unmistakable indications of an intransigent attitude toward the Germans—an exercise in which Gide, with his relish for the equivocal, his sly love of betraying the reader, must rather have enjoyed engaging. It may make the foreign reader uncomfortable to find himself participating thus in even the temporary humiliation of French thought, compelled to express itself through subterfuge, but the dialogues add to one's respect for Gide. One can consider him overrated: he is a good but surely not a great writer; and yet be glad of the reassurance that one derives from his persistence, in his seventies, in continuing to play his rôle in the teeth of the Nazi occupation—in remaining both independent and articulate.

As a successor to Proust and Anatole France, to Flaubert and Balzac and Voltaire, as the great figure of French literary culture of his time, Gide suffers from the limitation of having nourished himself as a writer too exclusively on the literary world itself. Aside from his sexual adventures and the examination of conscience, he has no non-literary activities or interests, and the examination of conscience itself is largely occupied with what he ought to do in connection with literary matters. Even his journal, so pungent as a document on the affairs of this literary world, becomes tiresome if we tire of a record that deals with nothing but reading and writing and contacts with literary men; and it is characteristic of Gide, in these interviews, that a concession to the need of marching with the times which he makes in confessing as an anachronism the rôle of the mute "e" in French poetry should be offset by a stern taking to task of Proust for his frequent misuse of the subjunctive. Yet, in the history of this literary tradition which he never seems to manage to transcend as the greatest French writers have (Proust with his faulty subjunctives among them), he is a highly respectable figure. A Protestant training, a reliable income, and superior intellectual lights have given him a range and a rectitude that had made him a veritable wonder among the literary tradesmen of Paris in the period before World War II. He more or less inhabited that Paris: he followed or set its fashions and his attitudes were moves in its game, but he managed to remain its touchstone, its safeguard against the "counterfeiters" of values. This is dramatized strikingly in these dialogues, where the imaginary interlocutor represents the point of view of the professional Paris journalist and where Gide uses this cruder intelligence as a grindstone on which to whet the edge of his own dissident thought. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WHERE HELEN LIES, by Margaret Lane (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A deftly managed love story, in which the heroine shows up only toward the end of the book. The hero, an agreeable but weak-kneed fellow, has been bullied by his wife and far too clever mother-in-law into breaking off an idyllic affair with a young Irish actress, the heroine in question. Rather belatedly—after ten years, to be exact—he realizes that he has lost the one passion of his life and sets about trying to remedy the situation. Most of the novel is taken up with his search for the girl and with the difficulties put in his way by his highly unpleasant family. Miss Lane's style is cultivated and graceful and she handles her not in the least impressive characters with that cool, mannerly detachment at which the English are often so good.

GENERAL

Ourselves Unborn, An Embryologist's Essay on Man, by George W. Corner (Yale University Press). A series of popular lectures, well written and admirably lucid, which succeed in communicating to the reader some of the author's enthusiasm for his subject. Dr. Corner first traces the development of the germ cell and the embryo, then attempts to track down the influences that produce defective human beings, and finally discusses man's origins and his relations to the other primates in the light of the evidence supplied by the phenomena of his prenatal phases.

Freud's Contribution to Psychiatry, by A. A. Brill (Norton). An excellent set of lectures by an American pioneer in the field of psychoanalysis. Dr. Brill begins with an interesting memoir of his adventures in the psychiatric field before he discovered Freud and goes on to a summary of Freud's work which is quite non-technical and ideal for the layman. The reader should not be put off by any experience he may have had in the past with Dr. Brill's not always lucid English, since his command of the language has improved to a really amazing degree.

Prejudice, Japanese-Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance, by Carey McWilliams (Little, Brown). Mr. McWilliams tells the story of the handling by the federal government of the hundred thousand Japanese who were living on the West Coast at the time when we declared war on Japan. These Japanese—men, women, and children—were all evacuated and confined to reservations like Indians, but they were later, through "relocation" centres, assigned to various federal projects or allowed to work for employ-

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ers outside the military areas. The federal government has thus at least tried to rectify any injustice that may have been done to these Japanese-Americans by the wholesale evacuation, but it appears that the State of California, in one of its periodical frenzies of witch hunting, has been the scene of a noisy campaign to prevent its former Japanese inhabitants from returning to California at all. Mr. McWilliams' book is, however, much more than an account of this wartime episode. He has put it in its setting of the whole situation of American interracial prejudice and given it its proper place in the history of Japanese-American relations, of which he tells the story at length. What primarily interests the author is the great international civilization which is growing up in and about the Pacific and of which he believes that the public has by no means grasped the importance. A well-presented, well-documented, judicious book.

DAMNED TO GLORY, by Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr. (Scribner). Colonel Scott rides again. This time, having dropped God as his co-pilot, he shares the cockpit with some of the men who made aviation history with the P-40, the little fighter plane that did such a big job earlier in the war. Among his cast of characters are such fighter pilots as Ed Dyess, Benny Putnam, Phil Cochran, and Grant Mahoney. The Colonel's method of literary attack hasn't changed since his last book, and his prose is still that rich mixture of Southern rhetoric, Rudyard Kipling, and *True Adventure Stories*, but both his method and his prose are ideally suited to the stories he has to tell. Illustrated.

WAR THROUGH THE AGES, Lynn Montross (Harper). A 892-page survey of the art and science of killing people in large numbers, as developed between 490 B.C. and 1944 A.D. Mr. Montross tells the whole story of war, from Alexander and the spear to Rommel and the buzz bomb, and has not missed a chance to map a battle or diagram a campaign. The refinement of the technics of warfare, as the author shows, has been steady and constant and there is no reason to suppose, on the basis of this record, that it will be halted. The author has not written a preachment against war; he has left the grim implications of his tale alone. Military strategists, amateur and professional, should find his book something in the nature of an answer to their prayers.

JOSEPH LISTER, by Rhoda Truax (Bobbs-Merrill). A biography, as fictionized as can be, of the man who is called the father of modern surgery. Mrs. Truax has done enough digging in the more obscure annals of medicine to come up with some valuable information about Lister, who seems to have been a likable man as well as a great one. But her book, largely because of its gushing style, reminds one, more than anything else, of an over-affectionate mother giving a baby a nice warm bath.

MY AUNT LOUISA AND WOODROW WILSON, by Margaret Axson Elliot (University of North Carolina Press). A pleasant, unpretentious memoir of Woodrow Wilson by the sister of his first wife, interwoven with the author's reminiscences of her childhood in a small Southern town. Mrs. Elliot apparently decided to write her book to correct the impression that Wilson was a bit of a cold fish. She does not make him the warmest-blooded creature in the world, but she manages to accomplish what she set out to do.

PEABODY OF GROTON, by Frank D. Ashburn (Coward-McCann). The life and some of the letters of Dr. Endicott Peabody, the former headmaster of Groton. The author writes in a reverent whisper, like a man telling his beads in church, and it is only in the letters that Peabody shows signs of coming to life. For Old Boys only.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, by Charles M. Wiltse (Bobbs-Merrill). A full-dress life (this seems to be Let's Publish a Biography Week) of the South Carolina statesman who dominated the mind and politics of the South in the years just before the Civil War. Mr. Wiltse has faced the difficulties of his job squarely, going back to primary sources whenever possible, and the book should bring the subject some of the consideration he right-

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fully deserves. It is unfortunate that the author was prompted to build up a case for Calhoun as a far-seeing statesman who looked upon the doctrine of states rights as the only hope of preserving the Union. The question of states rights was rather more complicated than that and needs more critical examination than Mr. Wiltse has given it. But let's not start *that* argument all over again.

IS IT ANYONE WE KNOW?, by George Price (Murray Hill). Over three hundred of this artist's drawings of haggard people, generally in intolerable situations. Most of the pictures have appeared in earlier collections and in this magazine, but there are some new ones.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

QUOTH THE RAVEN, by Bruno Fischer (Doubleday, Doran). Sam Tree, the proprietor of a grocery store in Queens, is drawn into a strenuous and not too likely series of events, starting with the murder of one of his wife's former husbands by a charge of buckshot planted near that gentleman's refrigerator. Tree's solution of this puzzler may be frowned on by readers who have definite ideas about just what is and isn't cricket in a mystery. Others, who merely want things to move along briskly, will like it fine.

NEW YORK MURDERS, edited by Ted Collins (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Six writers—Kurt Steel, Inspector Thomas Byrnes, Lawrence Treat, Baynard Kendrick, Angelica Gibbs, and Edward D. Radin—tell, for the most part not too successfully, the stories of seven unhackneyed New York State crimes. Mr. Steel's narration of the Walton-Matthews case in 1860, the Byrnes notes on the Ryan murders in 1873, and Miss Gibbs's reconstruction of the Wilkins affair in 1919 are fine stuff for the fanciers of the Edmund Pearson school of necrology. The rest of the pieces seem tricked or prettied up for the detective-magazine trade. The book ends with a sketchy "Calendar of New York Murders" and an equally sketchy bibliography.

DARKNESS OF SLUMBER, by Rosemary Kutak (Lippincott). Eve Minary, who has been insane for ten years, holds the vital clue to a political scandal and murder which occurred in an Eastern city just before she fell ill. When Eve shows signs of responding to the metrazol treatment, two more murders result. These are solved by

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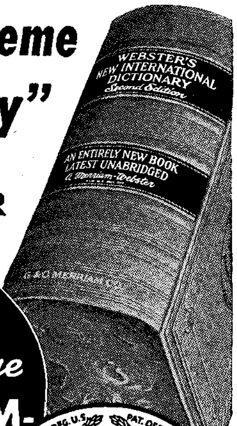

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her psychiatrist, who has noticed a certain lack of enthusiasm for the cure among his patient's relatives and friends, particularly those with City Hall connections. A good first mystery, with unusual attention to detail.

NO FOOTPRINTS IN THE BUSH, by Arthur W. Upfield (Doubleday, Doran). Napoleon Bonaparte, the aborigine detective, has more than his share of trouble when he is assigned the task of rounding up an unstable young man who swoops over the Australian bush in his private plane, abducting young ladies and dropping bombs on people he happens to dislike. A hasty and chaotic book, which will disappoint all but the most ardent admirers of the voluble little Napoleon.

HOMICIDE SQUAD, by Frederick L. Collins (Putnam). Seventeen well-known American murder cases, told by a fictitious police official who is always referred to as "The Old Timer.". The cases, which range from the bombing of Russell Sage in 1891 to the recent rounding up of a Brooklyn murder gang by District Attorney O'Dwyer, have been chosen to illustrate the development of the homicide squad and its use of modern scientific methods. Excellent material, presented in a colloquial style which readers may easily find distressing.

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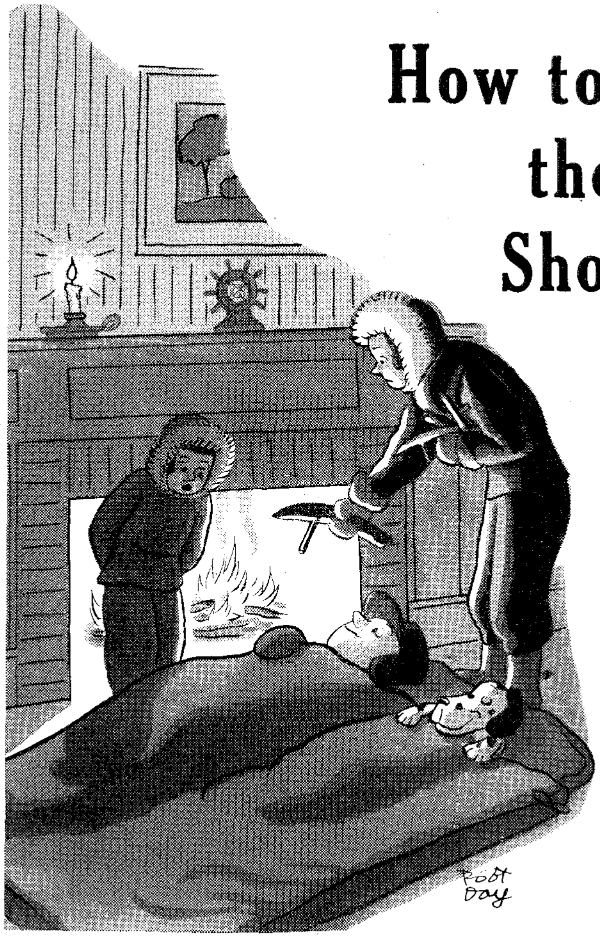
A WALK IN THE SUN

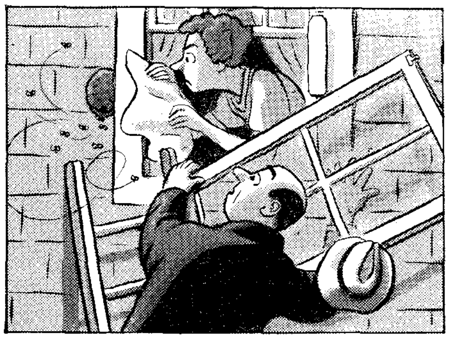
[*From the Pt. Pleasant (W. Va.) Daily Register*]

Mason County has one man that believes in saving tires and gasoline—John G. Aten, Clerk of Courts of Mason County, wanted to attend Church services in Mt. Alto at the Hopewell Baptist Church two weeks ago and started walking from Letart to the Church which is approximately five miles. He decided to walk around the railroad track which runs by a creek where both his mother and father were baptized. He visited several places of similar interest to him and later on his journey he passed a farmhouse which had a large amount of tomatoes in a victory garden. He walked for several yards and started counting the number of plants and then multiplied them by two b cause he was half way past the patch. He counted 2400 in the whole garden and then journeyed on his way. Upon reaching the Church he met many of his old acquaintances, and among them was the lady of the farmhouse where he saw the tomatoes. He asked her the amount of plants planted there and her reply was, 2350, he had missed the amount by 50. After Church services Mr. Aten bid his friends goodbye and returned to his home feeling he had did his bit for the day.

How to Outsmart the Fuel Shortage!

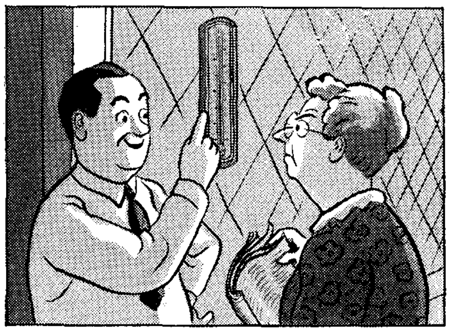


1 **Yes, darn it,** there's probably going to be a fuel shortage. But a Taylor Barometer and a Taylor Window Thermometer (if you can beg or steal 'em) will help you dress to outwit the weather. And a little forethought *now* may help you squeeze *extra* heat out of *less* coal, oil, or gas. For instance:

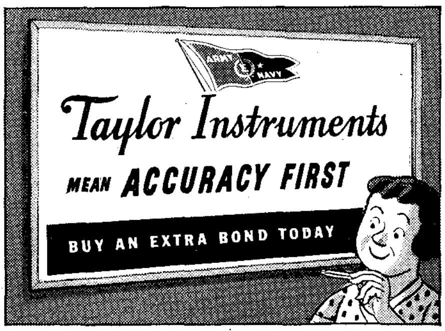


2 **Keep the heat inside!** If you live in an apartment, don't open windows when you can turn off radiators. If you own your home, insulate. You'll save up to 30% in fuel bills and be warmer too (and cooler in summer). Storm doors and windows also pay dividends. (Helpful hint: if ladders scare you, try lowering a rope).

3 **Get to know your furnace better!** Install fuel saving controls. Your coal or oil dealer or gas company will be glad to give you valuable fuel saving tips if you ask them. For example, that old fashioned thrifty trick of sifting the ashes may repay you in genuine nuggets of pure coal!



4 **Use psychology on your family!** When your mother-in-law says she's cold, tell her she *can't* be when the Taylor Thermometer registers 68° because Taylor means "Accuracy First". If you're out of Taylor Thermometers, your dealer may have a few left. We hope to make more soon.

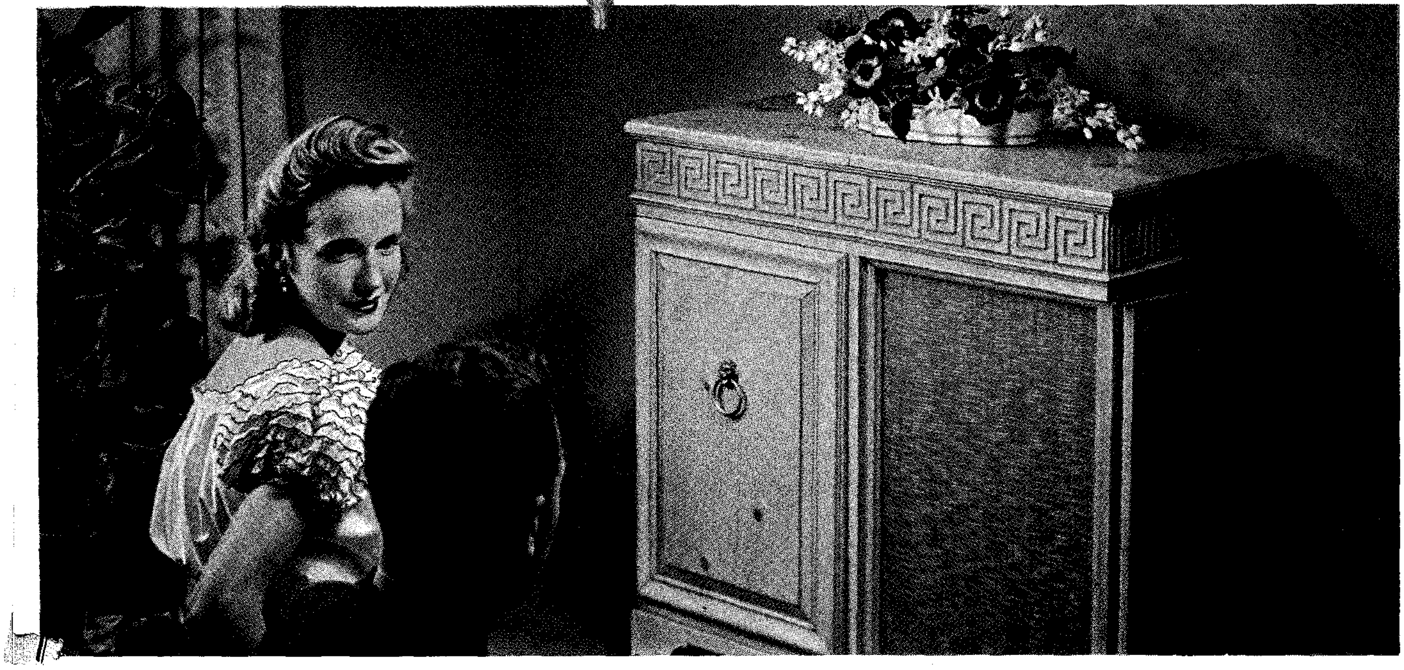


5 **Keep your family healthy** by watching temperatures with a Taylor Fever Thermometer. Ask for the flat-shaped Taylor Binoc, it's literally three times easier to read... by actual stopwatch test! Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y. and Toronto, Canada.

The distinguished ballet, "Rouge et Noir," in living, electronic tone!

Now begins anew the ancient warfare . . . man against the worst in man, Spirit against the Darkness. Brilliantly the Musaphonic captures the poetic mood of this famous symphonic ballet, "Rouge et Noir," with its music by Shostakovich. So realistic is the reproduction that you almost see Franklin and Krassovska, principal artists of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, dance before you! . . . The Musaphonic is a product of General Electric electronic research. Engineers have created in this instrument a radio-phonograph unsurpassed for fidelity and accuracy of tone. . . . Today General Electric electronic and radio equipment is serving the armed forces. After Victory, the Musaphonic will be even more magnificent. . . . You are invited to write for "Your Coming Radio—as Forecast by General Electric," a new 28-page full-color booklet about post-war radio and television. Address Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady 5, N. Y.

Frederick Franklin and Nathalie Krassovska of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, in the ballet, "Rouge et Noir"



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HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!...Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., N.Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. *The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 12½% straight whiskey 5 years old, 12½% straight whiskey 6 years old, 15% straight whiskey 7 years old.